



*The daily food
for strength and health!*



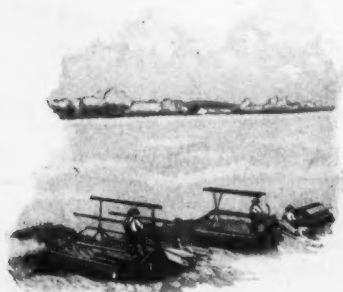
Now!

*The nut-brown whole-wheat dish
you can't resist!*

Try Wheatena Bread

1 cup Wheatena	5 cups white flour
3 cups boiling water	3 tablespoons light brown sugar
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup lukewarm water	3 tablespoons melted lard
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yeast cake	1 tablespoon salt

Pour boiling water over Wheatena, stir well and cool. Dissolve yeast in the $\frac{3}{4}$ cup warm water, add to Wheatena, also 1 tablespoon of the sugar and 1 cup of the flour. Beat well and let rise one and one-half hours. Then add rest of the flour and sugar, lard and salt. Knead ten minutes after dough is on the board and let rise until double in bulk. Keep dough in kneading soft as possible. Greasing the hands will facilitate the work. Mold into loaves, fill pans $\frac{1}{2}$ full and let rise until double in bulk. Brush melted butter over tops. Bake 45 minutes.



*Out of the wheatfield
cometh strength!*

Steaming with fragrance! Instinctively, as you lift a spoonful of Wheatena to your lips, your mouth is fairly watering. It's the delicious whole wheat flavor—the great American breakfast dish!

Wheatena not only delights the taste, but it furnishes the substantial nutriment so necessary for a good day's work. It is food that "stays by" you, and furnishes the energy needed to make you feel your best. It is whole wheat—Nature's finest gift of perfectly balanced food, that has met man's need for ages.

Just the golden grains of choicest winter wheat are selected for Wheatena—roasted and toasted, with the heart retained, to give that distinctive nut-brown flavor and complete nourishment.

Children love it. Grown-ups relish its rich, nutty flavor. Doctors and dietitians recommend it for its high nutritive qualities.

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One package of Wheatena makes 12 pounds of substantial food, packed full of hearty nourishment. And it can be prepared in 3 minutes. Your whole family will enjoy Wheatena for breakfast.

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Sample package free, and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today!

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenville, Rahway, N. J.

WHEATENA—FIRST THING IN THE MORNING SINCE 1879

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America's Greatest Magazine

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Rex Beach

in common with WOODROW WILSON *likes to read*

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*Now he has written one—a drama enacted on
the country estate of a Wall Street operator*

Begin Birds of Prey Next Month

Published monthly by the International Magazine Company at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, President; C. H. HATHAWAY, Vice-President; RAY LONG, Vice-President;
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Westward from Washington across the Appalachians winds the shining highway of America's martyred mountain son. Born in the Southern Upland, his childhood spent among the folk Sergeant York accurately represented on the fields of France, etching out his youthful thinking on a wooden shovel by the fitful flare of the hearth fire, learning whatsoever things are right at the knees of his unusual stepmother, Lincoln in his country's crisis became his country's leader, and then mounted to his proper place among immortals.

But those other mountain boys, purest of American stock, symbolizing the free, the true and the abiding, honestly religious, to the "stranger" hospitable, bearing eagerly the burden of the weak, stuff out of which education makes leaders, and yet living in the main in ignorance—what are we doing to fit them for their rôle?

Back in 1863 Lincoln said to General Howard: "I want you to do something for these people. They are my people. They can be trusted." True as when he spoke them, are his words today. His people are worth while. Our responsibility is to train the millions of them to the point of highest usefulness.

For their education churches and schools are multiplying. Our best teachers are glad to serve down there. That work—like children—pays as it goes. Berea College in Kentucky is doing its big bit. Fellow guest at Vassar College with its former President, I once heard the moving story in detail—more an epic than a story.

Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap, which Theodore Roosevelt once vigorously bade me "cross", inaugurated, on November 11, a new President. The occasion brought together many to realize anew the wholesome spirit of those mountain people, one of whom—a mere boy—once walked a hundred miles to enter the institution only to find that with close to one thousand students there was not even room for him to sleep. His reply will go ringing through the years: "I didn't come here to sleep. I come to get an eddication."

America has colleges in abundance. Lincoln Memorial University is a college and more—an educational dynamo whirling to those mountain boys and girls "not charity, but a chance." And a chance is all they ask. The magnificent mountain mother in "Sun Up" speaks in their high interest: "I ain't afeered, and thar ain't no danger ef ye ain't afeered." Nothing ever hurts but darkness when the soul is yearning for the light.

Choicest of our children, we need them at their best—informed and efficient. The challenge always comes in February to take the Lincoln Trail. President Matthews speaks the latest word: "I believe America must face a crisis tomorrow, if indeed that crisis is not now present. I believe God will raise up the leadership to perpetuate our free institutions. I believe that leadership must come from true, intelligent, trained and consecrated America. And where can we find better Americans than in the log cabins of the Appalachian range—our own people forgotten as the course of empire took its westward way?"

Lyman P. Powell

Director, Cosmopolitan Educational Department
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Cosmopolitan Educational Guide

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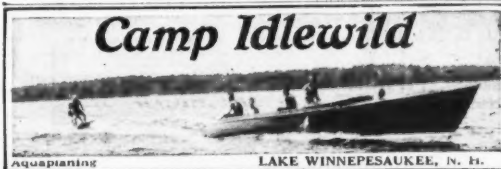
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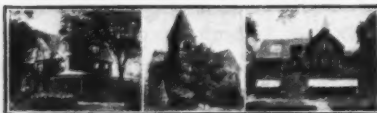
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(Continued on page 10)

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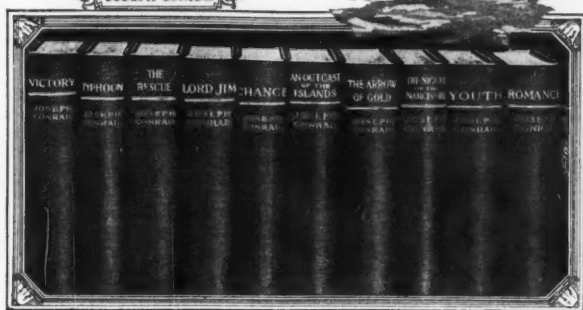
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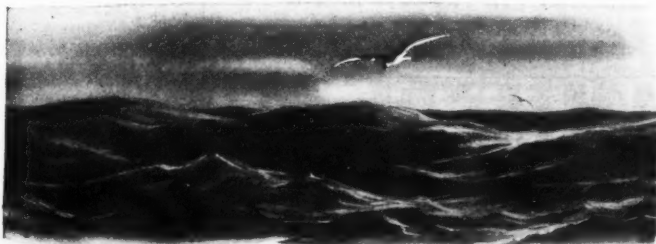
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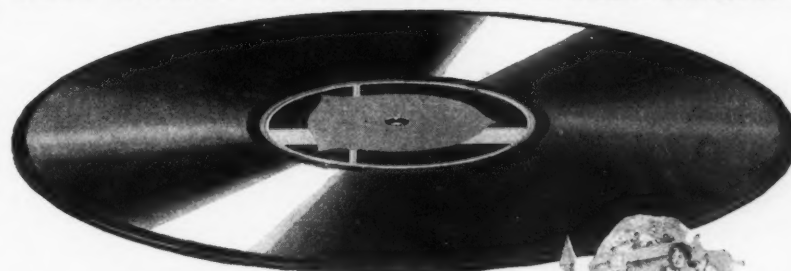
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And They Call Them **SPECIALISTS** *By* **GEORGE ADE** *Illustrations by* Rea Irvin

DOCTOR GAZARIUS says that your teeth do not look right, so he turns you over to Doctor Escatorius, in charge of the X-ray. You get the awful looking prints of your teeth, which resemble twilight in the Sierras, and you ask Doctor Escatorius how about it, and he says that the radiograph must be submitted to Doctor Gigggleheim.

After days have elapsed Doctor Gigggleheim reports that numbers 3, 18, 27 and 31 are indicated for extraction. So you tell him to go ahead and pull, but he says no, he does no extracting, but you had better go to Doctor Walzabus, with your chart, and let him keep on pulling until you tell him to stop.

So you are passed along, like one of the parts of a flivver. You started out by consulting a dentist and you finish by being a dumb unit in a great system.

It is just the same in a bank. The old-fashioned banker sat in his little cage and shaved notes and refused loans and gave advice and acted as a combination barometer and safety-valve for the whole community.

Now he simply hands you to someone else. Mr. Willoby looks after farm loans; Mr. Kiddykadick will advise you regarding the Liberty Bonds. Mr. Blasatz will fix up your letter of credit before you start for Europe. Mr. Hemingway will tell you how to make your will so as to evade the inheritance tax. The heirs are paying it, so why should you worry? Nevertheless, Mr. Hemingway will tell you.

In the old days we bought our garments from the shelf. The country dealer would throw a careless tape-line around the lungs and discover that we were an almost perfect thirty-four and we would get a suit of clothes for about \$18, suspenders thrown in, that came as near being a fit as some that have latterly cost \$180.

The modern tailor shop is a mere nest of specialists and experts. They sit on you as they would on a world treaty.

They stand back and look at you, conversing in whispers, until you somehow come to the conclusion that you have a most unusual shape and fitting you will be a problem. The cutter appears, with a furrowed brow, but he dare not express an opinion until he has powwowed with Mr. Uslaub, the expert on trousers, Mr. Vogel, the authority on weskits, and Mr. Frigelsnitz, who is reputed to be the last word on coats.

All this is bunk, but you like it because all during the ceremonies you are made the center of interest, the *motif* of the sartorial drama.

The surgeon who removes the appendix will have nothing to do with the tonsils.

Your realtor will secure city lots for you, but the moment you inquire about farm lands you must talk to his cousin, Mr. Sazerack.

The man who makes the hook is a complete ignoramus regarding the eye.

When calling for the services of a midwife, it is now imperative that you designate whether you want a blonde or a brunette.

Even the author who has started out to be foolish does not dare to be serious.





WICKED—at So Much Per WICK

Illustration by

THE mere mention of Limehouse brings the picture vividly before one's eyes. Soft-footed, slinky Chinese peering out of dark doorways; cutthroats, their faces half concealed with mufflers, their caps pulled down over sinister eyes, lurking in the shadows of ominous alleys; fitful lights from dingy upper stories hinting at evil; opium dens, their bunks full of the waste of white womanhood and sailors from the seven seas; mulattoes, East Indians, convicts escaped via the trading ships up from the Congo, scheming Orientals, drug barterers, murderers in hiding from the police—a panorama of crouching wickedness, scarlet sin, peril and jeopardy. A plague-spot of infinite, quivering romance and mystery, of danger a-tremble and ever ready to spring, of hushed and nervous malignity, made famous the world over by the tales of Thomas Burke, the "Broken Blossoms" of D. W. Griffith, the paragraphs of a hundred journalists and the scenes in stage melodramas without end.

One night in London recently a British friend waxed hotly enthusiastic over Limehouse, and over Burke's and Griffith's celebration of it. "I tell you," he exclaimed, "there's nothing so spectacularly, so uncannily evil in all Europe as Limehouse! The very feel of dark crime hovers over the place. The romance of unexplored mystery is in the very air." And so on for three more whiskeys and soda.

My comparative coolness, my failure to share in his ecstasy, presently irritated him. He bade the reason for my indifference. "You will recall," I said, "a quotation by your Bernard Shaw from a German novel in which a crowd of medieval warriors, fired by the eloquence of Peter the Hermit, burns with a Christian longing to rush to the Holy Land and charge in serried ranks on the paynim hosts—all except one man, who is obviously not impressed. Indignant at his coldness, they demand what he means by it. 'I've been there,' is his sufficient explanation."

I, also, had been to Limehouse.

About a week before the above conversation I had suggested to another English friend of mine a midnight trip to the notorious den of iniquity. He set the night. "I suppose," I said, "that we'd better rig ourselves up for the expedition. Old clothes, a slouch hat and so on, I venture, the better to avoid attracting undue attention?"

"Old fellow, the better to avoid attracting attention," he replied, "we had best stick to the conventional dinner jacket."

It was along about half-past eleven of a Friday night, after an excellent dinner, a quart of champagne and an act and a half of the "Nine O'clock Revue" that we arrived in that area

beyond Stepney Station and in the neighborhood of the West India Dock Road that is known as Limehouse. I may perhaps best and most quickly convey a first impressionistic view of Limehouse by saying that it looks something like Hoboken, New Jersey, save that the streets are not so dirty. But this fact did not entirely reassure me. My qualms were doubtless visible in my expression. "No need for caution," my friend rallied me. "The only danger to life and limb down here in Limehouse is from the crowd of sightseers." Even as he spoke, I fell back and uttered a hoarse cry of pain. Someone had stepped on my foot. I looked up. It was Lee Shubert.

We were, my friend and I, soon in the heart of the district. While not so well lighted as Broadway, say, it was quite as brightly illuminated as West Ninety-third Street. That is, all of it save three small, crooked alleys. These we determined to have a look at first. In one, two bobbies—the only human beings observable—were lazily sneaking a few puffs at their pipes and discussing the Ascot races. In a second, four little boys, cunning English youngsters were playing the game we Americans know as mumble-t'e-peg. In the third, a gentle-faced Spitz dog was proving that he was house-broken.

"But where," I demanded, "are all the cutthroats and murderers?"

"Some blocks away," replied my friend, "in jail."

An evil-looking Chinaman approached us. As he came nearer I observed that he had on a Troy, N. Y., collar and what was unmistakably a reversible necktie. The fellow edged toward my friend and whispered something under his breath. Alarmed for my friend's safety, I stepped quickly to his side and seized my cane tightly, prepared to use it upon the villainous Oriental's head should necessity arise.

"No need," observed my friend. "This"—he turned to me as the Chinaman grinned and held out his hand—"is Ching Lee. Everybody knows Ching. He used to be Rupert Brooke's valet. He's now working for a fellow by the name of Moe Greenblatt, who is in the guide business. Ching is one of the guides that Moe has assigned to Limehouse. He says that for three shillings he will show us something very tasty."

We hired Ching, who, after considerable hocus-pocus that included much shushing and tiptoeing—he confessed to us later that this had always impressed Thomas Burke—led us up two creaky flights of stairs in a rickety-looking dwelling



By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

James Montgomery Flagg

to a room about twelve feet square. This room had bunks along the walls, was lighted by a single dirty oil lamp and smelled generally like an eager glue factory. In one of the bunks lay a sailor, smoking a long pipe. In another sprawled a fat woman, also puffing at a long pipe.

"Opium den!" triumphantly exclaimed Ching.

We sniffed the air. We looked at each other. We nodded. What the "sailor" and the fat gal ("Bad, bad woman," so Ching had described her) were smoking was—unless nostrils of long training deceived us—good old Virginia tobacco.

"But surely," I protested as we regained the street, "there must be scarlet women in Limehouse, poor girls who have been kidnaped and led into lives of shame!"

"I'll show you some of them. Come along," returned my friend and quickly made off into a dim, winding passageway. At the end of the passageway was a small two-story frame building. We entered without knocking. A room with six wooden tables confronted us. Two were occupied by men and women drinking very pale beer. Two were unoccupied. At one of the others sat two women, one about thirty-five, the other about three years younger. They were dressed like prosperous Beaver Falls servant girls. At the remaining table sat a girl alone—like the two others drinking the pale, watery beer. She was about twenty-five or so.

"Let's sit down and talk to her," whispered my friend. "She may be one of the poor kidnaped girls you spoke of."

We sat down—she did not protest—and ordered three more beers from the affable host and servitor. His name, we discovered later, was Gustav Wenz and he had been, before Prohibition stalked the American scene, a waiter at Lúchow's in Fourteenth Street, New York. It was not long after we had sat down that we learned that our fair companion, the poor kidnaped maiden of my imagination, was none other than the amiable Gustav's estimable wife and the mother of his little son Hugo. We moved to the other table.

Here, after four rounds of the peroxide lager, we became privy to the information that the elder of the "girls" was employed at eight shillings a night to sit around and give the place an "air," and that the younger was a cousin of hers who worked in the misses' waists department at Selfridge's.

Coming out of the passageway—it had grown a bit foggy—we bumped into two peculiarly vicious looking individuals.

Again I laid tight hold of my walking stick, prepared to ward off any dastardly attack from these denizens of the underworld. Murderers, garroters, Jack-the-Rippers and worse, perhaps. Suddenly one of them reached out and grabbed my arm. The other as promptly grabbed my other arm. They let out a yell. One was Sinclair Lewis and the other was Paul Whiteman.

Other denizens of Limehouse that my friend and I encountered that night—all were in the conventional evening clothes save Al Woods, who boasts that he hasn't worn a boiled shirt since he lost an election bet on Benjamin Harrison—included John Drinkwater, Florence Mills, Frank Crowninshield, Condé Nast, Irene Castle, Gilbert Miller, Albert De Courville, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, Professor James C. Hemmingway, wife and children; Paul DeKruif, late of the Rockefeller Institute; Marie Dressler, Dorothy Dickson, Georges Carpentier, the Six Morgan Dancers, Hermann Oelrichs, George Robey, Philip Guedalla, William Archer, Professor Frederick Jameson, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Archibald Evans and daughter Hilda, of Topeka, Kansas; Ray Goetz, Irving Berlin, Arthur C. Verney, of the Cleveland, Ohio, Y. M. C. A.; Stephen Sanford, Henri Beraud, of the *Mercure de France*; J. C. Squire, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Peabody Sampson and son Peter, of Altoona, Pa.; Mr. Marx, of Hart, Schaffner and Marx; the Lee Kids with their mother; Hugh Walpole, Edgar Selwyn, Elsie Janis and Ma Janis, Vincent Astor, Joe Flinn, of the Famous Players Company; Count Arpad Ferenczi and the Countess, the Reverend Doctor Ambrose Worthington of the Millsboro, Delaware, First M. E. Church; Will Vodery, A. A. Milne, T. S. Eliot and Mr. and Mrs. James Finch and children, of Los Angeles, Cal.

"There," exclaimed my friend abruptly, indicating a half-caste slouching in a doorway, "is Nigger Blake, as he is known—the most picturesque character in all Limehouse!"

"Who is he? What has he done?" I asked, breathless.

"He earns a living acting as a super in the movies whose scenes are laid in Limehouse," my friend answered, adjusting his monocle. "His real name is Morris Feldman. He used to run a small clothing shop in Tottenham Court Road, but failed. Unable to make a living, he hit on the idea of dressing himself up as you see him, loafing around Limehouse and waiting until the movie people came snooping around for atmosphere. As 'atmosphere' he rents himself out and often makes as much as five pounds a week."

"But," I asked in despair, "isn't there anywhere such a thing as a real Limehouse?"

"Only," replied my friend, "in the pages of fiction."

By
Cynthia
Stockley


Author of
"Ponjola"

Illustrations by
Walt
Louderback

DALLA BRAND, eating a pomegranate on the stoop of her father's Bloemhof house, looked rather like a golden rose just beginning to unfold in the grace and dew of the dawn.

"The face that launched a thousand ships" might in early youth have been a little like hers. It had curves that could move the heart to weeping, and that perfection of coloring sometimes found in very young Boer girls born on the high veldt. Her hair if hung upon a bush might have lured men from afar, even as the Golden Fleece set the blood of Greek heroes tingling to great deeds. The gold-green color of her eyes seemed strange, but stranger still the quality of them that drew one to gaze into their bottomless depths wondering what was to be found in the soul they hid, as eyes will ever hide the soul. The gaze they gave back sparkled clear as a yellow diamond in a stream, was often caressing, never dulcet; not exactly bold, but always fearless. One thing that could not be hidden was that Dalla had courage. Whether her soul darkled or shone clear, plainly she owned it. Her laughter had a fascinating, rather deep gurgle to it . . . more water running over diamonds.

But sad to relate, her manners did not match the magic of her looks! Take this eating of the pomegranate, for instance, to which she brought the same sharp zest she used for every action of her life. Rapaciously she picked out the ruby-red pips, luxuriously she crushed them between her strong white teeth, vigorously and with unerring precision she propelled the useless seeds from her lovely lips to the furrow of water rippling gaily past the stoop; and countless spitting matches with her brothers had made her very expert in this pastime—she never



The witch-doctor gazed at the little bones of Destiny: "A husband, rich, powerful . . . Great love coming—but sorrow with it, and the crossing of big waters . . ."

DALLA the

missed the rivulet once. As for the peelings, she pitched them into the middle of the wide and dusty street. Tidiness and order existed not in the romantic world wherein dwelt the mind of Dalla Brand. She was thinking to herself, vividly, dramatically, as she always thought:

"I want to live through as many adventures as there are pips in this pomgran. Why should a girl's life have only one story and only one man in it? *Mine* shan't be like that. I will have lots of men and lots of stories. I want to see the greatest fire in the world. I want to see a shipwreck—a battle—a hurricane. I want to climb to the top of the highest mountain . . . To feel great sorrow like a sword cutting my heart in two, and great

A New NOVEL
of South
Africa
and the
GIRL
All Men
Dream of
and Most
Women
Dislike



LION-CUB

joy turning my body into a rose of fire . . . I want to run pearls through my fingers and give them away. I want to wear diamonds, and throw them into the sea . . . I want to lie at midnight on a bed of red roses, over me a sheet of purple silk and the stars. I want my lover to find me there—all alone in a wild place of the veldt—a place belonging just to him and me in the whole world . . . *Och!* what's the good?" A dozen pips went furiously showering from her lips to the rivulet.

For it seemed not clear at all how these desires of her soul were to be fulfilled. Miracles need money. So also do pearls, diamonds, fires, battles, travel and shipwrecks as a form of entertainment. While as to the most important item of all—

of the knuckle-bones with which he told fortunes. This was a pastime forbidden to Dalla by her parents, but she rather specialized in forbidden pastimes, even when the punishment was a whipping from her mother. It was worth a whipping to listen while Sequana, squatting gravely on his haunches, gazed at the *dollossies*, as the little bones of Destiny are called, pondering their position in the dust and muttering fateful pronouncements.

"A husband, yes, and soon; rich, powerful, owner of many oxen and much land . . . Great love coming with the rush of a mighty river grown full in the rain season—but sorrow with it, and the crossing of big waters . . . Shining stores to hang about the neck, and garments of bright colors and wondrous

that midnight rendezvous on the lone veldt—which among the young Boer *kerels* composing her army of admirers would fit the picture? Not one!

Nor for such as they did Dalla in her glory of budding womanhood wait. It must be someone very different indeed; someone wild and warm and beautiful like herself; someone grand and distinguished, not at all like herself; someone she had never met.

She envisaged a prince with the glamour of dawn in his eyes, golden gifts in his hands. And of late, a delicious sense of impending fate, a proud consciousness of her own power, a tingling of the veins and a stirring of the heart, seemed to inform her that his advent would not be long delayed.

From out the distance, by winding paths or straight, he was moving toward her; the signals were set; the dice of Change and Chance had been thrown—of the last she was certain, at all events, for old Sequana, the witch-doctor out at the Geeldorn farm, had thrown them himself, in the shape



The Boer's brow darkened.

"Fosi-toch, then! Who has been vexing my little Dallie?"

weaving . . . Travel . . . but sorrow lying always in wait, like a leopard in the bush! . . . Violent words . . . A violent death for one who expected happiness . . . More riches. Losses by land and sea . . . Then wild joy, like that which comes of drinking much kaffir beer" (thus Sequana!). "Such joy as must surely bring another dark tomorrow."

But what cared Dalla Brand for the threats of dark tomorrows? It was the festival of joy she counted on—let the morrows take care of themselves! And though Sequana had foretold her future only three days since, already the waiting was too long!

Still, even tonight might be the beginning of things. For something promised that never before had happened. A ball! Not just a dance in the *cat-kamer* of a farmhouse, with young Boers prancing solemnly amid clouds of dust from a "smeared" floor, but a grand ball at the town hall, with ladies in "low necks," men in uniforms, and Dalla herself in bright array. None of her sisters, younger or older, had ever gone to such an affair; nor wanted to go, for that matter—they were far too shy. But bold

blood ran in Dalla's veins, and not for nothing was she entitled "Lion-cub."

Her real name, needless to say, was nothing of the kind. Marta Brand, simple soul, had ever shown a certain fancifulness in the christening of her children; and though Angelica degenerated into "Lickie," Chrysanthemum into "Sanna," Sarabel into "Sarkie," this did not discourage her from naming the seventh child of her body Dahlia, after the tall gold or crimson flowers, stiff as steel and soft as velvet, that grow in all Dutch gardens and come to their best under the flaring sun of the South. The translation from Dahlia to "Dalla" came naturally in a land where it is too hot to see anything to a finish, and where not to wear a pet name argues a failure to make your personality felt. "Lion-cub" had been added later, and there were many reasons for that strange *nom de guerre*.

Her eyes, for instance, with their big black centers that seemed to expand or contract at will; surely lions possess such eyes! Then the restless vitality of her; her strength and grace of



"Everybody! I
hate all these
rooincks! Take me
home, Oompie."
Dalla began to
weep stormily.

movement; her power of pouncing on the good things of life and gliding swiftly away from the unpleasant ones; her fearless and untiring prosecution of adventure, as if it were some wretched prey to be pursued and devoured to the last morsel!

And of course there remained the *real* reason, in all its potent simplicity. But this was never mentioned by polite people; only by kaffirs and children, who are less polite than natural. Even they refrained from reference to the matter before Marta Brand, who would as soon take up a *sjambok* and give a burly nigger a thrashing as stand for peaceful hours on end stirring a cauldron of pumpkin jam. Johannes Brand, too, a mild, bearded man with eyes that seemed always searching for distant sheep, was dangerous in anger.

Both Dalla's parents had sprung from that line of hardy, God-fearing Boers who in early days trekked the unknown wastes of Africa, seeking always a place where they could rule without being ruled; both had the courage and endurance born of hard lives spent on the confines of civilization; and both possessed

the defects of their qualities—ignorance went hand in hand with courage, superstition with endurance. Therefore of some dread things they never spoke, and among these was included a certain strange adventure of Dalla's babyhood. Fearsomely they hoped that others too did not speak of it, or did not know, or knowing had forgotten.

But kaffirs forget nothing except their own age. Naturally they knew all about the episode of Dalla's babyhood. So did her brothers and sisters. So did her daily companions. Wait until they got her away from the farmhouse! Then you would hear something, and so would she!

"Ole Dallie *schel-lem* eyes! Ole Dallie Lion-cub! Who sucked the mammie lion's milk? Who ate dead buck—and licked the bones clean? Who rolled among the *schelm* puppies? Who slept in the lion's cave among the fleas and maggots?"

Quite unnecessary for Dalla to make reply. It was *she* who had done these fascinating things, and was not ashamed of them, either; rather, she felt proud, for they set her apart from the

others, proving her, as she knew herself to be, bolder, braver, stronger, altogether different.

So, while they pranced and teased, she would sit in a tree and laugh, uttering fierce growls in imitation of a lion. It was an entrancing game, and Dalla enjoyed it as much as they did. But the days for such were over! She was seventeen now, and going to a real ball!

Barend de Beer it was, the Mayor of Bloemhof and her father's oldest friend, who had engineered this triumph for her, for ordinarily the wives and daughters of Boers living on farms did not find themselves included in the *fêtes* and functions of the British garrison. But to the Mayor of the town, a man of wealth and position, all invitations found their way, though he did not often respond, leaving to his maiden sister the task of keeping up the family's social end. Stout, stately old Christina be-corseted and be-ribboned herself for these occasions, not as a pleasure indeed, but as a stern duty to show those "cursed red-necked Englanders" that Boers were as good as they were any day.

Under the wing of this patriotic lady Dalla was to make her entrance into society. Patriotic, too, the garment she would wear! It had been perpetrated under the direction of Miss de Beer, and fortunately Dalla had no idea of the unsuitability of bright orange muslin with blue dots and blood-red streamers for a girl's "coming out" dress; in fact, to her untrained and wholly deplorable taste, the dress seemed a lovely creation; also, the notion of flaunting the old Orange Free State colors in the faces of the "red-necked ones" was pleasing to her bold and rebel temper.

There was Barend de Beer now! Coming along in his Cape cart behind two spanking Clanwilliam horses. A lean, elderly Boer with watching eyes set craftily in his face. Nothing but kindness, however, expressed itself on those hard features at the sight of Dalla expelling the last of the pomegranate seeds and wiping her fingers on her stockings. He waved his whip gaily.

"Be ready at nine tonight, my *bloemetje*. We will make those *verdamde Engelsch* stare!"

To which sentiments Dalla heartily agreed, with smiles and hand-waves.

And make them stare she did, when she marched into the ballroom behind Christina, following like a little gay yacht in the wake of a sturdy old vessel. Every eye was instantly focused upon her—men's, eager and aroused; women's, astonished and vaguely irritated.

A few people knew Johannes Brand's girl by sight, but most of the English had never heard of her. Easy to guess, however, that she was a Boer, for her radiant coloring proclaimed it. Newcomers to Africa, especially Englishwomen, soon find their delicate tints blanched, while as for Englishmen, they burn bright scarlet, thus winning the title "red-neck" so aptly bestowed. But Dutch girls seem to thrive on the strong Karoo air and sunshine. There was no mistaking Dalla's cream and nectarine dewiness for anything but the real thing. That exquisite dawn-bloom, men firmly proclaimed, came never out of any box on the dressing table, but straight from the veldt where dew and dawns abound. Women conceded this, without enthusiasm, but based their opinion not on her complexion but on the cut and color of her frock.

"Terrible as an army with banners," someone pronounced it. Certainly wives of the Thirty-fifth Hussar officers arrayed in Bond Street and rue de la Paix models, could afford to smile disdainfully at beauty so disguised and speculate brightly as to where muslin of such gaiety could be found. They said it would make such "amusing" cushion covers for deck chairs.

Mercifully, Dalla knew nothing of these feminine slings and arrows. They never reached her. She was wrapped in the triumph of a full program, every dance gone and men clamoring for more.

It was the glowing youth of her; the combination of spring loveliness with an odd self-possession; and her engaging manner of embracing her partner warmly round his neck while her gaze remained ingenuous: these things intrigued men to the point of madness and set them scampering over themselves to get to her. Not for the officers of the Thirty-fifth Hussars, newly arrived from India, to know that it is perfectly *comme il faut* for Boer girls to embrace their partners in the dance. Dalla, solemnly revolving, her little hands plastered flat behind a man's neck, her grave golden gaze locked to his, was only following the custom of her people; but her partners found it as entrancing as getting drunk for the first time on a heady, sparkling, sunlit wine of unknown brand.

She on her part found it piquant to be dancing with men who but a few years back, in the heat of war, were regarded by Boers with feelings of the liveliest detestation. But the British as fighters do not leave unhealing scores, and brief are the feuds of youth! Dalla dancing with eager feet, gathering the roses of flattery, savoring the cup of delight, forgot all such, and did not dream how soon the honey of her cup was to be dashed with gall.

One man among the many she had already settled upon as "the nicest of them all" without understanding why. He did not correspond to those secret dreams of hers, and he was not of the stature of gods; in fact, at first glance he seemed shortish for a hero, perhaps slightish. How could a little veldt girl know that this impression was gained by the fine hard condition of a man, lithe and sinewy as a tiger, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon a perfectly proportioned body?

"Colonel Valenshia," his name sounded like when they introduced him, and she thought it a funny name. A swift darkish man with a face made of rock and brown leather, cool gray eyes that seemed to see everything and tell nothing, a mouth that smiled only when there was something to smile at, and then the whole face changed, becoming gay and expressive.

"A man you wouldn't notice in a crowd *unless you saw his eyes*," Dalla thought; "then you would know he was the right man to stand behind if the crowd attacked you." Which proves that her judgment was basically sound. For those cool granite eyes of Joe Valenshia's had an utterly fearless soul behind them, together with the several qualities that should accompany fearlessness if it is to be a desirable thing—judgment, decision, generosity, compassion.

Poor Dalla, carrying, as Emerson puts it, the keys of her castle in her hand, ready to fling them at the feet of a god whenever he should appear, was strangely thrilled by that cool glance. His voice too she thought deeper and gentler than any she had ever heard; and she liked the fine whimsical mouth that did not smile overmuch even when it said the wittiest things. And then, a Colonel! That was a new experience for Dalla. And when they sat out and she found that he knew about her—what a quiver ran through her!

"Is it true?" He looked deep into her eyes. "Can it be possible that you are the lion-cub girl?"

His tone alone was an acknowledgment of the wonder of her babyhood's adventure; an assurance that it really *was*, as she had always known, something to be proud of instead of hushing and hiding away. She glowed with a sense of fame, turning her happy gaze to his.

"Yes, I am." With joyous pride she held out a milky arm and showed the silver line running down it. "That is one of the scars they gave me. I have several on my body too, but none of them are ugly."

His eyes warmed to her serene simplicity, and he felt his heart stir. She had that pristine, unexplored look that is fatal to men. "Something hidden, come and find it" meant more to him, too, than to most men.

"I have always wanted to meet you." The way he said it sent a tremor through her. "Tell me about it, will you? I've had lion experiences myself, you know; but that was unique."

She hardly heard the first part of his statement so anxious was she to comply with his wish. He had cast his spell over her, and words came tumbling from her lips, in that deplorable clipped English-Dutch that is the common use of Afrianders, but which is at least expressive. The lovely gurgling voice made up for a great deal.

But as for the story, he had known it long since, as he knew most veldt stories . . .

How the two Boers, Brand and that old *schelm* Barend de Beer—now rich because of a gold mine found on his land, but then a roving adventurer—had set out north in search of elephant ivory.

Brand had all his possessions with him, including a wagon and oxen, a wife and seven children; and somewhere in the vicinity of the upper Zambesi, from the temporary *lager* built by the two men, the baby—only two years old—incomprehensibly disappeared. One moment they saw her playing under the wagon, the next moment she was missing! Casual search developed into a panic-stricken combing of the neighborhood, but nothing availed. The child had gone as completely as if lifted out of sight into the skies above; and when it is a matter of a little child lost in a country where lions, leopards, hyenas and pythons abound, the case is desperate.

The two Boers went out daily on a quest they believed to be useless. But on the fifth day, several miles from the *lager*, they came upon an old *donga*—or rift in the earth—filled with



"When you said that about spending your life with me—can you tell what it meant to me—Dalla?"

undergrowth, and were arrested by a sound that struck strange in that wild spot—a human voice crowing and gurgling with fun. They knew the voice and their hearts pounded with apprehension, for instinct and an unmistakable odor told them they were near the den of a wild beast. Using great stealth and with guns at cock, they crept forward so quietly that five creatures at play in the opening of a cave were unapprised of their presence—four fat, sand-colored lion-cubs, and the lost child with not a stitch of clothing on her brown, scarred little body; all gamboling and rolling together amidst the bones and débris of bloody feasts.

Astonishment might have kept the Boers gazing forever, but there was no time to be lost for fear of the old lions' return, so de Beer drove off the cubs and Brand hastily grabbed his infant, whose howls of protest were so vehement that he was obliged to smother them under his coat. This she also objected to, and by the time they reached camp she had not only bitten his shirt

to rags, but drawn blood from his breast, and apparently enjoyed the flavor of it! Furthermore, to the rejoicings of her family she returned nothing but scratches and bites, exhibiting a distinct intention to escape again at the first opportunity.

The Boers, horrified and shaken by the incident, decided to return down country, but bad weather made the going slow, and at every halt their camp suffered a visitation of lions. Nightly the gleam of sard-green eyes punctured the darkness beyond the ring of fires, and the roaring was hideous. But at length the trekkers got into Bechuanaland and felt the relief consequent on being out of the lion belt. Yet one evening just after the wagon had crossed a small stream, a commotion among the cattle gave the alarm, and two great yellow beasts were discovered crouched in the grass at the farther side of the water. The keen eyes of the baby at once spotted them, and she set up a scream of "Mar-ma! Mar-ma!" which (Continued on page 108)

By Peter
B.
Kyne

Illustrations by
F. R. Gruger



Cornflower Cassie's Concert

TOWARD evening Chuckwalla Bill and I emerged from the short second-growth forest of mountain and piñon pine through which the jacks had threaded their way for the past few hours and found ourselves on a little mesa.

"Timber-line," said Chuckwalla Bill, with the instinct of the desert bred answering my unspoken query. "From here on we drop mighty swift into the Mojave Desert. See that blue lake off yonder with the reddish islands in it? Well, that's the Mojave. The lake is a haze of heat and the islands are the oxide of iron peaks of buttes risin' out of the haze."

He gnawed a generous mouthful from his plug of chewing tobacco, wiped the gnawed spot against the leg of his trousers—proving he was not lost to the niceties of desert hospitality—and proffered me the plug. I said I thought I would smoke instead, and sat down to do it.

While masticating his cud, Chuckwalla Bill gazed about him. Presently, with a preliminary thin exudation of amber fluid, he said: "Might as well flop here for the night. In the days of my halicon youth there used to be a nice spring over yonder, and jedgin' by the green spot it's still in business. Water an' green grass will appeal to the jacks and we're on the edge of timber-line and have all the fuel we want."

We outspanned for the night. Supper had been cooked and eaten before twilight faded; two thick piñon logs had been piled on the fire and with his miner's boots removed and his feet

outthrust toward the blaze, the old prospector was lying back on his blankets, his head supported on his crooked arm, the while he smoked quietly and contentedly at his pipe.

Presently, in the valley two thousand feet below us, a camp-fire gleamed and gathered brilliance. I called Chuckwalla's attention to it.

"Jes' another old desert rat like me puttin' up for the night in Coolgardie," he said without interest.

"Is there a town yonder?" I queried.

"No, son. There's the ghost of one. She kicked the bucket in the 'eighties, when silver went to sixty-nine, an' ever since her bones has been disappearin', stick by stick. I had no idea there was enough of her left to furnish fuel for that pilgrim's camp-fire. I busted up the bank president's desk and started it to burn with dead checks in the spring of nineteen three—and she was four-fifths gone then. Still, mebbe the new growth of alders an' sycamores hides a couple of business blocks. What with the snow meltin' every spring in the mountains an' an occasional cloud-burst Coolgardie manages to get enough irrigation to support some greenery before the Mojave drinks up the waste waters. I noticed in nineteen three that the erosion from up here had just about wiped out our cemetery. That comes o' plantin' our loved ones on a hillside. I remember argyin' agin it at the time the cemetery association was started back in 'eighty-one.

"When I camped there in nineteen three I found that cemetery all washed out an' the remainders of a host o' bygone friends



all washed out an' the remainders of a host o' bygone friends scattered about promiscuous. I hunted around until I'd located the skeleton of Pansy Hedrick, so called because he weren't no pansy blossom but a wicked, no-good son of a horse thief that lived by his wits an' perished by them—he jumped the wrong claim an' got wafted hence in a hurry, half of his fool head havin' been shot off first. Pansy had organized that cemetery association an' guaranteed each buyer of a grave perpetual care! Well, it wasn't hard to recognize Pansy by his half-portion skull, an' when I'd found him I says:

"Pansy, didn't I tell you this here cemetery would never hold together on a soft side-hill? An' didn't I tell you to argy the title to that claim in court? Now here you lie, all exposed to the vulgar

gaze of the multitude, which is me, and you Exhibit A to prove my argyment. Just for that I'm goin' to let you lay as you lie!"

"Did you recognize any other old friends?" I queried politely.

He nodded, sat up, rubbed his gnarly old toes and for a long time gazed down into Coolgardie, where the distant camp-fire gleamed in the gathering gloom. "I reckon I'm gittin' sorter old," he said wistfully. "Forty years ago I was young in Coolgardie, an' so was Liberty Hall an' Cornflower Cassie an' Modoc Bill Robley, an' here I set a-lookin' down on ghosts an' wonderin' what it was all about an' why God A'mighty creates folks to do the things they does an' then leaves 'em to lie out on a soft side-hill without perpetual care."

His pipe had gone out. He loaded and relighted it.



"We used to work our silver ore by the old roasin' process an' the timber up here was cut then for fuel an' sledged down into Coolgardie. What's here now is second growth. Lordy me, son, seems as if I can hear them sleds a-grindin' down the mountain; seems as if, even in this dark, I can see the Coolgardie stage with eight mules a-sneakin' into their collars, disappearin' in little puff-balls of alkali dust off yonder in the Mojave. The pessimists a-goin' an' the optimists a-comin'! Son, them was the days! But I don't reckon they'll ever come ag'in. Somehow minin' don't appeal to the imagination no more like it useter. Go to any boom camp nowadays an' you'll find her stinkin' of oil!"

He shook his shaggy white head. "Still, I don't *feel* no older than I useter," he continued. "Just a mite lonesomer, that's all. Mebbe if I did feel older I'd manage to forget a lot o' things that *makes* a man old." And with this cryptic remark he lay back in his blankets again and I knew the story was coming:

I reckon I'd ought to begin with Modoc Bill Robley. When I first met up with this quaint disciple of the gods of Take-a-

chance he's perched on a stool at a faro table, midway between a Chinaman an' an Injun, an' givin' the finest example o' buckin' a faro game successfully that I've ever seen before or since. This happens in Ballarat in an atmosphere that's composed of equal parts of oxygen, attar of new lumber, essence of fresh canvas, reek of red liquor, eau de blastin' powder, tincture o' lady powder an' extract o' Floridy water. A fiddle an' a piano is grindin' out "White Wings" as a sacrifice to the addicts of Terpis-chore, and Cornflower Cassie, the premier song-bird of the Golden West, is settin' up on the music platform gazin' down at the millin' multitude with them sad cornflower-blue eyes o' hern an' seein' nothin'.

The waltz has ended an' the dancers stand idle in the center of the floor hopin' ag'in hope that the professor an' his companion in crime is human enough to give 'em an encore. There is a momentary silence an' then a voice says: "Modoc Bill Robley has busted the faro bank. The citizens of Ballarat will therefore have a drink or two or three or four on the said Modoc Bill."

Everybody turns toward the voice as Modoc Bill rises from his labors. He has his sombrero full o' twenty dollar gold pieces an'



"I know exactly how much money I have, my friend," says the stranger, "and exactly how many days I've got to live."

he's holdin' this in the hollow of his left arm while with his right hand he waves backward an' forward, in an effort to dry the ink, a fresh-written check.

"Which the Chink is my friend an' a student of the psychology o' gamblin'," continues Modoc, "whereas this here downtrodden Piute is my mascot an' even if it is a felony to sell liquor to him, he accompanies the Chink to the bar and hoists the customary grade of neck-oil with the rest of us. Anybody who don't approve of my social instincts doesn't have to drink with me, whereas anybody who openly disapproves to the point of chidin' me will have to voice his sentiments outside in the street. Swing your partners to the bar, ladies, gentlemen an' others, an' order whatever moisture you're accustomed to."

That was Modoc Bill Robley.

An' everybody drank with him an' his Chinaman an' his Piute Injun—that is, everybody savin' an' except Cornflower Cassie, who still sits up on her chair on the dais, smilin' an' noddin' refusal to forty urgings to join the stampede to the brass railin'. An' presently, over the heads of the mob that's

millin' around him, Modoc Bill spots Cornflower Cassie an' makes his way over to her.

"Ma'am," says Modoc, bowin' low, "if you won't libate with the rest of us heathens, might I have the privilege of sendin' a case of wine around to your lodgin'?"

"I thank you, sir," says Cornflower Cassie, "but your hospitality would be quite wasted. I never drink."

"Well, have a cigar," says Modoc, smilin' the sort o' smile that nobody ever seen without lovin' the boy.

He drew a similar smile from the girl. "Thank you so much, Mr. Robley," she says, "but I do not smoke, either."

"What's your particular weakness, ma'am?" says Modoc.

"I'm that curious I crave to know."

"I'm mentally weak. I think I can sing."

"Will you sing for me, please?"

"Certainly." Cornflower Cassie slid in on the piano stool an' in a voice intended just for Modoc Bill she sang "Oh, don't you remember, sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" And when she was through:

"Why do you do it?" says Modoc, and his voice was very reverent.

Cornflower Cassie's Concert

"Because, you curious man, I must have food. I answered an advertisement for this job. I didn't know what it was until I got here—and then I didn't have enough money to go away. Now I have concluded that if I stay here a few years and behave myself I can save enough money to tide me over the five years required to study. After that I wouldn't have to sing in places like this."

Modoc Bill excused himself, went to the end of the bar, borrowed a pen and ink from the barkeeper and endorsed the check he still held in his hand. Then he came back to Cornflower Cassie and tossed the check in her lap.

"Don't stay, ma'am," he pleaded. "If you do you'll get spattered. That there check is good for twenty thousand—four thousand a year for five years. That ought to do the trick, if you're careful. I just won it givin' a faro lesson. Money don't mean nothin' to me, ma'am. I'm just as happy as if I had good sense. Please go."

"Modoc Bill, why do you do this?" Cornflower Cassie's lovely eyes is filled with tears an' her lovelier lips is tremblin'.

"Because you've got to make your getaway before you're found out. How long have you been here?"

"I came yesterday."

"An' you'll go tomorrow. Look here, little lady, when you're back in New York or London or some place receivin' the homage o' the music lovin' world, do you want somebody shoutin' to that world that he knew you when you was singin' in a dance hall in Ballarat? Don't you know that the higher you climb the more rocks you have to dodge? Ma'am, if you linger here when God Almighty give you the voice of an angel, you'll accumulate so many I-knew-her-when friends you won't be able to outlive the last of the skunks."

"That's not the reason," says Cornflower Cassie. By the way, that wasn't her name. Somebody just called her that the first night she appeared in that place on account of her eyes being a cornflower-blue. "No man gives a strange girl good sound advice an' twenty thousand dollars for nothin'. I'm lookin' for the joker in the deck."

"Which there isn't any joker in this deck, my dear," says Modoc Bill. "There mustn't be. Once I sat in a game and the deck we played with had a joker—an' now, back where I come from, there are still a couple of thousand people who knew me when. I wouldn't want that to happen to you."

"You never were a bad man, Modoc Bill. God just didn't make you a wicked man."

"No, He didn't, ma'am. That is, not for keeps." He smiled at her again an' this time his smile's a bit twisted. The fiddler, who's come back to his fiddle an' who's deaf and reads folks' lips, tells me afterward all that Modoc Bill an' the girl have been sayin'. Which is how I know.

"But—I can't understand *why*," says the girl.

"There are no strings to that check. Please take it and go—while you have eyes like that—an' a smile like that—an' part your hair plain, in the middle, like my mother—an' before you learn to drink champagne—an' smoke cigars. Yes, please go—because I want you to, because it'll hurt Modoc Bill Robley to see you go to blazes; an' because he wants to lug through life the memory of somethin' decent to offset somethin' unpleasant he had to do once. Won't you please go?"

She held out her hand to him. Modoc Bill looked at her once, like he was askin' permission—then he bent over that little hand an' kissed it. "Thank you," says he. "You're very kind to me, ma'am."

"When I'm rich may I repay it?" says Cornflower Cassie.

"I wouldn't keep you under a sense of obligation, ma'am. When you get settled you might write to me here an' give me your address an' tell me how you're comin' on. I'm that curious I'd crave to know. From time to time as I wander through my devious paths I'll send you a postal card, an' when you're a prima donna mebbe you'll come back to California an' give one concert for some unworthy object of charity—me, for instance. But don't you bother to pay back the money until you're rich an' can afford it. Havin' won this money at faro I'd only lose it ag'in shootin' craps. You be a good girl now an' run straight an' don't accept no more jobs until you've investigated them. Good-by, ma'am, and good luck."

He was backin' away when she calls him back. "You said you were that curious you craved to know. Aren't you curious to know my name?"

"I know it," he answers. "It's Cornflower Cassie. Just sign your letters Cassie. If you have another name I don't need to know it. I'm human. I might develop in time and remember that I knew you when!" And Modoc Bill backs away an' rejoins his ornery friends at the bar.

Cornflower Cassie works out her shift that night—but she sings to Modoc Bill, standin' at the bar with the Chinaman on one side of him and the Piute Injun on the other an' a bucket o' champagne between them. Her and the orchestra was supposed to quit at two o'clock in the mornin' an' promptly at that hour the professor closes down his piano, the fiddler stables his agony box an' the two of them go home. With the dancin' over, pretty soon that joint is emptied of everybody savin' an' except the night barkeep, Modoc Bill, me, the Chinaman, the Piute—an' Cornflower Cassie, away up at the end of that den of infamy, lookin' white an' tired ag'in the dark background o' that big square piano.

An' she sits in at that instrument, playin' her own accompaniments an' singing little old sweet songs to Modoc Bill for which she don't get no applause because it was Modoc's party an' I was follerin' his leads, with the night barkeep an' the two heathens noncommittal on the subject. Modoc just leans ag'in the angle of the bar, at the far end, an' looks an' listens . . .

At daylight she sang:

When other lips an' other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,

and Modoc Bill heaves a big sigh, pays for his drinks, takes his two heathen with him an' departs. When he's gone Cornflower Cassie closes down the piano an' goes her way. She went out on the stage at ten o'clock the same mornin' an' Modoc was there to see that she went.

Just before the stage-driver gathered his teams the girl beckons to Modoc and he climbs up on the wheel an' leans over to hear what she has to say. Whatever she says nobody ever knows, but all of Ballarat was there to see what she done. She leans down and kisses Modoc, first on one cheek an' then on the other; then he steps down off the wheel, the stage rolls out an' Modoc stands in the street starin' after it until there's nothin' left to see but a cloud of alkali dust. Then he turns slowly—and looks into the barrel of a six-shooter in the hands of a strange man, settin' quiet on the front stoop of the express office.

"I want you, Modoc Bill Robley!" says this stranger. "*Hands up!*"

Like lightnin' Modoc's right hand had gone in under his left lapel, an' I see at once he's a modest young man who prefers to wear his artillery in a shoulder holster, handy but concealed. For about five seconds his hand stays there while he sizes up the man on the stoop of the express office. Then the hand comes out empty and the stranger walks over an' says:

"Turn around, if you please, sir."

So Modoc Bill turns around an' puts his arms out behind him and the stranger slips the bracelets on him, takes his gun out of the shoulder holster an' sticks it down between his hide and the waistband of his trousers.

"I intended takin' you out on that departin' stage," says this calm party, "but what with one thing an' another, an' the possibility of a killin', I concluded to let the stage go on without us."

"Which you're a scholar an' a gentleman, Sheriff," says Modoc Bill, "an' I'm obliged to you for your kindly consideration an' forbearance. I might have beefed you if I'd seen you first. Still, come to think of it, I wouldn't! Not with her lookin' on! I'm hopin' you'll hire a private conveyance an' move me out of this camp *my pronto*. If you'll oblige me that far I'll pay for the conveyance, an' if you'll take these bracelets off'n me I give you my word of honor I won't run away nor will I lift my hand ag'in you." He looked down the trail to the cloud of alkali dust. "Some day she's comin' back, Sheriff. She promised me she would. When she's a famous prima donna she's comin' back to sing to me—so I got to be on hand when she comes. No killin' or runnin' away—no more dodgin'. I'll do my bit an' walk in the sunlight. Five years the judge give me. An' five years o' singin' lessons before she comes back! Sheriff, I'll play you fair."

"I got a sneakin' notion you will," says the Sheriff, "seem' as how me and you used to be neighbors. Excuse me, Modoc, but then I've learned from experience that in the first excitement of an arrest a nervous an' desperate man is apt to shoot first and think afterward. Now that you've simmered down I reckon I can trust you." An' he unlocks the handcuffs, tucks 'em in his pocket an' says to Modoc: "You can wait here if you want to. Me, I'm goin' to rustle up a team an' a buckboard."

So Modoc Bill sets down on the stoop of the express office, gets out his pocket knife an' starts a-manicurin' his nails. In about an hour the Sheriff comes up with a team, him an' Modoc has a drink, the Sheriff buys a box of cigars an' him an' Modoc climbs into the back seat an' disappears from our ken. But not before Modoc Bill calls me over to the buckboard.



"I do believe . . . yes, I reckon, if you don't mind . . . I'll kiss you," says Modoc Bill.

"See here, mister," he says, "you was there last night—the last of the audience to go. I got a notion you're one of these here fellows that can see through a ladder."

"Which my self-respect compels me to admit that I'm neither deaf, dumb nor blind, my friend," says I, "nor am I what the feller calls 'barren of sentiment.' What can I do for you? If you need money for your defense—"

"That's too late. I've been convicted, but I broke jail before they took me down to San Quentin penitentiary. Now I'm caught ag'in and I'm goin' to do five years for manslaughter. It ain't fair. The man wanted killin'. He'd said twice to friends of mine that he'd shoot me on sight, but both friends was killed in a cave-in in a mine before me an' the diseased had our meetin', in consequence of which my pleas of self-defense don't go with the jury. Of course I killed him. I meant to kill him and kill him first—on sight. I did kill him—but I had to beat him to the draw.

Still, I don't care to have that girl find it out. Now, then, my friend, she said she'd write to me here. Will you do me the favor to call for my mail an' write her once in a while, signin' my name? Keep in touch with her, because when she's famous she's comin' back to sing to me—to show me the thing I created. Will you do that for me, friend?"

We shook hands on it, an' I done it, an' Modoc Bill completed his contract an' when his time was up—he had nearly two years knocked off owin' to good behavior—he comes lookin' me up an' finds me down yonder in Coolgardie, helpin' to start that camp along the paths of civic righteousness.

Now, minin' is one of the things Modoc Bill don't know much about at the time, he havin' been a cow-man, but I give him a job on my claim an' teach him a lot of more or less useful and useless information about the game, me not knowin' a thing about it then or since. In his off moments the (Continued on page 169)

By W. Somerset Maugham
An Odd Story from an
Odd Corner of the World *In*
A Strange Land

I AM of a roving disposition, but I travel not to see imposing monuments, which indeed somewhat bore me, nor beautiful scenery, of which too soon I tire; I travel to see men. And I avoid the great. I would not cross the road to meet a president or a king; I am content to know the writer in the pages of his book and the painter in his picture; but I have journeyed a hundred leagues to see a missionary of whom I have heard a strange story, and I have spent a fortnight in a vile hotel in order to improve my acquaintance with a billiard-marker.

I should be inclined to say that I am not surprised to meet any sort of person were it not that there is one sort which never fails to give me a little shock of amused astonishment. This is the elderly Englishwoman, generally of adequate means, who is to be found living alone in the most unexpected places. You do not wonder when you hear of her living in a villa on a hill outside a small Italian town, the only Englishwoman in the neighborhood, and you are almost prepared for it when a lonely *hacienda* is pointed out to you in Andalusia and you are told that in it has dwelt for many years an English lady. But it is more surprising when you hear that the only white person in a Chinese city is an Englishwoman, not a missionary, who lives there none knows why; and you are completely at a loss to explain why another should inhabit an island in the South Seas, and a third a bungalow on the outskirts of a large village in Java.

They live solitary lives, without friends, and they do not welcome the stranger. Though they may not have seen one of their own race they will pass you on the road as though they did not see you, and if, presuming on your nationality, you should call, as likely as not they will decline to receive you; but if they do they will give you a cup of tea from a silver teapot and on a plate of old Worcester you will find Scotch scones. They will talk to you politely, as though they were entertaining you in a Kentish vicarage, but when you take your leave will show no particular desire to continue the acquaintance. One wonders in vain what strange instinct it is that has driven them to separate themselves from their kith and kin and thus to live apart from all their natural interests in an alien land. Is it romance they have sought, or freedom?

But of all these Englishwomen whom I have met or perhaps only heard of, the one who remains most vividly in my memory is an elderly person who lived in Asia Minor. I had arrived after a tedious journey at a little town from which I proposed to make the ascent of a celebrated mountain, and I was taken to a rambling hotel that stood at its foot. I arrived late at night and signed my name in the book. I went up to my room. It was cold and I shivered as I undressed, but in a moment there was a knock at the door and the dragoman came in.

"Signora Niccolini's compliments." To my astonishment he handed me a hot-water bottle. I took it with grateful hands.

"Who is Signora Niccolini?" I asked.

"She is the proprietress of this hotel," he answered.

I sent her my thanks and he withdrew. The last thing I expected in a scrubby little hotel in Asia Minor kept by an old Italian woman was a beautiful hot-water bottle. There is nothing I like more, and next morning, in order to thank her in person, I asked if I might see the Signora Niccolini. In a moment she came in. She was a little stout woman, not without dignity, and she wore a black apron trimmed with lace and a small black lace cap. She stood with her hands crossed. I was astonished at her appearance, for she looked exactly like a housekeeper in a great English house.

"Did you wish to speak to me, sir?" she asked.

She was an Englishwoman and she had a cockney accent!

"I wanted to thank you for the hot-water bottle," I replied in some confusion.

"I saw by the visitors' book that you were English, sir, and I always send up a 'ot-water bottle to English gentlemen."

"Believe me, it was very welcome."

"I was for many years in the service of the late Lord Ormskirk, sir. He always used to travel with a 'ot-water bottle. Is there anything else, sir?"

"Not at the moment, thank you."

She gave me a polite little nod and withdrew. I wondered how on earth it came about that a funny old Englishwoman like that should be the landlady of a hotel in Asia Minor. It was not easy to make her acquaintance, for she knew her place, as she would herself have put it, and she kept me at a distance. But I was persistent and I induced her at last to ask me to have a cup of tea in her own little parlor.

I learned that she had been lady's maid to a certain Lady Ormskirk, and Signor Niccolini—for she never alluded to her deceased husband in any other way—had been his lordship's chef. Signor Niccolini was a very handsome man and for some years there had been an "understanding" between them. When they had both saved a certain amount of money they were married, retired from service and looked about for a hotel. They had bought this one on an advertisement because Signor Niccolini thought he would like to see something of the world. That was nearly thirty years ago and Signor Niccolini had been dead for fifteen. His widow had never been back to England. I asked her if she was not homesick.

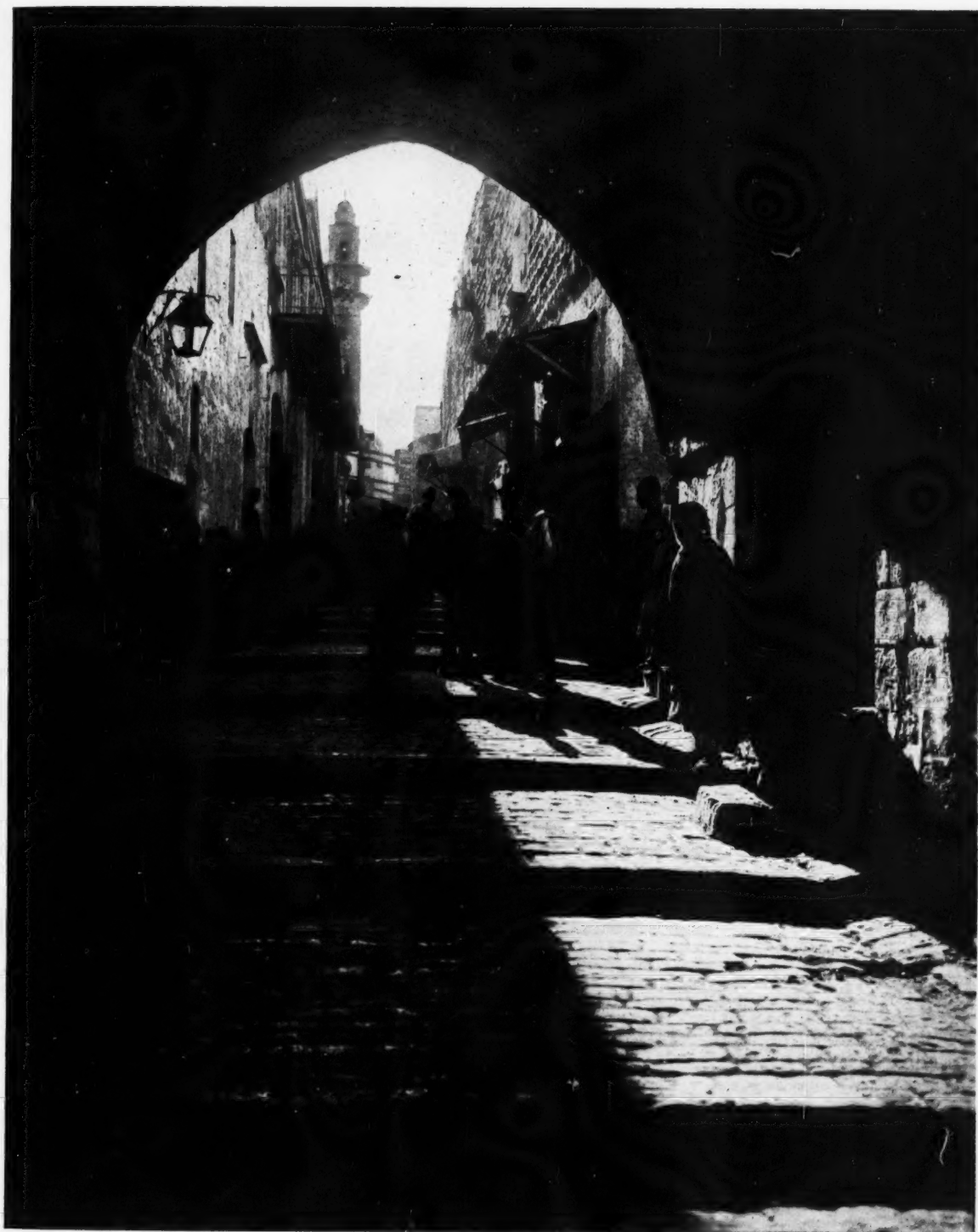
"I don't say as I wouldn't like to go back on a visit, though I expect I'd find many changes. But my family didn't like the idea of me marrying a foreigner and I 'aven't spoken to them since. Of course there are many things here that are not the same as they are at 'ome, but it's surprising what you get used to. I see a lot of life. I don't know as I should care to live the 'umdrum life they do in places like London."

I smiled. For what she said was strangely incongruous with her manner. She was a pattern of decorum. It was extraordinary that she could have lived for thirty years in this wild and almost barbaric country without its having touched her. Though I knew no Turkish and she spoke it with ease, I was convinced that she spoke it most incorrectly and with a cockney accent. I suppose she had remained the precise, prim English lady's maid, knowing her place, through all these vicissitudes because she had no faculty of surprise. She took everything that came as a matter of course. She looked upon everyone who wasn't English as a foreigner and therefore as someone, almost imbecile, for whom allowances must be made. She ruled her staff despotically (for did she not know how an upper servant in a great house should exercise his authority over the under servant?) and everything about the hotel was clean and neat.

"I do my best," she said, when I congratulated her on this, standing, as always when she spoke to me, with her hands respectfully crossed. "Of course one can't expect foreigners to 'ave the same ideas that we 'ave, but as his lordship used to say to me, what we've got to do, Parker, he said to me, what we've got to do in this life is to make the best of our raw material."

But she kept her greatest surprise for the eve of my departure. "I'm glad you're not going before you've seen my two sons. They've been away on business, but they've just come back. You'll be surprised when you see them. I've trained them with me own 'ands, so to speak, and when I'm gone they'll carry on the 'otel between them."

In a moment two tall, swarthy, strapping young fellows entered. Her eyes lighted up with pleasure. They took her in their arms and gave her resounding kisses. "They don't speak English, sir, but they understand a little, and of course they speak Turkish like natives, and Greek and Italian."



They had bought this hotel because Signor Niccolini thought he would like to see something of the world.

I shook hands with the pair and then Signora Niccolini said something to them and they went away.

"They're handsome fellows, Signora," I said. "You must be very proud of them."

"I am, sir, and they're good boys, both of them. They've never given me a moment's trouble since they was born and they're the very image of Signor Niccolini."

"I must say no one would think they had an English mother."

"I'm not exactly their mother, sir. I've just sent them along to say 'ow do you do to 'er."

I dare say I looked a little confused.

"They're the sons that Signor Niccolini 'ad by a Greek girl that used to work in the 'otel, and 'aving no children of me own I adopted them."

I sought for some remark to make.

"I 'ope you don't think that any blame attaches to Signor Niccolini," she said, drawing herself up a little. "I shouldn't like you to think that, sir." She folded her hands again and with a mixture of pride and satisfaction added the final word: "Signor Niccolini was a very full-blooded man."

The Sleeping-

A Story that MEET

Illustrations by



Lili's insolence won him. He knew at once that it indicated character.

IT WAS past eight o'clock. The mountains behind the station were covered with snow, which I could see faintly through the darkness of the winter night as I paced up and down the long platform waiting for the Orient express. My hand luggage lay ready where "*wagon huit*" ought to stop, with the pink-faced Swiss porter standing beside it, looking clean and neutral. There were no other travelers that night leaving Montreux for Paris or the sea. I hoped that the train would not be crowded, that I should have the compartment to myself.

Lights glimmered through mist as if out of the sky. The cold breath of Switzerland came to me dropping down from the heights and my porter blew softly on his lifted fists. Then a hard, clear note—icelike it seemed in that night of winter—sounded eighteen times, with long pauses after notes six and twelve. The train, coming from Constantinople, was near. I heard its dull roar in the distance. Smoke, steam, lights; dusky figures of me raised on high and played upon by the red-yellow gleams of a furnace; a crying voice along the platform; two or three pale faces peeping out behind pulled-back blinds. The station was suddenly full of the spirit of travel and the lure of distant places.

"*Numéro quatorze!*" said my porter in a throaty bass to the dark and drooping *contrôleur*, who appeared in the doorway of "*wagon huit*," on which were displayed the words "Calais-Constantinople." And I mounted quickly, feeling oddly humble and intrusive, while the porter went away to hand in my small luggage through the window. With a haggard but sharp glance at me the *contrôleur* accepted my long slip of paper. Then he muttered "*Numéro quatorze!*" and started down the corridor, followed by me.

I found him in one of the pale blue cells, stuffy and suggestive of ever-traveling microbes, wearily, with an air of fatalistic resignation, taking in my hat-box, my dressing-case, my golf-clubs through the window.

The last of Switzerland!

The window was slammed down. The train gave a jerk. I met the black eyes of the *contrôleur*, heavy with want of sleep.

"There's someone in here already?" I began.

A horrid vision of luggage not mine had already afflicted my eyes, of an elaborate dressing-case, crocodile perhaps, silver-mounted and emblazoned certainly, of a "hold-all" with protruding gold-headed cane and umbrella, of a mystery that looked to me like a shrouded guitar. *La Garçonne* lay open on the end of the seat near the window.

"*Out, Monsieur!*" Down came the golf-clubs on the rack.

"I suppose it's impossible to myself?" Bang went my dressing-case upside down into the far corner. "Couldn't you manage to give me a compartment to myself?"

"*C'est complet, Monsieur.*"

"But sometimes it can be managed——"

"We are full, Monsieur."

The heat was intense. The emblazoned dressing-case glittered hotly in the electric light. Surely some vague and exotic perfume lingered on the microbe-laden air. Obstinacy rose in me. I lowered my voice.

"If you can put me into a compartment by myself I'll give you twenty francs, *Swiss francs.*"

"Monsieur, I have told you we are full. I can do nothing. Your ticket, please!"

I gave it, feeling snubbed.

"I regret, Monsieur, that I cannot make full compartments empty at will. If I could I could earn plenty money."

For a moment I felt inclined to resent this sarcastic pleasantry. But how? The man was obviously in the right.

"Anyhow, I hope fourteen is the lower berth?"

"No, Monsieur, the upper. The lower berth is thirteen."

I believe I said something short and to the point. The *contrôleur*, who was not in the passage, may or may not have heard it. Anyhow he turned, gave me, I thought, a rather odd look, and then said:

"When the other gentleman returns from the restaurant car it might be possible to arrange an exchange of berths."

"Not likely!" I said. "You can scarcely suppose it probable that anyone who has secured the lower berth will be unselfish enough to climb up a ladder in order to spend the night just under the ceiling in this stifling atmosphere, and all for a perfect stranger!"

"The lower berth is number thirteen, Monsieur," retorted the *contrôleur*. He put up his dingy fists, rubbed his eyes with them like a baby and disappeared.

Number thirteen! To be sure there were absurd people who were childish enough to be afraid of that number. But by this time I was convinced that my luck was entirely out, and I had little hope that my fellow traveler, whoever he was, would be of that superstitious company.

I glanced at the glittering dressing-case, at the gold-topped cane and umbrella, at *La Garçonne*. With distended nostrils

Car

By Robert Hichens

of Ships in The Night

John Richard Flanagan

I drew in a breath of the tainted air. Surely there was a lingering scent on it! Amber—was it? Attar of roses? Jasmine? He was certainly not an Englishman. I twisted my nose. Perhaps I was in for a Levantine!

I sat down and waited for what was to befall me.

It was just after we had left Lausanne and were rushing towards the frontier that I saw a rather tall and strikingly thin figure in a dark gray suit and lighter gray hat with a black band round it, pass by my doorway in the corridor. As it passed a small head turned and a pair of large, light gray eyes glanced in. I received an impression of pallor, emaciation, intelligence and—somehow—of anxiety.

No doubt someone who was going to sleep in one of the neighboring compartments.

We were hardly out of the tunnel when the tall thin figure in gray reappeared and with a very intelligent glance at me, and a vague though polite salute, stepped in, passed me and picking up *La Garçonne* sat down in the corner by the window. At the end of the carriage there was a folding table which was up. The newcomer laid his book down on it, shut the book, sighed, used a toothpick, sighed again, glanced sideways at me, lighted a cigaret with a gold tip, turned slightly in my direction, crossed his long thin legs, slightly wagged his left foot. I noticed that this foot was encased in a very narrow and very smart varnished shoe protected by a fawn-colored spat with white buttons.

A further impression, gathered without undue staring, amounted to this: soft collar of pale blue silk, deep blue silk tie holding embedded a pin gleaming with dark blue fires—surely a black opal—blue silk handkerchief peeping from outside pocket, clever, long hands with rings on them. Net impression—but I hadn't arrived at that yet.

And then he spoke. He said something in excellent French about the weather in Switzerland, speaking in an oddly light, bodiless voice which it seemed to me accorded with his large, wondering, light gray eyes. I was able to give him the latest Swiss weather information; and as I did so to take further stock of him.

He had, as I said, a head that was notably small and that yet looked very intelligent. It was covered with thick, glossy dark hair; rather too glossy, I thought. His face was clear white and too thin; with a prominent aquiline nose, knifelike but not Jewish, above a mouth large and slightly drooping at the corners. Hovering about the face there was nearly always a slight smile that suggested to me a pale light playing over his features, drifting across his gray eyes, lingering at the corners of his almost white lips. In this smile there seemed to be both a faint amusement and a faint sadness.

The fellow was young undoubtedly, well under thirty, young but ravaged, whether by ill health or too much dissipation I couldn't tell. When I looked at his eyes, however, I knew I was looking at neurasthenia. And oddly enough just as I was realizing this he told me that he knew Switzerland well, as he had once spent several months in a clinic on the mountain above Territet. He mentioned the name of the



Lili began to see the world in a man—a dangerous symptom in a woman.

establishment, which I knew, and added: "I was in for neurasthenia."

I expressed a polite hope that he had been cured.

"Oh no!" The perpetual smile became slightly more definite. "Neurasthenia is incurable, in my opinion. It hangs on to one's temperament and can't be dislodged, as a disease in the body may be sometimes. Perhaps one oughtn't to wish to get rid of it."

"Why not?"

"A great doctor in Paris told me that every man who has ever achieved really big things in the realm of literature or art has been a neurotic. Goethe, Schopenhauer, Rousseau, Wagner, Beethoven, Chopin, Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Musset, Verlaine and *ad infinitum*—all neurotics!" He glanced rather satirically at my golf-clubs. "You have probably never stayed in a clinic?"

I acknowledged this lack in my education.

"It's very amusing. Up there at Glion I met neurotics of all nations—French, Germans, Russians, Dutch, Italians, Brazilians, all kinds. And the women! In a clinic, if one is well enough, as I was, to go downstairs and out, to play cards, to sit on the terrace, to eat in the public room, one has an almost unique chance to study women. Women with their screws a little, or very, loose, you understand."

He shook his small, glossy head sideways and broke into a thin laugh that sounded vicious.

"The doctor who is at the head of a big clinic like the one I was in knows more about women by far than any French novelist." He flicked *La Garçonne* with a long white forefinger as he spoke. "Much more about them."

"Not very pleasant knowledge, perhaps!" I ventured.

"Who cares whether knowledge is pleasant or unpleasant? It is always knowledge. And that is what we are made for."

The *contrôleur* appeared in the doorway, half-way through an enormous yawn, and inquired whether we should like the beds to be made.

My man looked at a tiny gold watch with an enameled back. "I never sleep much before two," he remarked. "And you, Monsieur?"

"Any time you like!" I said.

"We'll ring when we're ready."

"*Bien, Monsieur.*"

The Sleeping-Car

Another yawn was just breaking, like a wave, as he retired. "Poor fellow!" I said. "I suppose he's come all the way from Constantinople."

"Well, I've come all the way from Athens."

"In this carriage?"

"No; I had to change—does it matter where? My coach got on fire. These fellows, these *contrôleurs*, make heaps of money. They get tips for all sorts of reasons."

I remembered my attempt, frustrated, to enrich the poor chap.

"You had a try?" he added.

I was startled. The light gray eyes were smiling and fixed upon me. I couldn't help smiling too.

"And I had the same sort of try! But no luck. Excuse me, are you superstitious?"

"Not in the least," I answered truthfully.

"I was afraid of being shut in with a superstitious man like myself, and so—we are sitting on number thirteen."

"I know."

"My bed—presently."

"Yes; the *contrôleur* told me so."

"Unless——" he paused. I said nothing. "I put him up to a little preparation. He tells me that—he seems to think——"

He paused again as if waiting for me to speak. And again, as when he had passed in the corridor, I had an odd impression of anxiety.

"If you object to sleeping in number thirteen I shall be very much obliged to you," I said. "I abhor the ceiling, and the heat in these carriages always seems to me to ascend and thicken up there."

The relief his face showed was amusing. "Heat! That is nothing. I like heat. In number fourteen I shall sleep. No sleep for me in number thirteen."

I looked at his beautiful necktie.

"It seems very odd to me, if you'll forgive me for saying so, that being so superstitious you venture to wear—surely that is a black opal?"

"It is—a beauty. But didn't you know that black opals are lucky?"

"I always understood that all opals were unlucky."

"No, no. Only ordinary opals, white opals, whatever you like to call them. Black opals are the luckiest of all jewels. Oh, I assure you!" He seemed preposterously eager to convince me. "I used to think as you do. But a friend of mine, one of the luckiest men living, told me that I was in error. After he began to carry about a black opal with him he had nothing but good fortune. But a catastrophe happened. He lost it. For three months he was without it. Bad luck, awful luck, all the time! Then it was restored to him. Immediately all his luck came back. He gave me this only last week in Athens. I wear it now for the first time."

After a moment I said: "You mean that during this journey you are wearing that opal for the first time?"

"Yes! Exactly! Why not? Yes!"

"And your carriage from Athens got on fire and you had to change into this one?"

He looked startled, disconcerted, and his wide eyes seemed to grow wider.

"Have you ever had such an experience on a journey before?"

"No."

"Any *contretemps* on a journey before?"

"No."

I believe I smiled, perhaps satirically. I know I was feeling satirical and the least bit mischievous.

"I understood you to say you weren't superstitious!" he said,



Somehow my man—there must have been surely some occult attraction—had

with rather sharp irritation.

"I'm not."

"And yet you talk like this!"

"Only *pour passer le temps*, I assure you. Judge me by the fact. I will sleep tonight, and sleep well, in number thirteen and give up number fourteen to you."

"That's very good of you. *Merci! Merci!*"

He put up his long delicate hand to the black opal and fingered it, and while he did so his forehead became corrugated and his strange eyes had an inward look, as if they were searching for something inside him. Then abruptly he got up and pressed the electric bell.

"I must have something to drink," he said.

It struck me just then that he had probably had a good deal to drink already in the restaurant car. Not that

he was drunk or even at all obviously affected by drink. But there was a certain something, an odd irresponsibility in his manner, a wavering expression in his eyes, which suggested that he wasn't quite normal. True, he had obligingly informed me that he was a neurotic. But even that fact wouldn't perhaps quite account for the impression he now gave me.

The *contrôleur* appeared.

"We want something to drink." To me: "What will you

alive, as some nervously constituted people become at night, still confided in me. For it had long ago come to that, to confidence, intimate revelations. They had begun with the whisky and soda.

"My father was a Roumanian, my mother a Greek. I've got two Balkan strains in me. I was brought up in Paris."

A fairly bad beginning my English mind had thought it. But there had been worse to come, with more whisky and less soda. The man, it seemed—whether because he was a naturally voluble creature pricked by a need for talking or whether because he,

like certain others I have met, considered that a total stranger, met for a night and to be thrown off forever on the morrow, was the only perfect receptacle—was driven to empty his neurasthenia into me. He did it with an amazing amplitude of detail, an amazing lack of reticence.

At one o'clock we were again in the clinic above Territet looking out over Lac Léman's end and the Dent du Midi. We had been there before. Indeed we had started there. But we had made excursions to Paris, to Rome, to Athens, to Bucharest, and in all these cities the life had been disordered, complicated, the vexed and tormented life of the young man with quick brains, weak nerves, too much spare time, too much money to spend, few convictions, no anchor of faith to hold him, and the cynicism that is untempered by philosophy, its glare never softened by the shadows of sentiment.

We were back in the clinic and he was telling me about a woman there—one of the women with their screws more or less loose—who wouldn't let go. According to his gospel of life that was the supreme fault in a woman, obstinacy, the not choosing to let go when the man had had enough of her. He found no words severe enough for the "clinger." He coined that English word for the type. He knew English. He seemed to know most languages.

She, the woman of the clinic, was a Pole and was already in the establishment when he arrived there. I had met very few Poles. But I had been struck by the cleverness, self-possession

and audacity of those I had come across. His description of this woman, or girl if you like—she was, he said, twenty-three—matched with those impressions of mine. By description I mean his description of her character, what Americans call "make-up." As to her person he did not content himself with words, but with almost startling vitality, a nervous abruptness apparently very characteristic of him, sprang up and dragged the magnificent dressing-case from its lair in the rack, swung it down to the folding table, forced the two clasps to right and left and thrust up the lid.

It was attar of roses! A gush of that Eastern perfume—it always seems to me to belong to the East—made our pale blue cell more difficult to breathe in. But by then I was resigned to any fate and oddly enough was beginning to have a liking for my companion. Immersed in his confidences my humanity could



almost immediately drifted into Lili's orbit—this Polish girl with the moonbeam eyes.

have?" In the end, after a little argument, I agreed to a whisky and soda. "But no pouring out!" he said. "Bring the whisky bottle. We'll help ourselves."

It was one o'clock in the night. The frontier had long since been passed and the Orient express was rushing through the snow-fields of France. It was heavy weather that night. Now and then, when the train drew up at a station, we could hear the voice of a blizzard wailing over the hidden country upon which, mile after mile, the snow was falling. And always, despite the roar of the train, despite the faintly scented heat of the compartment, I was conscious of the bitter white winter in the blackness outside just beyond the thick glass of the window.

One o'clock! Long ago the beds in the other compartments had been made up. But my Roumanian-Greek friend, almost terribly

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not repudiate him entirely. And his nervous vitality interested me, morbid though it was.

"Voilà!"

He had turned over a gray silk dressing-gown and a pair of pale yellow pajamas and produced a large packet of cabinet photographs fastened together by an elastic band. They were all photographs of women and girls. He looked at them and frowned.

"Here she is!"

His finger and thumb went out to a photograph and gave it to me. As I took it, outside in the snow the engine uttered a prolonged shriek, like a cry of anguish that was violent, and the train suddenly slowed up and stopped with a jerk. The shriek was repeated three or four times. Then came a silence in which I heard a loud and regular snore from a neighboring compartment.

"Is it a station?" I asked.

He pulled aside the blind and pressed his face to the window.

"No. I see only snow and blackness. Horrible!" He shook his thin shoulders and let the blind go. "Do you like her?"

He was looking intently at me.

"She is very good-looking. What curious eyes—like moonbeams!"

"They were. But can't you see the obstinacy in them?"

"Yes. Her hair reminds me of Sarah Bernhardt's some twenty years ago. How terribly thin she is!"

"Her health was all to pieces, and is still."

"She's alive?"

"Of course! Why not?"

I asked myself that question, startled, as he seemed to be just then. The fact was that while I had looked at the photograph death had seemed to be with me. It was—how shall I put it?—as if for a moment I had smelled death. I gave the photograph back.

"She's in Paris," I heard him say.

"Oh!"

"I shan't see her again. I've done with her. But a friend of mine, a Roumanian—he's an attaché in Paris just now—often sees her. I rather fancy"—his wavering smile became more definite—"he wants to take my place. He's very much her little dog, I think. He will meet me at the station tomorrow morning. I've got to have a word with him about Lili."

He stared at the photograph, then suddenly flung it down, slipped the elastic band over the heap and hid it under the dressing-gown and pajamas.

"I'm not staying in Paris. I'm going on to London. Just imagine, owing to that girl I'm debarred from Paris!" he said with profound self-pity.

The train gave a violent jerk, jangled, seemed to heave. Again I heard the shriek. We were moving, gathering speed. The smell of death had gone from me.

"And Paris is the only place I really care about."

"Surely Paris is wide enough."

"For her and me to be in without interfering with one another? You don't know Lili. But I'm going to get her out. Tomorrow morning—we'll see."

He evidently had some plan of which he had already spoken, or of which he was about to speak, to his Roumanian friend. What it was, however, I never knew.

"She doesn't know I'm passing through. She believes me to be in Athens. If she knew!"

His smile flickered out and instantly he looked older and very different, almost like another man, a man haunted by anxiety and tremendously preoccupied.

"But Antoine won't tell her. He is far too jealous of me now!"

"As you're telling me this, may I say something?"

"Yes, yes, of course. Do! Yes?"

"If this friend of yours is so fond of this lady and lives in Paris, surely he won't fall in with any plan which might involve her leaving Paris."

"Oh, I'll make him! I know how!" He snapped his long teeth together. "Besides," he added, "he's sure to be transferred almost directly. I've reason to know that, and he knows it too."

I said nothing. I was beginning to feel rather tired.

"But I haven't told you—" he exclaimed, with Greek vivacity.

And then we were back again in the clinic.

A strange place! He had the art to make me feel it. I had once visited someone in it. But I hadn't realized the place then. He made me realize it, and her whom he called Lili in it.

Through him the marvelous cleanliness of it became a tragic bareness, like the bareness of a skeleton bleached white by sun and wind. And moving in this bareness the very patients seemed

bare, cleaned out, swept, garnished, stripped of their upholstery, revealed. All of them ill, nearly all of them morbid, some hoping for better things, some not, none of them resigned, none of them contented. I could see them, of mingled nations, fidgeting about in the bareness, wandering about in it with lack-luster or feverishly critical and observant eyes, giving out the nakedness of their natures in it, poor wretches, because they had nothing else to do.

Somehow my man—there must have been surely some occult attraction—had almost immediately drifted into her orbit, the orbit of this Polish girl with the moonbeam eyes and the ill hands that wouldn't let go. He hadn't been put beside her at meals. There had been apparently no conspiracy of fate to force them together. They must have made their own conspiracy. Or was it entirely hers? I doubted that, doubt it still. For he was, I think, by nature a pursuer, but one who soon wearied when he had caught up his prey. And she must have been the last woman to run away. And so, I suppose, they came together without any preceding futilities in the midst of the bareness, and with a rapidity not at all marvelous in such a place—isn't being in a clinic something like being on shipboard, with a difference?—they came to know each other very well.

She was from Warsaw, he from Athens. A somewhat similar form of illness cooped them up together in Switzerland, when the woods round the house of balconies were radiant with autumn; and down below, far down in Territet by the lake edge, healthy people were still playing in tennis tournaments under the sky.

He told me how they rushed into intimacy. She was there quite alone, had already been there for over two months when he arrived, and had succeeded in making herself universally disliked by the other patients. This dislike had pleased her, he told me. She was full of contempt for those whom she described as "the ordinary people who cumber the earth" and enjoyed being hated by those who didn't interest her. There are such people. I have met several of them. They have a morbid taste for being hated, seem to feed on hatred as others, more normal, feed upon love.

He noticed at once that she was more or less of a pariah in the big, shinningly clean house, and that most of the inmates were afraid of her. This, the fact that she was a pariah, and her very obvious defiance of such public opinion as there was up there, had drawn him to her. Her insolence won him, he said. He knew at once that it indicated character, that it was backed up by a keen and alert intelligence.

On the very first day after his arrival they talked together like intimates. At the end of the first week they were inseparable. Why not? he said. Why wait and linger and play about and pretend in such a house of dull illness and imminent dissolution? A clinic writes the shortness of time in italics. Even those who are not doomed cannot easily get rid of thoughts of death there. So they try to live quickly.

From what I was told I have little doubt that while my man was in the clinic he was in love with Lili. Being in love with her was "something to do"—his own cynical expression. And so he did it. Both of them were able to walk. They were even encouraged to go out as much as possible, although they were forbidden of course to take any hard exercise, to walk very far or to climb. Every day they walked out together, to Glion, towards Les Avants, in the woods which surround the clinic. "I used to play to her on the guitar under the autumn leaves!" he said, with a gesture to the odd looking piece of luggage I had observed when I entered the train. Often, too, they took the funicular railway, descended to Territet, strolled by the lake, visited the tea shops of Montreux, gambled at boules in the kursaal.

The hostility which the Polish girl had aroused among the patients of Doctor Mossey was intensified by the arrival of a young man who immediately ranged himself on her side, showed plainly that he thought her the only person in the house worth talking to and took her word for the absurdity and dullness of all those who disliked her. After his arrival the general dislike and fear of Lili became more marked and he was included in it, apparently to his great amusement and satisfaction.

He sketched for me in biting words the chief personalities of the clinic. He made of them as it were an ugly frame in which Lili and he were enclosed. I saw these two surrounded by rickety, pallid and exasperated people of various countries, carrying on their love affair with cynical frankness in the midst of an enemy's camp.

Eventually they were absolutely hated. "Great fun—that!" he remarked to me with a shake of his glossy little head and a thin satisfied laugh. "She enjoyed it as much as I did."

But this hatred made for their isolation, and it appeared that in this isolation, fringed around by growing enmity, Lili began to



"Lili forced me to take her to Paris. To be with a woman whom one hates in Paris!"

see the world in a man, in my man. And that contraction of vision is a dangerous symptom in a woman. When a woman concentrates too often a personal liberty withers and dies. Lili began to concentrate, and it seemed that her power in that respect was simply terrific. He very soon realized that and was quite intelligent enough to realize, too, what such concentration might easily cost him under certain circumstances, but was not seriously disturbed by it because, as he said to me, "It was after all only a clinic association and must come to an end when one of us left the clinic."

And it soon seemed certain that he would be the one to do that first. The special treatment of Doctor Mossey began to take effect

upon him though Lili was slow to respond to it. Perhaps—probably—she was much more ill than he was. Anyhow, though according to him neurasthenia was incurable, his physical condition rapidly improved.

"Lili hated that!" he informed me.

With the appalling swiftness of a woman in love she no doubt saw in that improvement—the end. To him it was the love of a clinic, to her—unless his masculine egotism exaggerated, and a subsequent event convinced me of the contrary—it was the love of a life.

It was near two o'clock in the night when we were in the last part of his narrative. By that time I was (Continued on page 167)



Keeping The PEACE

The Story So Far:

NOW Edward Eaton had been born into the world an honest, straightforward baby. But his mother was a dominating woman with a face like a horse; you either did what she wanted you to in everything or suffered various ingenious and terrible consequences. So Edward—and for that matter the whole family—early learned the arts of lying and hypocrisy in order to keep the peace.

Not with their father, though; he was a gentle, charming and gallant soul, minister of Bartow-on-the-Sound, near New York, and he did his best to help his boys work out their own destinies. For instance, when John Eaton ran away from home it was Mr. Eaton who secretly helped him join the navy, and Mr. Eaton who was enormously pleased when John turned out a fine, strapping mate in the merchant marine. And it was Mr. Eaton who abetted Mark when he ran away in his turn, to be a farmer.

He did not help James; James was a toady and mother's favorite, the only natural hypocrite in the family. Nor did he have to help the girls, Ruth and Sarah. Ruth married Bruce Armitage, a rich neighbor, and promptly forced him to take up law, a profession he hated. Sarah, Mrs. Eaton had yet to marry off.

As for Edward—he, in his mother's plans, was to be a minister. Edward acquiesced; what else was there to do? But underneath, he nursed along a quite remarkable talent for drawing. In fact he was able to do it with his mother's approval by drawing nothing but saints and angels and martyrs. His father thought Edward's drawings showed positive genius.

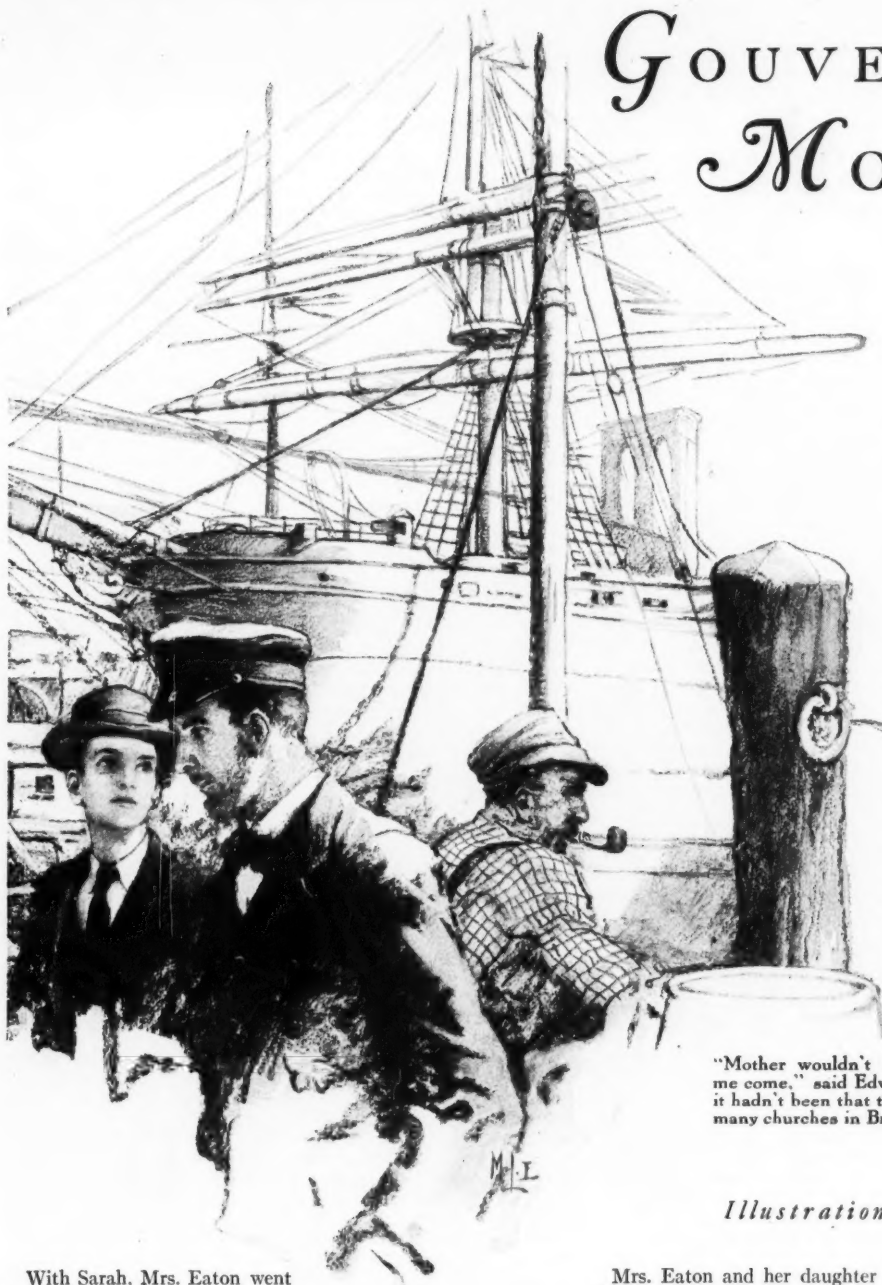
A lot of Edward's early pictures were of Alice Ruggles, an exquisite wisp of girlhood whose father was by way of being a freethinker. Mrs. Eaton called him an atheist and Edward had been expressly forbidden to see "that hussy" Alice; but just the same he went to the Ruggleses' on every possible occasion. He loved to talk by the hour with that cultured, kindly, independent person, Alice's father. He loved to draw Alice in every possible pose. She seemed more wonderful to him each time.

Edward was very fond, too, of his brother John. On his first trip home John promised the boy he would help him to be an artist some day if he wanted. On this trip, too, John got married—but not for love.

He found that James had gotten the Jackson girl into trouble; and when James promised to marry her and then sneaked away John thought it was up to him to preserve the family name from a disgrace. So he married the Jackson girl himself.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS'S

*Novel
in which he
tells why
Men
Hate the
Women
they
Love*



"Mother wouldn't have let me come," said Edward, "if it hadn't been that there's so many churches in Brooklyn."

Illustrations by M. L. Bower

With Sarah, Mrs. Eaton went away to the White Mountains one vacation. Edward wanted to go because Alice was somewhere in those mountains too, but he couldn't. Anyway, he and his father had a delightfully quiet time at home and many a good heart-to-heart talk together.

One night Edward heard James come in late. He was drunk and very sick. But at the breakfast table he seemed sober enough and ate with a good appetite.

ABOUT noon that day Sarah and Dear Mother arrived. They were in a highly satisfied and triumphant mood. They had found relief from their hay fever. Dear Mother had met the Ruggles family face to face in a hotel lobby—the first hotel they had gone to—and routed them. She had told the manager of the hotel that he was harboring atheists, and that either the atheists must go or she must. The manager explained that in the laws governing the expulsion of guests from hotels there was no mention of atheism and that therefore much as he would always hope to oblige Mrs. Eaton there was nothing that he could do.

Mrs. Eaton and her daughter had therefore driven a dozen miles to a different hotel, and it was the luckiest thing in the world that they had done so. The hotel containing the Ruggleses had caught fire—probably a divine hint of what the future held in store for them—and though the fire had been promptly subdued, there had been a panic and several guests had been hurt.

But the good luck was not so much in escaping this calamity. At the Jefferson—the hotel to which they had moved—they had met a Mr. Chumleigh, not a young man, my dear, but a lawyer and well-to-do, who had taken a great fancy to Sarah. They had taken many of the easier mountain walks together, played cribbage, and discovered that they had much in common. Both were sufferers in winter from chilblains and in summer from hay fever. Dear Mother was inclined to believe that the dear people had reached an understanding. It had been pretty to see how Mr. Chumleigh, by no means a callow youth, my dear, had jumped to do Sarah's bidding.

But she would not talk about Mr. Chumleigh too much or praise him too much. She, or rather Sarah, had invited him for the following week-end and they would be better able to judge for themselves.

In spite of Dear Mother's assertion that she would not talk about Mr. Chumleigh too much or praise him too much, she was not able to prevent herself from doing a good deal of both. And by the time he had arrived to spend the week-end, she had pictured him, for the benefit of Mr. Eaton, James and Edward, somewhat as follows:

He was straight as an Indian and very broad-shouldered. In spite of the fact that he was no longer a callow youth, there wasn't a gray hair on his head. He had the alert, springy walk of a young man. His head was really the extraordinary thing about him. She had never seen a more intellectual forehead. And as for his dress, fastidiousness and taste could go no further.

Well, Mr. Chumleigh arrived bag and baggage, and Edward, who watched the arrival from his bedroom window—the bedroom that had been Mark's when he was preparing for the church—perceived at once that Dear Mother had spoken nothing but the truth. But she hadn't spoken the whole truth.

It was true that Mr. Chumleigh was straight as an Indian, but then he couldn't have been more than five feet high. His shoulders did have the appearance of being extraordinarily broad, but then they were as square as the end of a match-box and his head seemed to be placed directly upon them without the interposition of any neck at all. A dapper straw hat being removed disclosed the fact that whereas Mr. Chumleigh did not seem to have any gray hair, this was because such hair as had remained upon his head had been dyed a dead black. If height, breadth and the bulge of a Canada melon denoted intellect, then you might truthfully have said that he had an intellectual forehead. He wore a bushy little pair of curly black side whiskers, and the shaven areas of his face were a strong purple. His nose was lumpy and his smile disclosed a brilliant set of teeth, many of which were obviously too good to be true. The springy, youthful walk turned out to be a dipping motion, achieved by rising high on his toes at the end of each step. And as for his clothes—well, if it was true that fastidiousness and taste could go no further, it seemed to Edward that they had gone much too far. But Edward was prejudiced. He had always hated spats.

But Sarah and Mrs. Eaton were as proud of their little caterpillar as if it had been a real man, and on close acquaintance he turned out to be an unhappy, vulgar, kindly soul who would make Sarah an excellent husband if only she would take the trouble to make him an excellent wife. He called her either "My Lady" or "Princess," and it was amusing to observe the airs which she gave herself.

There was one thing about Mr. Chumleigh which Edward could not understand. Why had Mr. Chumleigh fallen in love with sister Sarah? The truth was that Mr. Chumleigh had had so little to do with women in the course of his life that he glorified them as a special and noble race apart. His mother had died when he was a little boy. His youth had been spent in a desperate struggle to complete his education and to advance his fortunes. Such love affairs as he had experienced had been entirely in his imagination. The face of some lovely female seen on a street-car would haunt him for days. He would imagine their meeting; the mutual attraction; the courtship; the presents which he gave her, and how she received them. His feeling for her was always that of a slave for a superior being. He was a Sir Walter to fling his best coat across the mud puddle for her to step on. In these marriages which took place solely in the imagination the little man had been a regular Turk. But it is doubtful if he had ever held a real live woman's hand. If any of a thousand women had encouraged Mr. Chumleigh he would have straightway fallen in love and been that woman's slave for life.

How a man so timid should have scraped acquaintance with a young woman so carefully brought up and hedged about by a watchful mother eye may seem mysterious. But one must remember that for a long time Sarah had been worrying about men, and had firmly determined to capture one before her years were too many and it should be too late.

Yet from the many men stopping at the Jefferson Hotel she had not especially singled out Mr. Chumleigh. Any man would have done, for she felt a perfect competence to take any man and make what she pleased of him. So what does Sarah do? She takes a long mountain drive with Dear Mother, and when they have returned to the hotel, and are crossing the veranda on their way to the big front door, she drops a glove.

She does not appear to notice that she has dropped it. It lies limp and abandoned upon the veranda floor while Sarah makes a great show of mothering her Dear Mother and watching over each precious footstep. But her ears are astrain for the sound

of masculine steps. Isn't there a single "gentleman" upon the hotel veranda? She doesn't propose to lose that glove, but at the thought that she may have to turn back and pick it up herself, she rages.

Then suddenly there is a welcome sound of footsteps. One shoe has a faint squeak. But Sarah does not bat an eyelid. She has opened the big front door and is mothering Dear Mother through. The footsteps are pursuing them. Half-way to the desk, a voice is heard in their immediate rear.

"I beg your pardon, madam."

Mrs. Eaton and her daughter turn superbly. It is to Mrs. Eaton that Mr. Chumleigh has addressed himself and it is to that noble female that he is offering the glove. He holds it tenderly extended as if it were a wounded bird.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he repeats, "but I think you let this glove fall."

Has Dear Mother a latent sense of comedy? She lifts her two hands, shows that there is a glove upon each, smiles benignly and says "Perhaps it is my daughter's."

There is presently no doubt that it is. Sarah looks to see if she has lost a glove, finds that she has and exclaims: "How very courteous of you and how very stupid of me. Thank you."

It is almost impossible for Sarah to take the glove from Mr. Chumleigh's hand without touching the hand itself. Sarah does not attempt the impossible. The ball of her soft forefinger touches the side of Mr. Chumleigh's thumb ever so slightly. Meanwhile and during a mere moment of time her really fine eyes have searched into the depths of his.

She seems to him all that a woman should seem—gracious, beautiful, condescending. "I am very happy," he says, "to have been the means of rendering you this very slight service."

"The service," says Sarah, "is not so slight as you might think. I have a particular sentiment about these particular gloves." Mr. Chumleigh's heart sinks. He scents a romance in which he is not involved. But Sarah puts him out of his misery and at one and the same time shows him the kind of tender, loving daughter she is. "My darling father," she says, "gave them to me."

It was thus that Mr. Chumleigh swallowed Sarah's bait. In a day or so she gave her line a tug and felt confident that she had hooked him.

In the excitement of Dear Mother and Sister Sarah over Mr. Chumleigh, Edward's career was temporarily lost sight of by everybody except himself. He lived for John's return. It might be any day now. And when the morning paper was delivered, as sometimes happened, he tried to be the first at it in order to see if there was any word of John's ship, the *Aurora*, in the shipping news.

When at last the *Aurora* docked in Brooklyn and soon after a telegram came from John to say that he could not come home for another two days, Edward's patience snapped like an over-tightened string. Couldn't he go to Brooklyn to meet John and bring him home? No member of the family had ever so much as set foot on the deck of John's ship. It would be such an interesting experience. And it would cost only the fare to New York and two rides at five cents apiece on the Third Avenue elevated.

But Dear Mother's hay fever had returned and so had Sarah's. The novelty and excitement of Sarah's engagement to Mr. Chumleigh had worn off a little, and the notion of even a small sum of money being spent on an unnecessary trip to Brooklyn was vetoed.

"It is going to take the most careful management to give your dear sister a pretty wedding," said Dear Mother, "and we must all of us put a check upon our extravagance."

"But there'd be no harm in my going if it didn't cost anything, would there?" asked Edward. And Dear Mother, feeling that she was on safe ground and committing herself to nothing, said that there would be none. She even said that it was sweet of Edward to be so eager to greet his brother, and that she was sorry that the trip could not be afforded.

"Well then," said Edward joyously, for he felt that Dear Mother had gone too far to withdraw, "I'll go and it won't cost anything. And John won't mind paying my way back."

"You'll go and it won't cost anything!" exclaimed Dear Mother. "How will you go?"

"I'll walk."

Here Sarah, whose nose was running unpleasantly, sniffed in with a disagreeable, "Silly, you don't know the way."

Edward's adventure hung in the balance. He realized that he must be cunning as the serpent or receive an immediate



Alice was just the least little bit cool about Edward's haste to convert himself into a famous artist.

and peremptory order to stay at home. So he said: "It isn't altogether John and the Aurora that I want to see. I've never seen Brooklyn. It's the city of churches. From the Bridge you can see all the steeples—hundreds and hundreds of them."

The miserable hypocrite spoke in a voice that had a touch of awe in it, and Mrs. Eaton very promptly gave her consent to the expedition.

"The walk won't hurt the boy," she said, "and it will be an inspiration to him to visit such a wonderful center of religion."

Edward did not wait to have this permission recalled. He kissed his Dear Mother, dashed into the hall for his hat and left by the back door. In so doing he paused in the pantry to make a modest little package of bread crusts and chocolate.

Ten minutes later he was walking the ties between Bartow and Baychester. Half of the distance was a low trestle over salt

water, and you had to watch your step. But it wouldn't have mattered much to Edward if he had slipped and fallen through, for like all the young people brought up around Pelham Bay he could swim like an eel.

It was noon when he reached the Harlem River and crossed by the old Third Avenue bridge. It was a hot noon too, and it was pleasant to find how very much Third Avenue was cooled by the shadows of the elevated railroad.

A block is a block, and there were some hundred thirty numbered blocks ahead of him, something over six miles of hard pavement. Beyond that the streets had names, he knew that much, but he could only guess how many such streets there were, and how many long hard miles separated him from the famous Brooklyn Bridge.

When at last he came to the Brooklyn Bridge it was after three o'clock and he had been walking steadily since breakfast. He was tired now and a little lame. But when he had walked well out on the Bridge, and saw the river and the ships below him, and the dizzy wires above, and all the spires of Brooklyn beyond, and to the right the great hazy stretch of New York's harbor, and felt the cool breeze mousing in under his sweaty jacket, he experienced a superb happiness and refreshment. Then there were no such things as fatigue in the world, or meanness, or swollen feet. It was glorious to be alive. Many times between Manhattan and Brooklyn he stopped and looked, and in his mind's eye superbly drew and painted the superb things that he saw.

And all the superb things that he saw, except the water and sky, were the works of men. Not women.

The Aurora was a tall, full-rigged ship, and the hand of coincidence brought Edward over her side at just the moment that his brother John was about to go ashore. John had changed to a shore suit and was carrying a heavy valise. An ancient hack drawn by an ancient horse was waiting for him on the dock. It was obvious that John was a little disconcerted by Edward's unexpected arrival. And Edward perceived this at once.

"I oughtn't to have come, ought I?" he blurted out.

"It's all right," said John. "Don't worry. You come along with me."

"I will wait here till you come back," said Edward.

"I'm not coming back—not for a week. I'm going to Flushing for two days and then home."

Edward wondered why his brother should have to go to Flushing for two days. But he did not express his wonder.

"I was crazy to see you, John," he said. "And so I came. Mother thought it was an extravagant idea, so I walked. She wouldn't have let me come if it hadn't been that there's so many churches in Brooklyn. She thought that the sight of them might do me good."



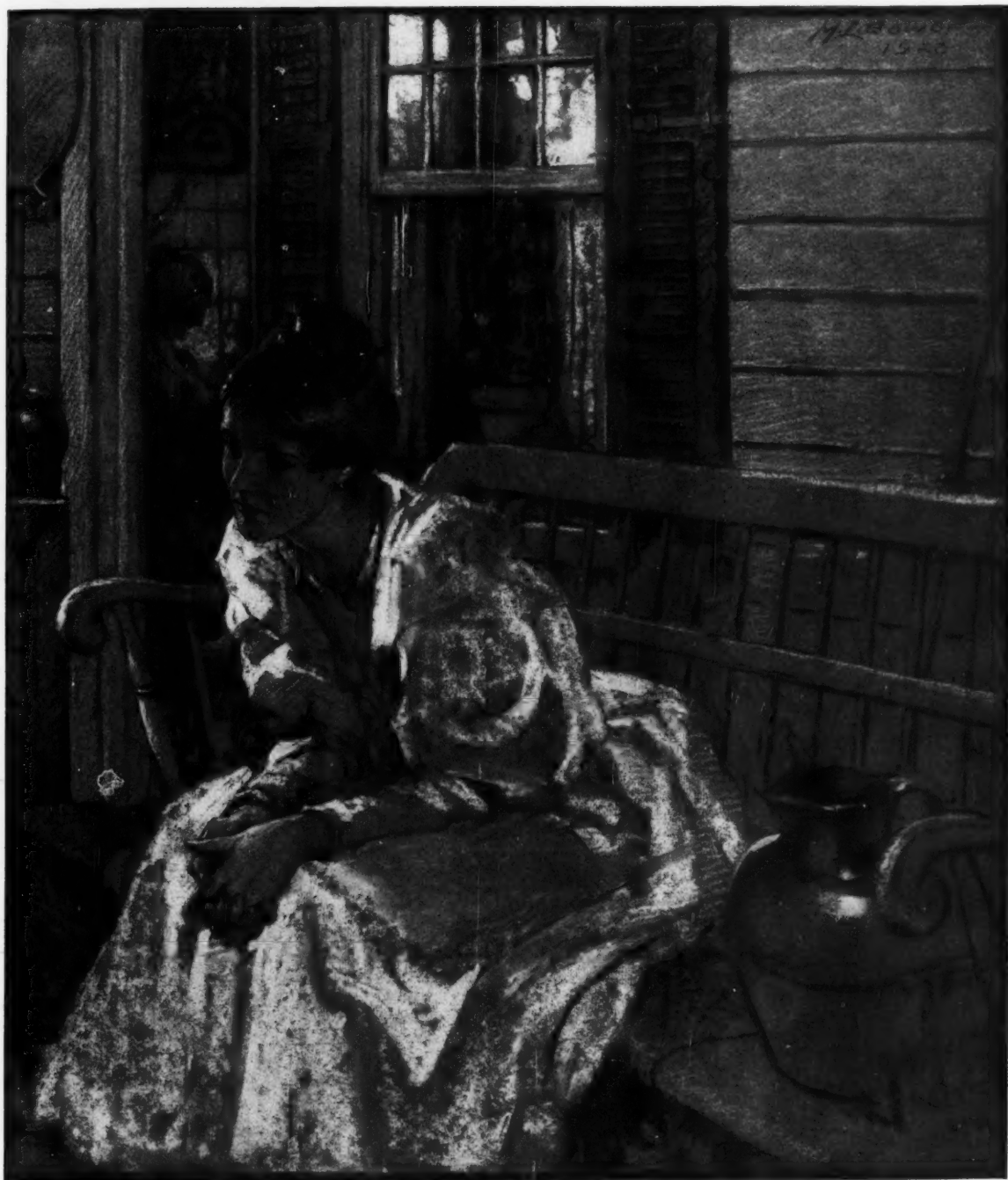
Edward was shocked into speech. "He doesn't

"You walked?" asked John. They had reached the ancient hack and John held the door open while Edward climbed in. It rocked to his weight like a rowboat. John followed Edward into the hack. The driver cracked his whip. There was a great swaying and creaking and they were off.

"You walked?" repeated John. "All the way from Bartow?"

"I haven't told mother that I'm not going into the church, and I wanted to know if you still felt that you could help me to learn painting. Father'll help in every way he can."

"I'll help," said John. "I said I would. But I can't help as much as I'd like to. When I made you that promise, Eddie, I had nobody to think about but you and me. Nobody. Well, right after that I got married and—well, old man, my wife's got a baby. That's why I'm going to Flushing—to see them."



look one bit like either of you," he said. "He looks exactly like his uncle James."

It wasn't easy for John to talk about his marriage—not even to Edward. No explanations were possible.

"Do you remember old Jackson, who kept the harness shop in Westchester?" he asked. "I married his daughter. She and her mother were kind of down on their luck—the old man was dead—and I was kind of down on my luck. It's nice for a sailor to think that when he gets back to shore he's got some place to go. It all happened in a hurry. I meant to write mother about it, but I didn't. I'll tell her."

"I never tell mother anything," said Edward, "unless I'm pretty sure she'll like it."

John sighed. Then he said: "Flushing's a dear old place. You'll have fun knocking about for a couple of days. Have you eaten?"

Edward nodded. He was trying to recall just what some knowing boys had once said to him about the Jackson girl and

his brother James. When had John ever found the opportunity to fall in love with her and court her? It was all rather mysterious. John married and a father! Himself an uncle!

"How's everybody?" asked John.

"You knew father has some trouble with his heart?"

"I didn't know. Serious?"

"He says not. But it hurts him sometimes. It's as if somebody had knocked his wind out. I saw him have one attack. He never says much. But I think we ought to know just what's the matter with him."

"We will," said John. "How is he otherwise?"

"I'm so used to seeing him that he doesn't seem to change much. But I guess you'll think he seems old and tired. It's been a bad year for mother's and Sarah's hay fever. They went to the White Mountains for it. Sarah (Continued on page 154)

How would you feel, Mr. Reader, if your wife insisted on calling herself Miss Maiden Name instead of Mrs. Reader?

A Miss is Even Better

By HEYWOOD BROWN

[whose wife is MISS RUTH HALE]

MARRIAGE, as far as I can see, is reasonably all right for everybody but women. I shouldn't like to have anybody tug me forward into the presence of a visitor with the remark, "I want you to meet the husband." Nor would I be overjoyed to have neighbors speak of me as "Him that was Heywood Brown." And yet I have escaped both these humiliations by nothing more than the accident of sex.

However, even if it is true that woman has still earned a little less than freedom she is not particularly in need of verbal assistance from the other side. You may say as much against the modern woman as you please, but nobody can deny that she is articulate.

But for all that, I have a stake in the matter of making marriage an easier riding conveyance. When it works better for women it will, somehow or other, be at least a shade more comfortable for men.

The device I have in mind is so simple that it needs neither law nor constitutional amendment. It can be attached to any home at a moment's notice and even a child can work it. This reform I am speaking of consists of nothing more than the practise of a woman's keeping her own name after marriage. I am not theorizing. For almost seven years I have lived with a woman who is not Mrs. Heywood Brown and by now I am absolutely certain that I wouldn't at all like to have a Mrs. Heywood Brown about the house.

Most people meet the suggestion of a separate and distinct name of her own for the married woman with indifference rather than active opposition. They tell me that they can't see that it makes any difference and generally they fall back on Shakespeare and say, "What's in a name?"

In the line of my duties as a dramatic critic I have had to see "Romeo and Juliet" half a dozen times in the last year and I find that Juliet did not intend to convey the impression that a name was of no importance. She asked the question despairingly, for it was a little matter of names which sent both her and Romeo to an early grave. Certain privileges were accorded her after death, however. We have yet to hear her called Mrs. Montague.

If you like I am perfectly ready to admit that it isn't actually the name itself which matters, but what it stands for and signifies. Your name comes to be a part of your personality. It gets tangled up with the ego. When a man acknowledges an introduction to me by saying, "Pleased to meet you, Harris Brown," I scream and yell and tell him that it isn't Harris Brown at all, but Heywood Brown, pronounced to rhyme with *moon* and *loon*. I don't know just why I care about having it set straight but I do. My name is the symbol of my identity.

And that ought to explain why two names are needed in marriage. I don't think marriage ever works well except with two people, in spite of the fact that the world has tried so hard to make them one. Two go into the church and yet many contend that only one comes out. The one, of course, is the man. Almost all the objections to this conception of marriage come from women or on behalf of women.

It is easy to see the case of the individual who is suddenly transformed into an appendage without even a name she can call her own. There is a house with the stove on the first floor, the piano on the second and the wife on the third.

But the thing that interests me is the predicament of the man in the miracle. He has become two people, which is almost as troublesome as being none at all. It has been necessary for him to stretch out his name so that it may cover his wife as well as himself. A certain spiritual privacy and aloofness which was his before marriage is all gone.

And what is the purpose of this common name anyway? It serves to proclaim to the world that these two people have been duly and legally married.

But I don't care anything about proclaiming to the world that I'm married. It really ought to be my own business. There would be much more fun and excitement in having people think I wasn't married at all. Fortunately most of the time I don't feel excessively married because nobody speaks of Mrs. Heywood Brown. At least they don't say it more than once, because Ruth Hale bristles so violently at the sound of it that the offender always retreats or reforms.

Theoretically, spiritually, psychologically I am all for two persons and two names in a marriage. The question remains, how does it work practically? "Doesn't it ever cause trouble and confusion?" somebody asks, and the answer is "Yes, indeed." But you can't have excitement without confusion and when placidity comes in at the door love flies out of the window. It is adventurous to be married to somebody who isn't labeled Mrs. I remember with the keenest pleasure that I was once forced to hide in the closet of a hotel room in Washington because it would have been so much trouble to explain to the maid the theory of a woman's keeping her own name after marriage. It was a large and airy closet, and since I felt exactly like the hero in the second act of a French farce I can't pretend that it was an ordeal. On the contrary, I enjoyed it very much.

As a matter of fact, I am sorry to say that there isn't any real necessity any more for subterfuge and deception in dealing with hotels. The matter of a wife's keeping her own name has been so vigorously propagandized by the Lucy Stone League that "John Doe and Jane Roe" can appear quite respectably on the page of a hotel register, although the clerk prefers to have "his wife" set down in parenthesis immediately after Jane Roe.

Since both law and custom have been fashioned largely by men certain precautions have been taken to protect husbands. A married woman has a legal right to vote, to own property and to deposit money under her own name, but she may not travel abroad except as Mrs.

Charles Evans Hughes has settled that point by deciding that the United States is a Christian country and that the husband's name shall prevail upon the passport. Ruth Hale furnished the test case in the matter and when the verdict went against her decided she would rather remain Miss in America than be Mrs. Heywood Brown in any garden spot of the old world. It would have spoiled the scenery for her. However, if there ever comes the chance to scratch a straight ticket in favor of Mohammedan or infidel I know where the heretical party can pick up at least one vote.

Another objection made against the unidentified married woman comes from those who say, "Yes, but if your wife isn't called Mrs. Heywood Brown isn't it perfectly possible for you to be with strangers who inadvertently may say something about her without knowing that you are her husband?" It is quite possible. It has happened and there isn't anything tragic about it. I have been privileged to listen in on some very sharp



PHOTOGRAPH BY PIERRE MACDONALD

HEYWOOD BROUN

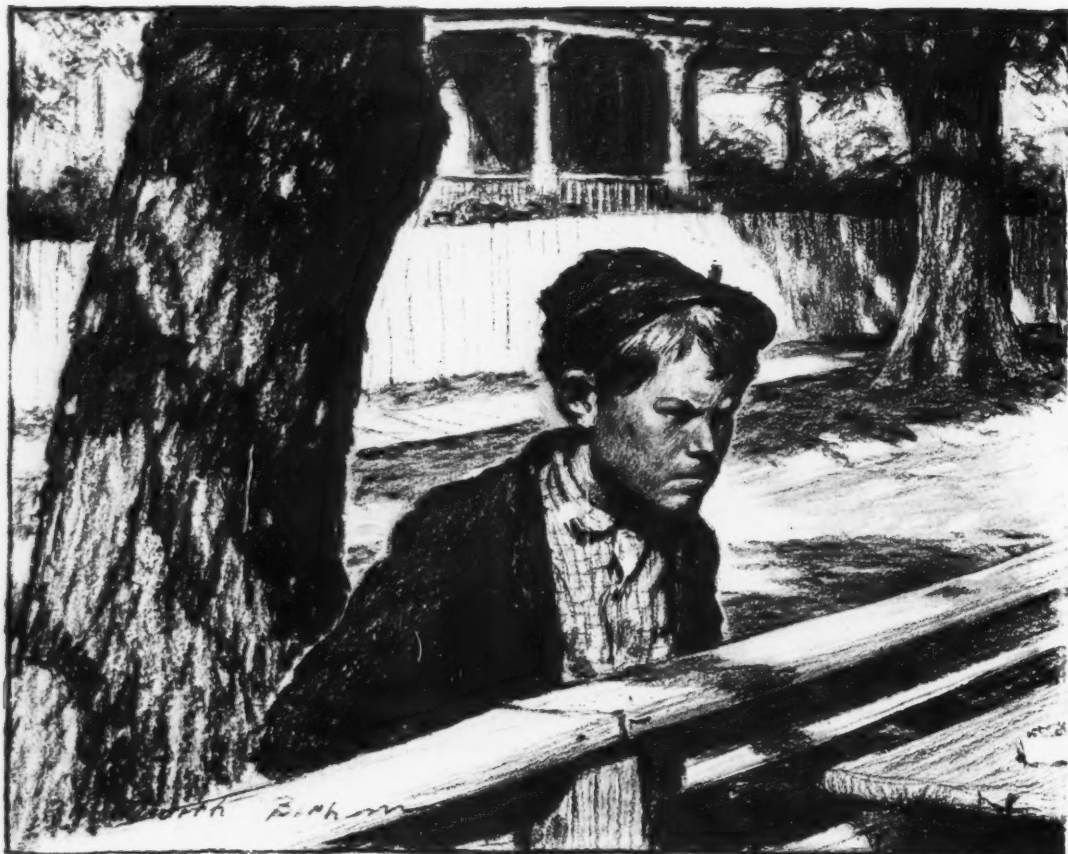
comment about Ruth Hale and she tells me that she has heard one or two exceedingly frank estimates of my character. For my part I was interested in getting a fresh point of view and I felt no necessity of coming violently to the defense of the woman under discussion. She was not Mrs. Heywood Broun, but Ruth Hale, a wholly distinct person deriving in nowise from me.

Let us suppose more serious circumstances. Ruth Hale might murder somebody—someone who insisted on calling her Mrs. Heywood Broun, for instance—and she could be tried and duly

executed without any blame whatever falling upon Heywood Broun. The business of disgracing that name is left wholly to me.

But the supposedly clinching argument from those who believe explicitly in Mr. and Mrs. lies in the question: "What will the children think about it?" And this is a question which I cannot answer from personal experience. At the age of five my son has manifested nothing but complete indifference. You see, he really is not much concerned with either Broun or Hale. He only knows a Ruth and a Heywood.

Irvin S. Cobb's *Boy Stories*



The Boy Who Was

Illustrations by

IT WAS in the season for keeping a stand. That occult influence which all in those days felt and obeyed, but which as men they are prone to forget about, had decreed that in the brief interval between top season and marble season a keen merchandising impulse should seize on the juvenile male group. Chance had no hand in this manifestation. It occurred annually in accordance with a rule as fixed and sure as the swing of the stars in their orbits. It developed, not sporadically but practically simultaneously, in all parts of a town. Rapidly it assumed the characteristics of an epidemic, marked by an immense activity and an unremitting attention to business on the part of its devotees. Like a pleasant spring fever it ran its course. But when the number of active customers had become less than the number of established traders it began to languish and soon had died out altogether.

It wasn't altogether that supply exceeded demand; there were other reasons.

For one, the novelty of the thing had lost its sharp edge; for another, marbles were coming in and against the fascination of this revived and rejuvenated institution no ordinary boy could stand out. So he ceased to be a dealer and he turned gamester and he followed, not the spiritless and lackadaisical form of the sport which parents commonly sanctioned, but the more gallant game that is played for keeps.

A perfect ritualism governed the keeping of a stand. As regards other passing pursuits a wide flexibility might obtain, but here

the conventions were fixed and authoritative. Temporarily pins became of great theoretical value, for pins—the plain ordinary pins of commerce—nearly always were the medium of barter; coincidentally, a craving for parched meal and lick'rish water was magically created. Through the rest of the year hydrant water in which a small quantity of black licorice had been dissolved to give color and a brackish, slightly bitter flavor to the compound had no appeal whatsoever. But now it had; so likewise with ordinary corn-meal, scorched on a hot stove and made tasteful with cinnamon and sugar, or, for more robust palates, with table salt. A week hence none would desire to lap up this gritty brown mixture from the palm of the hand. But now all patrons expected it and no experienced caterer was without it, or without lick'rish water, either.

John C. Calhoun Custer Junior—he was Juney Custer, though, everywhere excepting in the home circle—and his associate, Earwigs Erwin, had abundant supplies of these favored commodities in stock. They had two tin cups, borrowed from the Custer kitchen, for measuring out the goods. They also had half ripe cherries on sale at a pin apiece and, spread out temptingly on a shoe box lid, they furthermore had a dozen or so of minute cubes of rather weather-beaten and disheveled-looking sponge cake donated by Mrs. Erwin; but these latter wares were specialties, whereas the first two were, as stated, staples.

Goin' On FOURTEEN



Born To Be Hanged

Worth Brehm

The business being now in its third moderately successful afternoon, the members of the firm inevitably had reached the stage when more or less visionary plans for enlarging the scope of their enterprise were being canvassed. The idea was to buy soda pop, a dozen bottles at a time, and at wholesale rates to lay in prize boxes and such dependable delicacies as jelly beans and stick candy and to make up lemonade by the bucketful and thereafter to deal for cash only. Just whence might come the capital to launch this ambitious campaign was a point not settled. Here the confrères, while optimistic, were vague.

"Maybe," said one, "maybe my mother would lemme take the dollar and seventy-five cents out of my savin's bank where I been savin' it up to buy me a pair of fantail pigeons fur four dollars."

"And then maybe," said the second, "then maybe I could borrow that much more from my father, because I could pay it back to him right away out of what we took in." His tone was not an assured tone, merely a faintly hopeful one. The speculator knew he dealt with a remote and highly improbable contingency. Still, confidence was the indicated mood. "I reckon he'd be mighty glad to lemme have that much, if 'twas just loandin' it to us."

"Ish'd say! Well, maybe anyhow we both kin git it somewheres. Then if we made a whole lot of money maybe we wouldn't have to run a stand just evenin's after school and Sat'days because anyhow school's goin' to be out fur good in just a month or two."

"And maybe after while we'd be makin' so much we could open a reg'lar store with a sign out front and show-cases and ever'-thing—*hod zickerteel!*"

"I sh'd say! And all the stuff we couldn't sell on account of people not wantin' it any more or somethin', why we could eat it ourselves."

"Well, if that's the way it's goin' to be, maybe we better eat up this here cake before it gits any staler. You take six pieces and I'll take six."

"All right. Maybe, though, we better first one of us pick out a piece and then the other one pick out one, because all the pieces ain't the same size. I'll go first because it was my fambly give us the cake, so natchelly I'll go first. But what'd we better do with these other things here? I reckon we must have mighty near almost five hundred pins took in now."

"Well, maybe we better keep on keepin' a stand, all except the sponge cake, until we git the money c'lected, because we'll need to git in practise all we kin, because it'll take a lot of practise fur us when it comes time to run that reg'lar store."

This young industry already tottered on its last legs, although as yet neither of its proprietors perceived the fact. With his mouth too full of crumbly sponge cake to form speech expressive of the dreams of commercial grandeur which incubated in his brain, Juney Custer all at once was cognizant that a stranger drew near. His eyes lost their meditative serenity. A glint of curiosity leaped into them, this immediately being succeeded by

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a small squint of uneasiness. His jaws for the moment forgot to munch. It was as though out of a clear sky he partially had been mesmerized. It also was precisely so with his fellow tradesman.

There was something so very daunting about the stranger—about him personally and about the manner of his approach, about the very way he had of putting down his bare feet and picking them up again. Even now, at first glance of him and while he still was at a distance, it was to be sensed that there radiated from him an undefinable yet a definite challenge. Before ever he spoke a word he proclaimed to all the world, as it were, that here came the possessor of a hostile and a defiant heart. As men, a few may perhaps learn somewhat to disguise their true natures. But a boy meeting other boys generally reveals his inner self for exactly what it is.

This boy was short but plainly very sinewy. He was almost incredibly shabby. He had a square face, oddly mature, and reddish hair and many red freckles which blazed from a background of sunburnt skin. His eyes best advertised him for what he was. He had pale blue eyes, chill, scornful—and intimidating.

As though he had been diverted from a chosen course by some mildly interesting but utterly inconsequential affair, he sidled up to the front fence of the Custer lot and over it he glowered at the stand and its offerings, its attempts at decoration and its owners, with a leveled, contemptuous scowl. His manner of looking immediately made the entire undertaking seem a poor and puny thing; the partners felt this and all at once were ashamed and, in their shame, wriggled.

"'Ello," said Juney, with a conscious straining for cordiality.

The strange boy chose to disregard the conciliatory overture. It appeared he was not to be placated. He continued to glower. Saying nothing at all, he nevertheless made them to understand that he disdained them and their belongings and all that they stood for and were. From his silently delivered sentence of condemnation he made one exception. He put two dirty hands over the fence and began scooping up the remaining squares of sponge cake. It was somehow apparent that he had no intention of purchasing; this evidently was to be an act of confiscation.



They had shown nimble heels to a single enemy. It suited Juney's present mood to turn the rankling thought in his soul.

"Those—those ain't to give away," stated the Erwin boy in a tone of laboriously polite explanation. "They was fur sale. But now we been thinkin' some of sort of savin' 'em up fur ourselves."

"I'll show you whut they're fur," stated the tattered raider. If before he had meant to eat the spoils, he changed his mind. He dropped the double handful at his feet. "That's whut they're fur," he said, and ground with his heel until the last spoiled fragment had been pulped against the boards of the wooden sidewalk.

"Say," he demanded with a quick violence, "whut right you two kids got to be settin' here tryin' to show off so smart-elicky and braggin' 'bout whut you're savin' up fur yourselves? I betcher I kin lick you both together. I got a good notion to lick you both together right now—showin' off and ever'thing!"

As well as they might judge, this truculent wayfarer was no older than either of them; perhaps not quite so old. In height, each outspanned him by at least half a head. In the very nature of things he couldn't lick them both. But somehow they knew he would. It was curious how well they did know it.

He had offered them provocation, gratuitous affront; their property rights had been invaded and boys in those times were jealous of their property rights. They were two as against one. Finally, they were on their own ground. By an ancient and an acknowledged code a boy's own yard was refuge and sanctuary from all belligerent attack; the ethics guaranteed it. Yet even so they slid off rather than rose from the two wooden boxes upon which they had been seated and they shrank away from the fence. It was exactly as though the same set of wires governed the mechanism of their joint withdrawal. The retreat carried them back as far as the porch steps. There they halted, humbled and apprehensive. Having not the words to express their emotions, they none the less realized that with never a blow struck they had been worsted by an indomitable force.

The sinister stranger did not deign further to ravage their abandoned store. He had accomplished his object. Hereafter this pair would remain subject to his will. With short, jerky steps, like some small pugnacious rooster, he passed on down the street.

"Well, anyway, I reckon it ain't any use our foolin' with that there old stand yonder any longer—might as well wait till we git the money to buy the reg'lar things we been talkin' 'bout," said the Custer boy, striving to be matter-of-fact.

"Well, I reckon that is the best way," assented the Erwin boy. Neither had made any direct reference to what had just happened. Neither of them would thereafter make any direct reference to the outrage. The Chinese custom of saving one's face is not exclusively Chinese and probably never was. It is beyond doubt that the youth of our own race must have used it practically from the beginnings and dawns of the Occidental civilization.

This then was the manner of Juney Custer's and Earwigs Erwin's rude introduction to the boy who afterwards came to be known to them and to all of their age and estate as Banty Gearin. He had appeared in their part of town, as such inexplicable outlanders so often do appear, suddenly and with no warning noised abroad in advance to herald his advent. Having arrived, he had set out, so it would seem, immediately to impress his personality upon his generation. On inquiry it probably would have developed that these two were among the very first thus to be impressed. Not for long, though, did they keep this small and for their part secret distinction; very promptly a considerable number were sharing it with them. Also they were to encounter the uncivil invader again and yet again, but meanwhile, and shortly too, they would hear disquieting accounts from various quarters of his movements and actions.



Banty set himself to the sport of tantalizing Gander Hecht, the one unfortunate who had not got away.

In the brief passage of a fortnight he securely laid the foundation sills for the repute which thenceforward would walk with him and within that short time acquired the added distinction of a special title. By acclamation, so to speak, it was conferred upon him. There was no reason, or at least none understandable to the adult mind, how or why such-and-such a boy had earned the nickname to which among his associates he answered. As regards some other given boy the cause thereof would be plain and would be plausible. It was plain enough in this case, there being a traditional rote behind it. Almost invariably any sandy-haired, undersized urchin who bore himself spunkily, who went ever primed for fighting, any, in short, who suggested a dwarfed gamecock, was called Banty—local diminutive of bantam. Very possibly this new boy had been so dubbed wherever it was he hailed from; nobody knew for certain because nobody knew just where that place was.

What the junior populace speedily did learn, the word traveling from mouth to mouth with a rapidity which would be miraculous did not most wild peoples and practically all children employ it, was that he had come to live—such living as it would be—with a family of socially unrecognized persons on the banks of Island Creek, in a warren of exceeding bad standing, where poor whites and blacks as poor forgot in their common poverty the color line, and indiscriminately exercised power of squatter sovereignty on shanty-boats afloat and in smelly cabins ashore. Every river town in those parts has, or anyway formerly had, some such water-edge colony to its credit—or discredit.

Now ordinarily the dwellers of this particular colony remained a tribe apart. The elders intermittently followed dubious and sometimes illicit callings in a squalid little parasitic world of their own; their progeny flocked together, playing in company, quarreling passionately with one another, frequently and with fierceness warring among themselves, but between times clanishly ready to combine for mutual defense against interference or aggression from without. In such emergencies the wolf-whelp complex was strongly theirs. The highly individualistic newcomer chose to disregard the law for the cubs.

Indeed all current standards whatsoever patently were made for him to disavow. By rights he should have bided where gregariously he belonged; it might have been supposed that in these present surroundings and with these federated ragamuffins for his companions those predatory instincts of his could find ample gratification. For there were occasions when their organization took the offensive. Within the territory which their sires had

preempted they were invincible. When, in force, they invested adjacent districts they were formidable. Bare rumor of a threatened foray by the Island Creek Gang seriously disturbed the peace of mind of any average boy in any more orderly neighborhood.

Strangely, the Gearin boy preferred not to run with the pack. He might have captained it; already he had deposed its most recent commander, forcing the trial at the first opportunity and, for all the latter's superior weight, pounding him in a dumb and relentless fury until the loser howled in surrender. From the very outset he presented himself as that anachronism of boyhood, a lone ranger, going his single way by desire rather than through ill fortune or necessity. He was not to be fathomed; he was to continue what deliberately he elected to be—a mystery, a puzzle and to the majority among his kind a menace and a terror. His purpose, though, was clear enough. His purpose was to harry and, through harrying, to conquer.

And he did. He went out of his way to invite trouble with older boys, with boys who were larger and presumably stronger than he, with boys who had a record for prowess in combat and particularly, it would seem, with boys wearing better garments than he wore and moving in higher walks, which last classifications scaped nearly all of them. He might not always conquer his adversary but never was he conquered himself—anyhow, morally he was not to be conquered. A lustier opponent might bruise his flesh and tear his skin for him; infrequently one did. But none might with truthfulness brag that he had broken the temper of the solitary little partisan or even had bowed it.

It was foreordained that a boy who so deported himself should acquire a spreading ill-fame, first among his own contemporaries, later among their seniors. His name became, as the saying went, a household word. Notably was it made familiar after he fought his fight with that swaggering bravo of the fifth grade, Dutchy Ruhlmann, in the shadow of the Old Sem'nary. At four o'clock of an afternoon which subsequently remained memorable in the recollections of those who tarried to behold the outcome, a torrent of the freed pupils of Miss Ida Brazzell's room burst forth into sunshine with rejoicings and saw him, unattended as usual, in waiting beyond the school yard gate. It seems there had been an appointment made; with his two knobby and accomplished fists for tools he had hammered his upward way to where now he purposely would take on the redoubtable Dutchy Ruhlmann. There was a hallowed routine to be followed and for once he followed it. Since no prior feud had existed there must be

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preliminaries, then, to give color of excuse; since the challenger had no second to serve him, he balanced the provocative chip upon his own shoulder. On top of this he offered the insult direct.

"And I double-dog dare you to take it up," he taunted, still according to the honored code for duellists, then with an assured and fatalistic audacity dealt the first blow. For sheer elemental ferocity on both sides the rest was unforgettable.

Timorous-minded spectators ran away or watched from a safe distance, but of these there were not many and they mostly girls. Their classmates of a stiffer mold stayed on and looked on and, with a few stolid exceptions, quickly were possessed by a peculiar tremulousness not altogether to be attributed to those atavistic instincts which most of the descendants of the cave-dweller have inherited. The crude ancestral thrill was there, of course, transmitted downward through centuries of centuries. What the eye-witnesses saw made them quiver and tingle on their young insides, but an intangible something which psychically was behind what they saw made them tingle yet more. They might not be able to interpret it but they felt it.

Verily there was more than the difference in years and in size and weight as between the pair who contended back and forth, up and down and up again, across the sidewalk in reeling circles, against the fence, now down in the gutter locked in one tight shape, next out in the graveled street, writhing and twisting and striking and gouging until by exhaustion they both were halted, the one exhausted from beating his slighter antagonist, the other from being beaten.

There was a yet finer distinction to be sensed. The Ruhlmann boy was, mind you this, a born bully. And born bullies uniformly hanker after power, eventually becoming drunk on that heady tippie. To prove their supremacy they must strut about, must taunt and sneer at prospective rivals, must oppress all weaker ones. Besides, they like to have courtiers and flatterers in their train; naturalists say the lion tolerates the jackal because the jackal plays the sycophant to the lordlier rôle.

But this perplexing alien deviated in manifest regards from the true bully type. It was to be inferred that mainly he strove for his victories not so much because he wished that fearful vassals and mishandled victims should walk wide of him, but rather because, through private and unreadable motives, he nursed an incarnate and a universal grudge. His customary attitude was not to be set down as an attitude inspired by envy—even among the primitives envy rarely satisfies itself by such rough means. Nor yet could it logically be ascribed to vindictiveness nor to plain perversity nor, least of all, to downright cruelty.

It was as though the strayed tatterdemalion bore uppermost within him an inscrutable, persisting resentment against all and sundry of this earth. Lacking language fitly to clothe the implication or minds matured enough completely to comprehend it, those he assailed and bested nevertheless well perceived that some such obscured sentiment must underlie his passionless enmities. And so, since they could not understand him, they dreaded him and shunned him the more for it. The shunning part he seemed not at all to mind; as for being dreaded, it would appear this was downright agreeable to him.

Punished on this historic day until he was limp and breathless and choked with his own blood that ran down his throat, he quit only when he was too weakened and too wearied to keep on. At that he did not quit until his bulkier adversary had shown a keener willingness to quit. As he got up on his unsteady feet, coughing and gasping, he made it plain that this was not to be the end. He did not say so, but the design as firmly was expressed as though he had said it. So the upshot was that, through losing, he won. The next time he aggravated Dutchy Ruhlmann, which was the very next day and in the same place, Dutchy avoided the issue and gave ground—a fresh example on a miniature stage of brute strength outmastered by an unbeatable spirit in a beaten body.

To the members of Miss Ida Brazzell's classes the thing was epic. For one, Juney Custer went home that afternoon with those queer minor fluttering sensations still stirring behind the horn buttons of his breeches waistband. He might forget date and details of another battle called Shiloh, notwithstanding that forbears of his had been there and despite that specifically it had been included among the items of an examination he just had taken as an unwelcome prelude to a welcome vacation. But this later battle to which he had been a spectator would in his mind be famous forevermore.

He probably would dream about it. He probably did.

Increase for Banty Gearin's notoriety presently came out of higher quarters. This time grown-ups bore testimony to his effrontery, for this time he faced a man—one of at least thrice his

weight and older than he by at least twenty-five years—and not only faced him but outfaced him. Varying and growing versions of this daring performance were passed on from one amused and mildly scandalized burgher to another. There is an ancient saw and a true one to the effect that little pitchers have large ears. Inevitably these accounts, exaggerated in repetition, percolated downward until they reached the younger members of this or that household group; then they were circulated more widely than ever. The deed in retrospect became monumental. In the estimations of his fellows it increased Banty Gearin's stature by cubits; the dark shadow of his unpopularity stretched for furlongs before him.

On a fair hot morning in early June, Mr. Thaddeus Postelwaite was hunched on a high stool at the rear of his retail grocery, checking over returns from first-of-the-month statements. The scuffle of naked feet crossing the floor made him look up. Before him stood a stocky, raggedy boy of, say, twelve or thereabouts. Under the spell of a sudden wonderment Mr. Postelwaite grunted. By reason of some inner excitement the boy's figure was shaking all over. From the same unknown cause his face was as pale as it well could be considering how deeply sunned it was. Below the tan it showed tallowy and mottled, with little white points to mark where the tops of the cheek-bones pressed against the skin from beneath. His eyes were narrow pits of hot blue flame.

"Well, sonny," said Mr. Postelwaite, "what seems to be ailing you?"

Harshly, and with a threat behind it, the boy made his answer, and a most curious answer it was:

"You take back what you said about me. You take it back right now—that's what!"

"What I said about you?" The merchant echoed it blankly. "Me take back what I said about you?" Rising annoyance superseded the first shock of surprise. The very shabbiness of the small intruder should have given him humility; then, take the size of him and all. Mr. Postelwaite was a leading citizen; he had an important place in the community. His plump face reddened.

"You blamed little runt," he exclaimed, "I never saw you before in my life that I know of! What d'ye mean bursting in here like this and interrupting me when I'm busy? Why, I'm a great mind to—" Checking himself, Mr. Postelwaite left the sentence unfinished. He must not let irritation entirely upset his poise. He tempered his tone slightly. "Say, looky here now, bud, how, name of creation, could I have said anything about you when I don't even know who you are?"

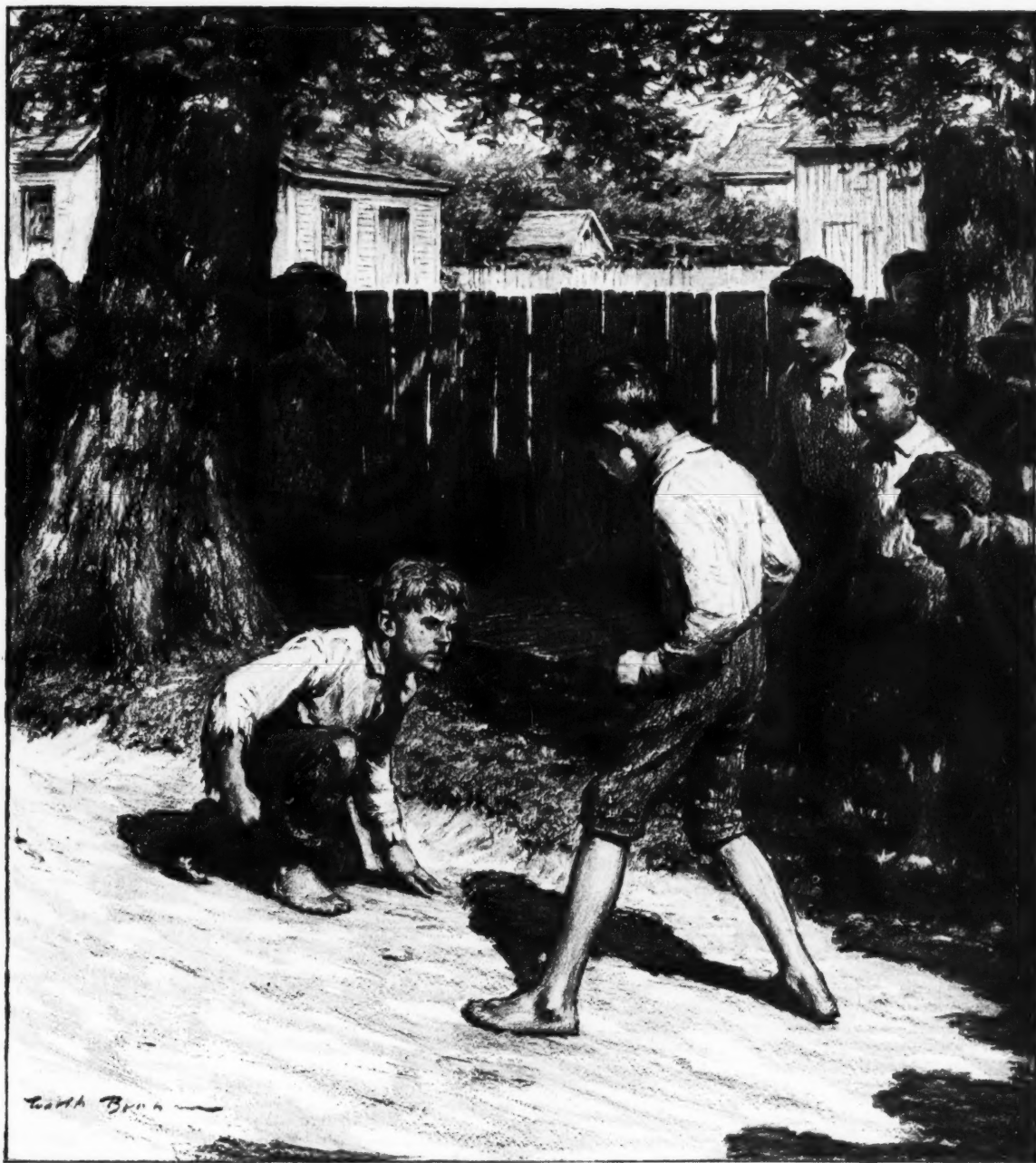
"You went and said I'd never git drowned because I was borned to be"—he choked over the next word as though it were hateful beyond measure, then with an effort which made his throat muscles jerk he blurted it out—"be hung. That's what you said. You said it to your boy and he told it to some other boys and yistiddy evenin' one of them other boys yelled it at me behind my back up the street here a piece and then he run. But I took out after him and I ketched him and I whupped him till he told me who 'twuz said it to him. And so this mornin' I laid fur your boy. And he wuz comin' 'long and seen me and he lit out hard ez he could go, but I ketched him and whupped him and made him own up too. I whupped him good. I betcher he don't say it no more to nobody."

"Why, you little impudent scrap of poor white trash! Why, consarn your picture! I know who you are now—I've heard of you before and I never heard anything good about you, neither. And now, by George, you've got the gall to come walking in here behaving as though you owned the whole place—and telling me to my face that you've been picking on my boy—and—and everything!" Mr. Postelwaite was fairly sputtering. "I'll teach you some manners!" He climbed down from his desk.

"You wait! I ain't been pickin' on him, neither. Ain't he bigger'n me? I whupped him and I kin whup him ag'in. But you're the one I'm after now. You said it and you know good and well you said it. And you take it back right now—before I make you take it back!"

Swollen with indignation, Mr. Postelwaite took a step forward. The boy's face was contorted into a mask of hate and determination; the lips were twitched away from his teeth in a fixed snarl. He made no move to retreat; barehanded as he was, he stood fast before the menace of the man's advance.

"You're jest bound to take it back, I tell you." His voice rose to a hoarse shriek. "There ain't nobody kin say about me what you said. I wouldn't let Gawd Hissel say it. You take it back. Ef you don't I'll beat your boy till he can't stand up. I'll foller you on the streets and I'll chunk things at you. I'll burn down your house some night—burn down this old store too. I'll kill



Banty quit only when he was too weakened to keep on. He made it plain that this was not to be the end.

you—kill you—kill you ef you don't take it back!" He shook both his clenched fists.

Conflicting emotions took their twistified hold on the dumfounded Mr. Postelwaite. He realized here was no rebellious brat to be chastened by any of the ordinary methods of discipline. Here was a pride and a potency not to be expected in so small a frame. All at once he felt a sort of reluctant respect for his stunted antagonist. The boy was not in the least afraid of him; that was certain. An astonishing but sincere conviction that in this argument he was not cutting an especially seemly figure also forced itself into Mr. Postelwaite's consciousness. There were others in the store by now: clerks, customers, possibly passers-by who had overheard the sounds of angered voices engaging each other and had stepped in to enjoy the scene—at his expense. Out of the heel of his eye Mr. Postelwaite saw a number of grinning faces. It was inconceivable that a mere child could throw him into such an undignified predicament. Yet it had come to pass.

Hesitating, Mr. Postelwaite swiftly conned the situation.

He was not a hard-hearted person nor an ill-natured one, either. Perhaps too he had thought for the future peace of mind and bodily comfort of his endangered offspring. Master Postelwaite was not notably a valorous teenster and his father knew it.

"Now hold your hosses just a minute, bud," he said placatingly. "Let's thresh this thing out. I do seem to recall having mentioned you in connection with that old saying. But I didn't mean anything personal by it. Lots of times people say it about a boy who can swim good—especially if he's not a very good boy; it's just a sort of catch-line. I didn't suppose you were going to get your feelings hurt. From what I've heard about you I didn't figure you'd be so touchy as all that. I will say that I don't exactly care for your way of handling the subject; still, I reckon you don't know any better. But we'll let that slide by. Suppose you and me call off the quarrel. Only, you leave my son alone in future—understand!" he concluded sternly. Mr. Postelwaite had his own honor to maintain.

"Then you take it back?"

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"Yes, I suppose I do—if you want to put it that way."
 "And you ain't goin' to say it no more about me, never?"

The bold insistence of his caller was winning Mr. Postelwaite over in spite of himself.

"No, I'm not," he agreed with rather a forced grin. "I apologize." He looked about him. "Here, little Mister Whippersnapper, here's a gingersnap to show there's no grudge."

"I don't want nothin' you got," said the whippersnapper. "I don't want nothin' nobody in this here town's got."

He turned about and walked out, his head stiffly erect, and for all his dirt and his rags and his midget proportions there was a sort of sullen majesty about the manner of his going.

"Well, I'll be derned," said Mr. Postelwaite, still holding the rejected dainty in his hand. "I certainly wish I might be derned," he repeated—and then laughed. To himself he had to admit that in the interview just concluded he had come off second best, so the laugh lacked sincerity. "Well, I suppose this thing will be all over town before night. The joke appears to be on me some way."

Vacation, which in prospect seemed delectable, had its hours and its days when actually it dragged. On a July afternoon when boredom had made them desperate these aforesaid former business associates, Juney Custer and Earwigs Erwin, broke that ordinance which was of all ordinances the strictest. Stepping slyly they went away from the shaded dull precincts of Locust Street into the burnished brightness of a byway, part lane and part road, which led down past Langstock's mill to the water. Had you met them then padding through hot dust that was ankle-deep on their brown legs and had you asked them whither bound they were and, finally, had they had confidence in you, doubtless you would have been told that they were goin' in washin' off the gunwales.

A Western boy would have said he meant to go swimming; a cultured young Easterner would speak of the proposed act as bathing. But from the Ohio to the Gulf one went in washin', or else one simply didn't go in at all. The signal for the intent—the first two fingers of the right hand upheld and forked to form a V—was the same as elsewhere, though. One is inclined to believe this signal must have been hemispheric in the scope of its use.

Now in a town whose front boundaries were washed by two wide and noble rivers there scarcely was a proper boy but had learned before he came into his teens to keep himself afloat.

Perhaps he could not float on his back yet or dive or do the overhand or the more advanced and froglike sailor stroke; but almost surely he could paddle dog-fashion, as the phrase had it. Many a father, taking his ten-year-old heir to the shallows for a first lesson was astonished—and perhaps chagrined—to find the scion could outswim the sire.

To nearly all youths below a certain age, though, certain spots were forbidden—the little sand-bar at the joining of the rivers because of "step-offs"; the tow-head at the foot of the island because of a treacherous current coursing down through the "chute"; the eddy off the mouth of the Big Gully—there likewise the waters were fast and moved in curious swirls; and expressly, the sawlogs under the bank below Langstock's planing sheds, since here the channel set in close to shore and in times of freshets up the Tennessee ran with an amazing swiftness.

Of course this last had to be the most fascinating place of them all, what with the vast sawdust pile to turn somersaults in and dry off one's body at the same pleasant time, and below the captive logs on which one might undress and dress again in comfort, and the deep holes outside and beyond the linked gunwales where the swimmer took his belly-busters if he were a beginner, or those delicious straight-down head dives if he had skill and the courage for the plunge.

As the two desperadoes rounded the turning toward the mill a recruit joined them. The volunteer was one Arthur Hecht, commonly called Gander Neck Hecht for being so spindly and meatless. An immense and unbridgeable gulf of years yawned between him and them. For in age he could be no more than eleven years and odd months, while they both were past thirteen. But they were in no humor now to draw the finer lines of seniority; on sufferance they accepted his company.

He hobbled along in the rear, striving to keep up. This gander-necked boy seemed fated to be through all the summer-time a constant cripple. Stone-bruises went out of their way to claim him for their own. He had a stone-bruise now on the bottom of his left heel; always he had at least one stone-bruise somewhere. The great toe of his other foot was cased in grimy wrappings where a jagged plank end had fanged him. Originally the wound

had been enclosed in cobwebs to check the bleeding, then bound about with a strip of fat meat to draw out the imbedded splinter before it festered. Either germs were weak in those times or human beings were stronger; that is for the scientists to say. So now the victim went limping on one sound heel and one sound set of toes, favoring his injured parts as he stepped. He made good headway, though, being accustomed to traveling thus; the occasion was rare when he dared plank both soles down flatly and firmly.

Together the trio clambered down the steep bank. No naked slender figures showed pink in the glare out where the banded timber trunks made a half-moon in the yellow-green river. So far, so good; they would have the place all to themselves and be free from the peril of older marauders stealing down to tie their unguarded garments into hard, wet kinks and then to gibe at them with the formalistic cry of "Chaw beef, sucker!" while, using their teeth to help out their hands, they strove with the knots.

The Hecht boy might be maimed but he was spry. He was the first to skin out of his two outer garments and his underpieces, also two in number, and perform the superstitious rite which fended one from cramps and slide with a gentle splash off a favorite gunwale and then, after the first gasp,

to call back that she was warm as anything. A moment later the remaining pair, separating blouses from breeches, paused with fingers still mechanically fumbling at the buttonholes and on their faces looks of stricken disappointment.

Circling the outer ring of the timber crescent came swiftly the awesome enemy of all their tribe. As he sped along, balancing himself on the rounded tops of the immured tree boles, Banty Gearin's strong toes gripped the rough bark. His intent plainly was to cut them off from the water. But this flanking movement was on his part an unnecessary precaution. With him present or even near by neither of them would care to carry their clandestine excursion any further. There was one gleam of promise in the situation—just one. To skirt between them and the river he must leave unguarded the route of escape leading back up the shore. At least they could go back home.

With one shrill warning cry they went then, and wasted no time in their going. The lone harrier shot at them a disdainful glance; with the start they had the fugitives could outdistance him in the chase. So, abandoning the vain idea of pursuit, he faced about and with a grim, malicious smile on his lips set himself to the sport of tantalizing the small unfortunate who had not got away and who now could not possibly get away.

From the crest of the slope the refugees looked back upon the spot they had quitted. They saw Banty Gearin hunched down on a log and with his dishd hands pitching sprays of water into the face of his victim, who swam with awkward, frightened strokes just out of his reach. They heard the tormented Gander Neck begging to be allowed to land. Gander Neck was starting to cry as, side by side, and slowly and almost reluctantly, they passed over the rim of the hollow and down to the sunken ground beyond. They had pitv for the (Continued on page 136)

W H & N

Irvin Cobb was fourteen, he had the sort of adventures he describes in these stories. So did I, as I've said before. But Rupert Hughes had a far different kind.

While Irvin and I were fishin' and swimmin' and goin' barefoot, Rupert was a dude in a military school, and his adventures were of the heart. (Perhaps, as I told Irvin, that's why Rupert is now such an excellent director of motion pictures.)

Without knowing that Irvin Cobb was writing about his kind of boy, Rupert Hughes wrote a short story, "Where Are You, Tod Allerton?" It's a page from his boyhood, a beautiful bit of writing and a wonderful exposition of the capacity of adolescence to love and to suffer for love.

If, when you read Rupert's story next month, it interests you as much as it did me, you must agree that it's an extraordinary story—extraordinary because it's so simple and commonplace. [R. L.]

The Worst Woman in HOLLYWOOD

By Adela Rogers
St. Johns

Illustrations by
John LaGatta

THE assistant manager of the exclusive Diplomat Hotel paced up and down the gray-carpeted corridor, rubbing his hands one against the other as though to recharge his courage. He had already passed the door of the big suite, at present inhabited by Inez Laranetta, three times without finding the strength requisite to knock.

As a matter of fact, it was not a task he particularly relished, this one. Diplomacy was required, a nice diplomacy. With a woman like Laranetta, almost anything might happen unless the proper note of suave and amused servility were struck.

To his gently hesitating rap a loud and resonant voice said, "Come in, come in, come in."

The big drawing room was still dark, the shades drawn, and the indescribable odor of stale tobacco mingled with the shadowy roses everywhere. The voice hailed him into the bedroom beyond, that faced out over the sweep of lawn to the Boulevard. It was brilliant and warm with sunshine. To a man, even an assistant manager, the room was rather overpowering. Perfume and confusion filled it. Luxurious and intimate garments of every description lay scattered about, trailing their pastel yellows and orchids and greens in futuristic beauty. A black chiffon nightgown had caught in the tassel of one window shade and hung limp against the light. A gorgeous evening frock of peacock sequins lay where it had been violently abandoned, crumpled in the corner with a telephone book perched amidships. And a pair of silver evening slippers, with diamond buckles winking cynically in the daylight, were hooked disreputably on the chandelier.

In the center of this Inez Laranetta sat at her dressing table, wrapped in a Chinese kimono of that golden yellow that was her favorite color. Obviously it was all she had on.

Over it, her rich, vital black hair was loose in waves that fell to the floor and curled there in a little pool of melting jet.

She had a cigaret in her mouth, one leg curled under her, and she was intently and imperturbably manicuring the toe-nails on one perfect white foot.

Except for a little cock of her head and an indifferent side glance, she paid no more attention to the young man in the dark blue serge than if he had been another chair.

The assistant manager broke into a light perspiration. The moment was difficult. The things he had come to say

became more impossible every minute. There were not many men who could look upon the full-blown beauty of Inez Laranetta without emotion.

There was something splendid and eye-filling and stimulating about the mere sight of her. Beside the doll-faced ingénues and the excessively thin beauties who frequented the Coconut Grove, she seemed a being from another world. The richness of her coloring, the strength of the slightly hooked, prominent nose, the full, luscious redness of her mouth, created waves of life about her as the sun creates light waves on the desert. The gorgeously proportioned lines of her body were really amazing things to contemplate. Taller than most men, she might have been some great Roman empress returned to earth.

"Well," she said suddenly, looking up with inquiring bold eyes, "you been struck dumb, baby, or did you just come in to get a look? This isn't any free show, baby. Speak right up or else go into your dance."

"I"—the assistant manager clutched at his poise—"I—I didn't know you weren't up, Miss Laranetta," he said, crimsoning.

"I am up," said Laranetta. "My Lord, are you blind as well as dumb? Make it snappy, kid, you're among friends."

"The truth is, Miss Laranetta," said the assistant manager, not so smoothly as he could have wished, "we were wondering how much longer you intended to stay with us. You know when you first came you spoke of taking a house soon, and the hotel is very full, and we've a large number of reservations and we wondered what your plans might be."

Laranetta straightened up and gave him a direct stare. "Baby," she said slowly, "are you trying to throw me out of this hotel? Am I being asked to leave? My Lord, I've been thrown out of better hotels than this bum dump, so don't try being a lady with me."

The young man squirmed. She shouldn't have said that. She should have accepted his gracefully veiled hint. That was the trouble with these beggars on horseback.

"Please," he said, pained, "please—you're mistaken—we—"

"Up the river with that line, baby," said Laranetta coldly. "I know there isn't any Santa Claus. May I ask you one single question, that's all. *What* in blazes have I done? My Lord, I been working so hard I go to bed by myself every night at ten. I certainly don't crave to hang around this joint, which



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looks like a department store anyhow and is mostly inhabited by a lot of overstuffed dowagers that think Mah Jong is a game. But if I haven't acted like a lady around here, baby, I'm a moron, that's all."

The assistant manager hesitated. Truthfully, there was no definite charge against Laranetta.

The gang that frequented her rooms were certainly not the class of patrons solicited by the Diplomat. All the notorious characters in Hollywood congregated there.

Still, as a matter of fact, it was her title of the worst woman in Hollywood that was responsible for the present action of the management. The title had become too blatant, too much discussed, and it was, unfortunately, too justified. It was a title not without a horrible distinction, for Hollywood has a fairly strong stomach in the matter of personal liberty. Only, Laranetta never allowed Hollywood to shut its eyes to her conduct.

She wasn't insidiously, discreetly Machiavellian in her wickedness. Rather, it was Borgian in its insolent indifference. She was just common and hard-boiled and vulgar and utterly without moral or scruple of any kind. And the vocabulary she had painfully acquired during fourteen years of stage, circus and screen experience was pungent and profane.

In the last analysis, acting was only one of her professions.

When her name was mentioned, women gasped and giggled and said, "Oh, isn't she terrible?" or the more sophisticated raised haughty eyebrows and remarked: "Oh, you know, really, Laranetta is impossible! I hope I'm broad-minded, but there are some things you can't put up with."

Men were either amused or disgusted according to their code, but they were never so harsh as the women, for she was very, very good to look upon. Directors paid her a fabulous salary to display as much of her justly celebrated figure as they thought they could get by the censors and had nightmares about her for weeks afterwards. It isn't easy to handle a woman who has no respect for anything, even herself. And they would have sworn that there wasn't a joint in Laranetta's armor. But there was. This is really the story of that joint in the armor.

The famous story of George Jamieson Blaine and the pearls was perhaps the favorite of the many whispered tales that eddied in her disdainful wake.

George Jamieson Blaine was president of at least two railroads and he had paid Laranetta's traveling expenses to Europe the previous summer. There can be no doubt that Laranetta still had a tremendous lure for men and a distinct aversion to paying her own expenses any time, anywhere. Her salary went into first mortgages and bank stock.

Anyway George Jamieson Blaine was old enough to have known better and he should have given her the pearls when they landed back in New York and not before they sailed for Paris. The string was much too long and too fine for a lady to wear when traveling anyway, but then Laranetta made no claim to being a lady.

Now it was her habit to treat men, except when she was in love with them, about as an Indian driver treats his dog teams. Maybe a little worse. And she was not in love with George Jamieson Blaine.

On the third day out, so ran the story, the great financier apparently incurred her displeasure as they stood beside the railing and they had forthwith one of those indecent and violent scenes that become historical. Laranetta was extremely angry—

she had been seasick—and what she said cannot be repeated here. In fact there were two school-teachers sipping their morning broth in the nearest deck chairs who will never be the same again. In the end, Laranetta took the pearls from their resting place on the bosom of her orange sweater and with a magnificent gesture hurled them into the sea. Like a fluttering white ribbon the string arched over the rail and slid into the deep blue water, the great diamond clasp hissing as it struck.

"Now you go jump after your old string of pearls," said Laranetta. "I hope you do."

But it was the conclusion that Hollywood really enjoyed. Once in Paris and reconciled—Laranetta had come abroad to buy a wardrobe which she certainly didn't intend to pay for herself—she began to cry about her pearls.

She wept, she pouted and she languished for her dear, dear pearls that in a naughty, naughty moment of temper at her darling Georgie Porgie she had thrown into the terrible ocean.

Of course he bought her a new string, as nearly like the late lamented one as possible. And that winter in New York Laranetta wore two gorgeous strings of pearls when she appeared at opening nights. They were very much alike and each was worth a king's ransom. And somehow young Pat Summerfield, a betting commissioner and broker of sorts who had procured the paste string which Laranetta threw into the ocean, let the story slip. He was a handy man for a lady like Laranetta to know, but he was not always discreet.

Oh, there can be no question about Laranetta! The best that can be said for her is that she was no hypocrite. She had broken every commandment except the sixth and there was no reason to suppose she might not do that.

Thinking all these things, the assistant manager wiped his brow with a silk handkerchief.

Laranetta flung the nail scissors on the bed with a vicious gesture. "I suppose it's because I went swimming last night—or I

guess it was this morning. Honest, baby, I had on silk bloomers and a silk shirt. They looked all right when I started down to that funny pool, and I had an awful shock myself when they got wet. I saw some old moll sticking her head out the window lamping me. My Lord, how I hate Hollywood. I'd rather live on an Iowa farm. If Hollywood is a bad town, a morgue is a riot, that's all, baby. All the mail I ever get is ads to buy something



Laranetta, who never allowed Hollywood to shut its eyes to her conduct.



Laranetta's other self almost—the pale sister Fay—reaching for the stars.

in some new mausoleum. I'll need it if I stay here. Run along now, baby, unless you want to stay and scrub my back. I'm going to New York Tuesday anyway. I got to get a breath of air that isn't quite so fresh as the brand you serve out here."

The assistant manager withdrew hurriedly as Inez Laranetta started for the bathroom. He had time, as he faded from the picture, to wonder about these trips to New York.

Everybody wondered. Laranetta, who had reluctantly signed a contract that compelled her to work in Hollywood because she wanted the huge salary offered, commuted to New York. She

was always coming or going. Every porter, station-master and colored waiter on the Santa Fé knew her well. The long, hot, hard trip, the discomforts and confinement which she hated, she bore patiently. The journey that is an adventure, an experience or a real dread to most people, was like a trolley ride to her.

Where did she go? Who did she see? What was the mystery of those mad, hurried trips?

It would have been hard to make anyone believe that she went to see Fay Charleston. They had never heard of Fay Charleston.

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It was a picturesque little house of red brick, with white trimmings and an altogether delightful garden, on the outskirts of a little town called Tuckahoe, forty-five minutes from Broadway on the New York Central. Around the house was a high brick wall, almost covered with ivy, and broken only by a wide white gate.

The girl who came to the door and stood looking down the lazy, shaded road was very slender and her hair was of that pale gold that instantly suggests purity. It grew in a delicious soft wave back from her small pointed face and it lent a glow of color to her clear pale skin. She was not pretty, but there was an odd distinction to her bearing. And she was one of those rare young girls who arouse instantly the protective instinct.

When she saw that the road was empty, she went back into the small, old-fashioned drawing room and sat down at a stately golden harp. Instantly that pose explained the strangeness of

her charm. She belonged in that setting. The picture she made, with her head tilted just a little to one side and the white sleeves falling back from her arms, was of another century. There are no girls like that nowadays. No one plays the harp any more. And no one looks as Fay Charleston looked, her soft, pointed face guiltless of make-up, her gentian-blue eyes so very gentle and a little lonely.

The music of a Bach mass fell from her slender fingers in a golden shower. Fay Charleston would have played nothing but sacred music on Sunday.

A motor outside made her break off and fly to the door.

They met in the garden, half-way up the brick path. With a rapturous little cry the girl threw her thin white arms about the stately, gorgeous black head and pulled it down to her own.

"I thought you were not coming," she said, half laughing, half crying. "Oh, Gladys, I was afraid you weren't coming! How lovely you look. Come in, dearest one, and Aunt Marie will give you a glass of lemonade to cool you before dinner. There is a chicken for dinner, dearest, and I have prepared the sauce with my own hands for you, as Sister Rosario taught me."

In the narrow dark hallway the woman reached down and took the girl's face between her hands. "You're all right, baby?" she asked anxiously. "You've been all right and taking care of yourself?"

"But of course. I am always well. Only a little lonely for thee, dear one."

A very thin woman with severely arranged black hair and small, intelligent gray eyes came down the stairs and greeted Laranetta. They went in to dinner, which was served by an elderly Frenchman. Once the kitchen door opened and a fat woman stuck her head in and inquired genially in French if the dinner was satisfactory. Before all, Fay Charleston said grace, and Laranetta bowed her head while the light, pretty voice fluttered through the words.

Late that night the thin, black-haired Frenchwoman whom Fay called Aunt Marie and whose name was Marie d'Albrecht came quietly into the back bedroom where Inez Laranetta sat smoking a cigaret. The curtains were tucked back and she was carefully blowing the smoke out of the window into the night air.

Marie d'Albrecht sat down on the high bed and looked at her. Her lips were shut so that they made a thin line.

"How's she been, all right?" said Inez at last, putting out the stump of her cigaret and rolling it in a small piece of paper.

"Oh, yes. Fay is always the same. A saint—an angel. But, Gladys, have you realized that she is growing up?"

"Well, what about it?"

"Nothing. Only, how much longer do you think this can go on so?"

"What do you mean—this?"

The woman waved a thin hand. "This hiding your sister from everyone and everything and keeping her in ignorance of who you are?"

"What the blazes business is it of anybody's what I do with my sister? Have you gone batty, kid?"

The Frenchwoman's eyes had something of cold dislike mingled with a vast admiration for the magnificence before her. "No. But you are a very famous person. I do not understand why you keep her like this. Nearly two years, since she came from the convent, we have lived so."

Laranetta, playing a queen in Babylon, stopped everything on the lot except the lights and the camera.



"Isn't Fay happy?" Laranetta turned hard, suspicious eyes.

"I am not sure. She has never known anything else, it is true. Since she was nine, shut up in some convent like a nun. To her, this is freedom. She plays, she reads much, she amuses herself with the cats and their kittens. Since you sent us the electric automobile we drive about the country, and as you instructed me I have taken her to the best concerts, to the Metropolitan Museum and to the opera. And yet sometimes her eyes are so lonely, so wistful and puzzled."

"Listen, baby, you better spill what you got on your mind. Has anything happened?"

"No. But I am afraid. You have no right to control another's destiny so, my dear. You are playing God. Those things are terribly dangerous. All abnormality is dangerous. She is a woman—a woman—and you cannot forever keep her from—men."

Laranetta's handsome face went cold. "You bet I can," she said coldly. "You just bet I can. I'll kill the first"—fortunately, Aunt Marie's English had never included most of the terms Laranetta applied to the male sex—"that comes near her."

"But why? Why?"

"Listen," said Laranetta passionately. "You don't know anything about men. If you did, you'd know why I'm not going to let Fay have anything to do with the beasts."

"But why not take her home with you so that she might see something of life?"

"Because life's too terrible, too rotten. That's why. I know. And any time I want any suggestions about running my business, I'll ask for them. And if you put any notions into Fay's head I'll lay you out cold, that's all. I pay you to do what I tell you to."

Marie d'Albrecht nodded. A whole family in France existed excellently on what she was paid.

Inez Laranetta lighted another cigaret and went back to the window. There was no sound in the night except the distant whistle of a train. Tuckahoe slept, though it was only ten o'clock, and Inez was restless. In the room beyond, the small white room with the pictures of the Virgin and Saint Cecilia and the child Jesus on the wall and the silver crucifix above the narrow white bed, a deep and peaceful silence reigned.

Marie d'Albrecht was a Parisian of the middle classes. She had educated herself to be a governess and a teacher of languages. But before that she had been a shop-girl and a housekeeper. She was no fool. Yet as she sat watching the sullen, hard face in the window, she came again to the feeling of bafflement that always ended her meditations upon her charge's sister.

She was afraid of Inez and she hated her, but she bowed to the strange, piteous adoration which she gave her sister. In moments like this, the keen little Frenchwoman saw Laranetta as the world saw her—the last word in that strange sisterhood of the hard-boiled, in Hollywood. One of the women to whose lips no word is stranger, to whose heart no impulse is outlaw, to whose mind no coarseness is impossible. The essence of the license of the age.

And yet—and yet—she had come four days, she would go back four days, to spend twenty-four hours with her sister.

Laranetta's friends, who had never heard of a sister, would have whooped with delight at the mere idea of Inez spending Sunday in a small, quiet brick house,

listening to hymns played on a harp and drinking lemonade. And they would have been puzzled by the sadness that had wiped the ugly line from her mouth, and by the pleading look in her eyes. By that look Marie always knew she was thinking of Fay.

She was. But not of the girl who slept in the room beyond. She was thinking of a small, wizened, white-faced baby with a fluff of colorless hair and a small, pathetic smile. Fay had been such a good baby. Such a good baby. The big sister, with her ropes of black hair and her heavy, swarthy features, had done the best she could for her. She had washed her in the tin sink and she had fed her whatever she could steal from the fruit-stand on the corner.

Why, there was no moment in her life that Fay hadn't been as close to her as a second self. And as she had gone down into the muck and mire, she had kept Fay like a plaster saint with her head among the stars and her feet upon the clouds.



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Money—that was the thing that had made it easy. There had never been any money, even though their mother worked so hard all day and left the white-faced baby to Inez. When her mother had died Inez had seen at once that money was the essential thing.

And so at fourteen Inez Laranetta, with the figure of a Greek boy and the face of a Velasquez, had started out to get money. Money for herself and Fay, little Fay, so coolly, sweetly helpless.

Even now Inez Laranetta could go cold with the memory of those years. Not that she had minded it. The thing was to make it all pay. Everything, anything. To make it pay that she might keep Fay out of it. Inez could take care of herself. The hurts she got were passing wounds that calloused her heart. As the years went by she knew no remorse. No vain regrets. It was the life she would have chosen anyway.

But she had learned the beastliness of life. She had been bought and she had seen the look on a man's face that only a woman who has been bought can ever see. Desire and dishonor had been her handmaidens and they had taught her all she knew of life. It was her creed to snarl at it, sneer at it, curse it and, when the chance came, trample on it.

She would as soon have thrown Fay into a den of lions.

There was, strangely enough, something almost of Jekyll and Hyde in her life and her sister's. It was Laranetta's other life, quiet, pure, contented life in the old-fashioned brick house. Her other self almost, the pale girl who played the harp. Her reaching for the stars. And just once in a while she thought that she too might have been like that if things had been different.

The little Frenchwoman saw that yearning look in her eyes sometimes as they sat before the fire of an evening.

Laranetta broke the silence harshly. "Do you think she suspects anything about—me?"

The Frenchwoman shrugged again. "No. She has never seen a motion picture. She never reads English. She talks with no one but myself and the priest and the cats. She has never been deceived in her whole life. She questions not that your husband is an invalid, that you must live with him alone in California. She thinks you are very good and wonderful and she loves you very much."

"She does—doesn't she? She does."

And then the notorious Laranetta did a strange thing. She knelt down suddenly and took Marie d'Albrecht's thin hands in hers and she gave a great, dry sob. "Help me," she said, "help me. Don't ever let her know—about me. Keep her here. It isn't safe for her anywhere else. Help me—"

Marie d'Albrecht clutched the strong, helpless hands. "I will," she said, "I will, unless some man—"

Laranetta looked at her then, and her eyes burned blackly and her rich red lips curled.

"If any man ever comes near her," she said, with a deep, awful conviction, "Heaven help him, that's all, baby. Heaven help him."

It is no small matter to stop the people on your own lot as you walk by. In the costume she wore in that particular production Laranetta stopped everything except the lights and the camera. She was playing a queen in Babylon and the largest part of her costume was the diamond drop she wore on her forehead.

Certainly there was never a queen in Babylon more beautiful and more regal than Laranetta as she sat on that immense golden throne, her bare limbs straight before her and her feet on a great chained tiger.

As usual, she was sulking. The director had gone patiently over the scene with her a dozen times, the camera had ground it half that number, and still her face was merely sullen and angry.

"For the love of Heaven," said the director, "will you at least pay attention to what I'm saying? This woman is a queen. She's just had news that her troops, led by her lover, have won a great battle. Is that the way you'd look?"

"All right, all right," said Laranetta, "I'm looking like it. What's a battle more or less? Those cursed bootleggers! They sold me something intended to peel elephants' hides. For the Lord's sake, baby, will you get through this trick scene and let me go home?"

"At ten o'clock in the morning? You go home when you finish this scene right. This is important. Look as though somebody had just brought you a real Scotch highball."

"Ha, ha," she said wearily, "what a sense of humor you've got! Will you shut up? Why did anybody invent phonographs when there are directors? Send that black nigger of mine here with some powder. I'm sweating like I was a wrestler instead of a queen."

The maid came swiftly and as she stooped with the powder puff she slipped a telegram into Laranetta's hand. Her mistress had told her to deliver all telegrams as quickly as possible, though it was against orders to bring them on the set.

Laranetta calmly tore it open and read it under the furious gaze of the director.

Even beneath the heavy make-up her face seemed to shrivel and grow white.

Almost like a woman walking in her sleep, Laranetta stumbled over the snarling tiger and started blindly across the stage.

"You come back here!" bawled the director in a harassed fury. "I've stood enough. Come back here, I tell you. I've got two hundred extra people on this set and I'll finish with you in an hour. You come back here, or I'll—"

"You go to blazes," said Laranetta violently. "I've just got time to catch that eleven-thirty for New York."

"You can't go to New York. Are you crazy? You're right in the middle of a picture. You can't go to New York!" He was screaming the last.

"Oh, can't I, baby?" said Inez Laranetta quietly. "You try and stop me."

Alone, in the drawing room, she began four days of sheer torture unlike anything she had ever known.

"If there's a hell," she said to the white-lipped woman in the mirror, "this is it."

Every few miles she spread out the telegram and read it. It wasn't a very long telegram and it was signed by Pat Summerfield. It said:

Don't get it myself, but I seen Fay and the Frenchy around at lunch and dinner with that young Stewart Greene Cuyler II. Yesterday I trailed them and Fay went riding with him alone in the park. Didn't know whether you was wise. Stew has lots of money but he's quite a lady's man.

"Stew" Cuyler. Fay, alone in the park with Stew Cuyler. Laranetta didn't know Stew. He was since her time. Yet how well she knew him from the thousands like him she had known! She had even seen his picture in the Sunday supplement with his sister, the young Countess of Devonwick. And on the sport pages in tennis tournaments.

Oh, they were the kind you couldn't ever depend on, couldn't ever beat, because they were young and good-looking and rich, and the women who were not of their world were not exactly women. They were playthings.

There had been a man like that once in her own life. That was the only scar that still quivered to the touch.

She had to wait an hour for the Century in Chicago. She got into a taxi and drove up-town. She had friends in Chicago. It isn't hard to buy anything you want in Chicago if you have friends.

When the touring car stopped in front of the little red brick house she got out with a terrible deliberation and went in. There was no one in the drawing room. The dining room was empty, too. As she turned back into the dark, narrow hall she came face to face with Marie d'Albrecht.

The Frenchwoman blanched with terror.

"Where's my sister?" said Laranetta.

"Oh, Gladys, listen to me—I must tell you—"

"Shut up!" said Laranetta, circling her wrist with two fingers. "You don't tell me anything except where my sister is and you tell me that quick!"

"She's gone to town to meet Mr. Cuyler's—"

"When will she be back?"

(Continued on page 132)

NO MAN

can be really happy if his wife earns more than he does. He's got to be the head of the family, if he's to enjoy life. I know there may be exceptions, but that's my belief, and I stick to it.

And if I'm correct, there must be a lot of unhappy husbands in Hollywood—husbands of women whose salaries in the films run to such staggering figures.

Mrs. St. Johns has written a story about one of them. She calls it "Kitty Shinn's Husband," and you may read it next month.

[R. L.]

By DAVID R. SOLOMON



A REAL SOUTHERN LOVE STORY Lit-tle SWEET-HEART

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

THEY had been engaged for twenty-four years when Perry Morton was twenty-two and Ida Virginia Lea was eighteen. At their first public meeting since childhood they each repudiated the arrangement; Ida Virginia with one flick of her black bobbed head and a snap in the long-lashed black eyes; and Perry with all the intolerant decision of his twenty-two years.

It began back in 'ninety-eight when the youngsters who now had become Daddy Lea and Father Morton deserted college to go to war with Spain. Under the influence of a Florida moon that together they had watched grow full and of a Scotch quart bottle that together they had helped grow empty, they swore vows of eternal friendship and blood-brotherhood. More, they resolved, if ever one of them was blessed with a son and the other with a daughter, these two should wed.

Sobered, they were just young enough and just homesick enough to remember the idea and cling to it. They would not be stern fathers, they reasoned solemnly; but at least there would be parental encouragement to the match.

Even discharge and the scurrying home through New Awleens and up the Father of Waters half-way to Memphis, Tennessee, failed to make them forget.

And with the passing years the families came. When Perry Morton was born there was nearly as much rejoicing next door in the Lea household. So, likewise, at Ida Virginia's advent, four years later.

Perry's introduction to Ida Virginia was entirely unpleasant. His mother had scrubbed him for an afternoon's outing with a vehemence that he considered an absolute abuse of parenthood. His ears still were ringing from it. And then she had put on him some sort of feminine-chosen waist, all ruffles and lace, topped with a flopping, flowing bow tie. He was ready to chew nails and half frantic with fear that some of the fellows would see him dressed that way.

As they reached the sidewalk Mrs. Lea emerged next door with an ebony nurse-maid and a beribboned, shaded baby carriage.

"Oh-h-h, how darling!" cooed his mother. "Perry, don't you want to see your little sweetheart?"

That cooked the goose of the arrangement with Perry. He didn't want to see anybody or anything called his "little sweetheart"—and he said so unambiguously.

His protests, for some occult reason, aroused the mirth of his elders. They laughed unreasoningly; and thereafter laughed at the ferocity of his objections to the term. Not only that, but, to his intense disgust, they persisted in it. Ida Virginia became Perry's "little sweetheart."

He didn't want any sweetheart at all, he tried to tell them; much less this one. She looked like just baby to him.

He said that also—without avail.

As the years continued to roll by, Perry Morton found little more of comfort in the situation. Ida Virginia accepted approvingly what was anathema to him. Even at first she cooed at him and gurgled at his scowl of reply. She toddled after him when he was hauled through the hedge on a formal visit. She even learned the detested epithet.

As Perry grew older he developed a fair pugilistic skill. He let it be known to the fellows that, regardless of size, weight, age or color, any boy that said the hateful phrase in his hearing had him to whip. He kept his word faithfully, too.

None of it added to his love for the fiancée thus thrust upon him. When she came out on the baseball diamond in the middle of a game and the whole opposing team began chanting "lit-tle sweet-heart—lit-tle sweet-heart!" at him he felt that the camel's back was broken. Finding his complaints at home falling upon ears which if not deaf were at least amusedly unsympathetic, he ran away. He resolved to go down to the steamboat landing and catch a boat to some place that had never heard of big-eyed little old girls.

At the wharf there was no steamboat to be seen; only a ragged, shabby shanty-boat, worse even than a negro cabin. Perry stood about a moment in indecision, then, turning, slipped upon a banana peel that some careless wharf loungeur had cast away and plopped into twenty feet of muddy Mississippi River. His activities with the gang had not yet rendered him amphibious. Perry was in a fair way to drown.

From his comfortable seat on the shanty-boat, barefooted, unshaven, Catfish Bill eyed the youngster phlegmatically, weighing his own case against the other's chances. He was mighty comfortable right there, and he hated to move.

No one ever had learned Catfish Bill's last name. He and his slatternly wife, Seliny, were at the absolute bottom of the social scale of the Delta country. Even the unattached negroes who

could not claim to belong to some white family as their "cullud folks" looked down upon Bill and his wife as less, even, than "po' white trash."

Their home was the rudest of shacks, slammed together raggedly and insecurely, floating on the muddy surface of the Father of Waters. They paid rent and owed allegiance to no man. Moving from a locality that desired them no longer simply meant untying the muddy chain from around a tree and floating down to more congenial surroundings.

Catfish Bill fished some and loafed much. Seliny had once taken in washing. Otherwise they needed no support save such as the river gave them.

He was enjoying one of his frequent days of rest when Perry was so inconsiderate as to start drowning right in front of his door. Finally he grunted annoyedly, spat with leisure and plumped into the waist of a clumsy skiff tied to his floating domicile. With half a dozen sculls of the long, unwieldy oar he reached the spot of greatest disturbance and unemotionally plucked Perry forth by the seat of his trousers. The boy was limp.

He was beginning to regain his interest in life when Catfish Bill stalked up to the front door of the Morton home with the wet bundle across his shoulder. Perry's mother almost fell on Bill's neck—which would have embarrassed him as nothing else could. Women like this never noticed him.

Perry was soon himself again; but the friendship thus begun did not die. Catfish Bill was thoroughly worthless. He was but little better than the animals. Yet gradually it became an accepted thing for Perry Morton, of "the Delta Mortons," to wander off at will to Bill's shanty-boat. Gradually that part of the Delta country accepted it as natural that a member of the real people of the section should occasionally take up quarters on a shanty-boat and accept its inhabitants as friends.

And because of what had been and because she saw that, scum though he was, Catfish Bill had grown to love the lad, Perry's mother acquiesced, calmly listening to the horrified comments of the other Delta mothers, content in the clear-eyed health her son brought back with him from the river.

The arrangement with Bill brought Perry some surcease from his little sweetheart. When things got too bad at home he could run off to the shanty-boat. But the greatest relief he could remember in his young life was when he got the news that the Leas were going to move to Alabama.

"Going to miss your little sweetheart, Perry?" queried Mrs. Morton.

"I hope so," was Perry's heartfelt comment.

Life, in the years that followed, was sweetly uneventful. Under the tutelage of Catfish Bill, Perry developed into a wing-shot of note. The shanty-boatman taught the growing lad how to snare the horrible-appearing yet wonderfully delicious channel catfish. He showed him how to twist the heavy, clumsy oar at the stern of a bateau, sidewise, back and forth, to scull the craft with the least exertion. In the winters he took the youngster, wide-eyed with anticipation, up into the bayous and taught him to hide from the keen-visioned mallard; where to point the clumsy ten-gage so that a puff of feathers and a splash in the water should reply to the "boom!" and cloud of black-powder smoke.

Came Perry's years of early adolescence, then college days and the beginnings of young manhood.

It was a lazy, scented spring afternoon. Perry lay sprawl in the hammock in the shade of the wisteria vines. His mother was placidly surveying the afternoon paper, while his sister Mary—Ma'y for short—devoured the contents of thick envelopes addressed in masculine handwritings. She sighed, replaced the many sheets of the last outpouring, and opened another envelope.

She read a moment in silence. Then, "Oh!" she abruptly exclaimed. Perry sleepily opened a protesting eye. His mother lowered her paper to peer at Ma'y.

"Guess who it's from, mother!"

"I'm sure I don't know, Ma'y. Don't tell me you're engaged again."

"Oh, no—not that at all! You ought to know, Perry. Someone you haven't seen in years."

Perry had no premonition. "Humph!" he observed uninterestedly, and regained comfort in the hammock.

"Coming over here on a visit," prompted Ma'y.

"Humph!" repeated Perry, indicative of complete lack of interest.

"Be here at least a week. I know you'll be so-o-o glad, Perry, dear."

That "dear" should have warned Perry. Instead, he eyed reflectively a circling bevy of martins that flew round and round in ever lowering spirals, settling for the night.

"It's—" Ma'y began, and paused suggestively. Perry's entire attention was centered upon the martins.

"Ida Virginia Lea!" shot Ma'y.

"What?" asked his mother. "Perry's little sweetheart?"

Perry sat up in the hammock.

"The very same," pronounced Ma'y.

"I know you'll be glad to see her, Perry." Complacently and unobservingly his mother poured salt and vinegar into the ragged wounds. "She has grown up into such a sweet girl, they tell me."

"Yes!" bitterly observed Perry. "You've made me before this be nice to some of those visiting 'swe-e-et girls!'"

"Perry!" came parental reproof. "You forget who this is. Why, Ida Virginia used to be your little sweetheart when you were a little boy."

"Oh, I remember, all right!" quoth Perry with feeling.

"When will she get here, Ma'y?" asked Mrs. Morton.

"Early part of next week, mother. They're going to drive through the country."

"That'll be so nice. Daddy"—to the elder Morton as he came up the walk—"guess who's coming here."

"Me," guessed that individual, sinking into a wicker porch chair. "Gosh, honey, it sho' is hot walking."

"I know you must be tired. Take off your coat. Sure enough—guess!"

"I dunno, honey. Who?"

"Jim and Ida Lea's little girl."

"Ida Virginia? I sho' am glad. Why," turning his gaze upon his recumbent son and heir, "that—why that's Perry's little sweetheart!"

"Yes sir," doggedly admitted Perry. "She sho' seems to be."

"And Perry, you'll have to show her how very glad you are to see her again," cautioned Mrs. Morton. "I don't want to hear about your slipping off from the dance to go to a poker game."

"No ma'am."

"Why!" popped out Ma'y suddenly, "we did use to call Ida Virginia that, didn't we? I think it's so funny!" and she went off into a paroxysm of giggles.

"What?" demanded Perry belligerently, knowing full well.

"Call her your 'little sweetheart.' Lordy, Perry," ignoring his baleful glance, "if they won't show you a good time at the dances over that. Little sweetheart. Lit-tle sweet-heart!"

Perry stirred restlessly.

"You needn't look at me like that. I can just imagine Charlie Oakley and Whit Woods when they see you with her. Lit-tle sweet-heart!"

"Yep," admitted Perry, rising and stretching. His voice held a subtle undertone. "Quite true. Quite true, Ma'y. If they see me with her."

The setting sun shone redly over the placid muddy surface of the wide Father of Waters. Afar over was mirrored the point of the bluff where the river turned, and the stretch down from the water oaks to the willows at the river's edge.

A flat-bottomed, unpainted, plank-hewn skiff edged along, out on the river, under the tutelage of a nondescript young occupant. He wore no hat, the setting sun shining unheeded upon his crisp,



Ida
Virginia
Lea



Perry's mother almost fell on Catfish Bill's neck—which would have embarrassed him. Women like this never noticed him.

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unruly hair. The upper half of an ancient bathing suit made no attempt to conceal the long stretches of mahogany-tanned arms and shoulders. For lower costume he wore what had once been a pair of blue serge trousers.

That was all.

He was stretched out along the thwarts of the battered skiff, bare toes retaining the heavy trot-line while both hands were busy with the bait in a rusty tin bucket. Raucously, happily, his voice was lifted in what evidently he deemed song:

Got a woman's got a heart
Like a rock
In the bottom of the sea.
Got a heart like a rock,
Heart like a rock,
In the se-e-ea . . .

The music was turned off abruptly. The ragged skiffman lifted his head and listened. His gaze centered upon the near bank, and upon a girl perched there on the edge of the levee.

"Hey!" she repeated her hail.

"Huh?" responded the singer.

"Come over here a minute."

Leisurely, unemotionally, he buoyed his position at the trot-line with a jug, and worked the skiff inshore. Without especial interest he looked up at her from his task of mooring the skiff with a muddy rope to a willow. Then sharply he looked back. She merited the second look.

From underneath a cocky little green hat that perched on the side of her head, crisp waves of black bobbed hair kicked up either side. Her big black eyes, under the long lashes, fairly

snapped with life. Here was evidently a girl that no male passed by unnoticing.

"Do you know anything about gas engines?" she demanded in a tone that doubted the capacity of anyone who looked like that.

"Naw'm," answered the river rat. "'Cep' you po' gas'line in 'em; and they goes *put-put* when they's runnin' and don't when they ain't."

"Well, there's gasoline in the tank of my car and it won't go *put-put* for me. Take a look at it for me, won't you?"

"Where it at?" demanded the antagonist of heavy labor.

"Right over here. Just on the other side of the levee."

He yielded.

"Do you live near here?" she asked as they came up to the stranded roadster.

"Yas'm. Our shanty-boat's tied up 'bout a quarter-mile down that-a-way."

"Oh! You live in a shanty-boat. How picturesque!"

"Ma'am?" looking up from under the hood of the car.

"I said it was picturesque."

"Yas'm. You mus' be a stranger roun' heah."

"Yes, I am. I came through the country, from Alabama, with Miss Ida Virginia Lea. She used to live around here, you know."

"Yas'm. I knowed her when she was little."

"How interesting! She has grown up into a sweet girl, they say. She was pretty as a little girl, wasn't she?"

"Naw'm."

"What?"

"Naw'm. She was skinny-legged and bony-kneed. An' jus' sort o' big-eyed and followy—allus followin' somebody roun'."

"Oh!" said the girl with the long lashes, and relapsed into silence.

"Yas'm"—the boy from the shanty-boat had embarked on a subject he felt about. "Allus followin' somebody roun'."

"Oh!" repeated the girl with long lashes. "But wasn't there something—something—different about her?"

"Ma'am? Now-w-w—I see what's wrong. That there wire done come loose."

"Wasn't she different from the other little girls in some way?"

"Naw'm. 'Cep' ev'y time a feller tried to turn roun' she was underfoot. Tha's all. Now—try yo' starter."

"Why, that was just wonderful of you! I'm so much obliged! Can't I pay you for your trouble?"

"Naw'm. 'Twarn't no trouble. 'Day, ma'am."

"Then thank you—ever so much," as she eased back the clutch pedal. The green roadster purred down the dusty road ahead of its stirred-up wake.

The river rat stood still in the middle of the way, staring after the cloud of dust.

"Well—I'll—be dog-goned!" he muttered in a voice that subtly was the same, yet different. "Over here with Ida Virginia Lea, eh? . . ." He turned toward his skiff, then glanced back at the receding roadster. "Over here . . ." then suddenly, with decision: "Perry Morton—here's where you hike back to that shanty-boat and pack up to go home!"

No fatted calves owed their untimely demise to the unexpected return of Perry Morton from the river. His mother followed the Biblical example by falling upon his neck—but in an entirely different sense.

"Gracious, Perry, you're bearded like a Spanish brigand. Run right on upstairs and shave—quick, before anyone sees you. And be dressed for formal dinner at six-thirty. Hurry!"

"I'll do anything you say, mumsy dear," and he kissed her behind the ear.

"You needn't come sweet-talking me!" his mother protested violently to disguise her weakening. "Thought you were going to stay down at Bill's till—for a long time! You're going to make an odd man at dinner tonight."

"Then I'll eat out in the kitchen with the cook," proposed Perry humbly, "and not come in with the white folks till later."

"Go on upstairs and shave, Perry"—she disregarded him. "And don't go through the guest-room. Ida Virginia's staying in there."

She watched him bound up, two at a time, and sighed as she listened to the water splashing and the voice lifted in raucous song.

Shaved, tubbed, lotioned, appointed once more like a gentleman, Perry descended to the living room. He could hear Ma'y's high-pitched laugh as she "good-timed" some masculine catch. He wondered what the Girl's name might be; and how he was going to locate her; and what he was going to say to her when he met her again. And then he saw her.

His heart skipped a beat. There really ought to be a law against a girl's looking that delicious.

He was not surprised that she was half surrounded by attentive swains. He would have been astonished if she had not been. He seized Ma'y, ruthlessly dragging her from her own cornered male.

"'S matter with you, idiot?" his sister welcomed him home.

"C'm'on. Introduce-me to her, Ma'y. Right now."

"Huh? Introduce you? To who—whom, I mean?"

"Her. Over there. The girl in the corner, talking to Charlie Oakley."

Ma'y looked him over suspiciously. "Perry Morton," she demanded, "who're you tryin' to slip something over on?"

"Nobody, Ma'y. Honest. Be a sport. Introduce me."

"I always thought you were a little weak, up there," commented his loving sister enigmatically. "Her name, Perry dear, is—Ida—Virginia—Lea."

"Huh!" ejaculated Perry blankly.

"The same, and none other. Your 'lit-tle sweet-heart.' When she heard you had run off to the river, she went after you. I knew she'd bring you back." Ma'y returned to her deserted catch.

Perry was jarred. Ida Virginia! Gosh—hadn't she changed! He never would have known her.

And the "broken" automobile had been merely a ruse on her part. He had thought it funny that the distributor wire had jarred loose so cleanly. She had known who he was all along; had followed him down to the river to bring him back.

Perry's shoulders straightened appreciatively. Well—those old boys—their fathers—had had pretty good ideas, after all. This fiancée of his was not at all displeasing. It just showed—*you* never can tell. The funniest looking little old girls sometimes grew up plumb good-looking.

Then Perry Morton strode masterfully over to claim his own.

"Why, Ida Virginia!" he greeted her, hands outstretched.

"Lordy, girl—I'm glad to see you!"

Ida Virginia, strangely, was not falling over herself with enthusiasm. "I knew you would be, Perry," she said calmly; then turning with full interest back to Charlie Oakley: "And when you told him that, Charlie, what did he say?"

Perry's feeling showed slightly in his voice. "But aren't you going to say hello to me, Ida Virginia?" he demanded.

Ida Virginia swung her head half about. "Hello," she responded obediently, then faced Charlie Oakley again. "And then what did *you* say, Charlie?"

"Perry wants you to be glad a whole lot to see him," suggested Charlie. "For old times' sake, and all that."

"Why, I am glad, of course. I'm glad to see everybody here again. I'll see you, Perry, at least once while I'm here; won't I?"

Perry nodded dumbly. This sort of reception caught him all unprepared. Here he had come over all aglow, thrilled to the core at realizing that he was more than half engaged to this sparkling bit of femininity, expecting her to welcome him, make much of him, turn all of her attention to him. Instead—

She accepted his nod and dismissed him.

"Glad you will, Perry. I'd like one chance to talk over those old days when they used to tease us about being engaged. Wasn't it perfectly silly?"

"I—uh-huh," agreed Perry, castles crashing about his ears.

"Thank you so much, Perry. I—I'll try not to be so 'followy.' And you'd be surprised how much weight I've put on."

Perry left her thoughtfully. So she was holding against him his rash observations about her down at the river. She was getting even by openly neglecting him and paying attention to someone else. Well—if she felt that way about it!

As ostentatiously as possible he sought out Sue Holliday with her bobbed mop of reddish spun-gold hair and paid court to her so openly and violently that his mother was kept busy raising her eyebrows at him across the room.

Sue did not seem to object.

Nor, on the other hand, did Ida Virginia.

Next morning, on his way downstairs to breakfast, he was caught on the fly and detained by Ma'y.

"What did you say to Ida Virginia to hurt her feelings, Perry?" she demanded indignantly, then, womanlike, without waiting for the answer she was asking, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

No man in such a position and at such a time can be twitted with impunity. Perry's answer was short:

"You're crazy. Ask Ida Virginia what she said to hurt *my* feelings."

"Why, Perry Morton, you ought to be ashamed. The way you talked to her down at the river! When she had driven way down there just to find you and bring you back—*sh-h-h-h!*"

The topic of their conversation appeared at the head of the stairs. "Mornin', honey," she greeted Ma'y. "Why, good morning, Perry!"



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"Yas'm. I knowed Ida Virginia Lea when she was little—skinny-legged and bony-kneed."

Perry did not like that salutation at all. It was entirely too open—too frank—too friendly. When a girl admitted to herself that there was something between her and a fellow she greeted him sort of—sort of shy and soft-like, and wasn't a bit assertive to speak first. Very well, then, if Ida Virginia felt that way, he could be just as independent as she could.

"Mornin'!" he returned with emphasized cordiality. "I hope I didn't wake you all up when I came in last night. But Sue lives a pretty good way out, you know; and I—I couldn't just leave her at the front door." He hoped Ida Virginia got that. He glanced at her, then went on. "We sat in the swing awhile and talked. And the time passed before we really knew." Ida Virginia Lea might just as well know there were as good fish in the sea as there ever had been.

She glanced at Ma'y, then replied calmly: "No-o-o—you didn't wake us, Perry. Not at all. Fact is, I wasn't in bed yet. Charlie Oakley wanted to stay awhile and talk. We were sitting

behind the wisteria vines when you came in. And you sho' are right, Perry, about how fast the time flies. You must have been asleep when I came upstairs."

Round one—Ida Virginia's.

Ensued a few days of mild sparring that failed to bring comfort to Perry. He was really as much interested in Sue Holliday as in a last year's bird nest. Of course she was pretty. But so was every other girl in the whole Delta country.

Ida Virginia, now! When he merely looked at her something reached out and took him by the throat. She looked exactly the way his girl ought to look. The way her curly mop of black, unruly hair flicked about her forehead and turned up saucily at the edges was an example for all hair to follow. When someone spoke to her unexpectedly and she turned quickly it was a joy just to watch her.

Still, he could hardly take his cap in his hand and grovel to her feet. Each time that he saw her she fairly flung into his face

some mention of his unfortunate observations down on the river. She never let him forget Charlie Oakley. She kept that benighted one trailing at her heels all hours of the day and most hours of the night. He seemed to like it.

Not so with Perry. Down in his heart of hearts, almost concealed from himself, he wanted more than he had ever before wanted anything in his young life to rip away the pretense they were rapidly building between them; tell Ida Virginia that he was hurting her because she would not stop hurting him, not because he really felt the lies he was acting for her benefit with Sue Holliday.

The snowball kept rolling down-hill, gathering weight and momentum as it rolled. Since they both were young, and therefore very stubborn, each access of pain only made them more set in their course.

A condition of that sort either dies quickly or grows very much worse. This one did not die.

Even from himself Perry could not hide his relief when Charlie Oakley left on his spring inspection of the smaller town representatives over whom he was district manager.

But he was mistaken as to the effect. Charlie, out of sight, took pains to keep from being out of mind. Each day there were special delivery letters from Charlie, long-distance telephone calls from Charlie, boxes of candy and flowers from Charlie. Nor did the other Delta youths fail to make hay in the sunshine of Charlie's absence.

Whit Wood's cap began to become a constant ornament on the old-fashioned hat-tree. "Hungry" Forbes and William Lee Mitchell took no pains to conceal their joy at getting rid of Charlie for a while. It finally got to the point that Daddy Morton complained he was getting corns on his knees from falling over unattached young men.

The old-fashioned Southern supper was over. Perry paused a moment in the dark at the screen door, looking out on the veranda. Ma'y and Ida Virginia were out there, together with several darker-clad figures. From under one limb of the magnolia tree in the yard the moon winked a jovial eye. Hungry Forbes was on the steps, replacing a broken guitar string.

"Come on, honey," he encouraged the stubborn instrument.

"Be good for papa, little sweetheart—"

"'Little sweetheart' . . ." ruminated Whit. "What was the gag we used to have about that? Oh yeah! Hot dog! Hungry, do you remember the ball game we won by yelling that at Perry?"

"Huh?" asked Hungry, looking up. "Dog-gone that E-string—there it goes again."

"Lit-tle sweet-heart. Lit-tle sweet-heart . . ." chanted Whit, to remind him.

"Wait a minute. I sho' do remember. It was Perry Morton. I'll say I remember it. Perry knocked out two of my teeth for saying it to him—or was it three?"

Unobserved, in the darkness inside Perry silently meditated that he would rejoice tonight in knocking out three more.

"Who was the girl? Say, Ida Virginia," inquired Whit, "weren't you the girl? Wasn't there some'n about you-all being engaged?"

Ida Virginia laughed almost naturally. "Oh, there never was anything real to that! We've made fun of the idea since we got old enough to have good sense. It was just a sort of joke of dad's and Daddy Morton's."

"Gosh—what a relief!" sighed Hungry Forbes. "You don't know how I been worryin' about that, Ida Virginia."

"Why, Hungry! How could any girl think a second time of any other man when you—and Whit—were around?"

"Of even Perry?"

"Don't be silly. 'Specially Perry."

Perry faded silently and unseen into the deeper blackness of the house.

He did not feel quite like joining them just then. Somehow, right or wrong, he had seen something more than mere laughing comment in what Ida Virginia was saying. Still silently he climbed into his roadster and kicked savagely at the starter. The motor roared into life.

He wrenched the car around the corner, away from traveled roads. He wanted to be alone for a while, to think this thing out by himself.

It wasn't so much any single thing that Ida Virginia had said or had done. Any one of them, by itself, would have been too petty to be noticed. Together—there was a difference.

He jerked the car off the paved good road into a dusty, rutty by-path that led between bare, kerosene-lighted negro cabins. Dogs barked as the roadster snorted by. Pickaninnies stopped

their play to stare. Perry stepped down harder on the accelerator. This sort of road matched his mood.

Ida Virginia was nobody's fool. She knew what she was doing. Spoiled—that was what was the matter with her! Too used to having her own way all the time; used to having a bunch of fool men jump around at her command. He'd show her one could be different!

She had shown that she intended to play at being indifferent to him. Whether she cared or whether she didn't, there was only one thing he could do. If she did care, she could not respect a man that groveled. If she did not, his self-respect demanded that he keep a stiff upper lip.

Either way, his course must be the same.

And he was tired of this dilly-dallying, this getting across of one meaning by saying another. There wasn't any use in keeping it up any longer.

The next crack that little old girl made to him—

It was late, and the figures upon his speedometer had changed radically when Perry drew up at home. But he was no longer in doubt.

The living room was lighted. Ma'y was bending forward intently.

"I just knew some'n was up when they told me long-distance wanted you," she said, her eyes snapping with excitement. "You-all talked so long. What did he say, Ida Virginia?"

"Oh, a whole lot of foolishness," Ida Virginia evaded, glancing at Perry.

"That's all right about Perry. You can talk in front of him," commented Ma'y. "Charlie sho' must have done a lot of sweet-talkin'."

"He did," calmly affirmed Ida Virginia.

"Gracious! Told you he loved you, and all that?"

"Of course." Ida Virginia was unperturbed. "You were raised down here in the Delta, Ma'y. You know they all reached that stage long ago."

Perry wondered. Was he mistaken, or was there the slightest trace of emphasis to show that Ida Virginia spoke for his benefit? At the thought all of his pent-up bitterness flared out.

"Why, Ma'y," he reproved with deep irony, "he prob'ly was phonin' her to ask her to elope."

Ma'y's eyes flashed to his. Ida Virginia's voice was calm.

"How did you guess, Perry?" she asked.

"Ida Virginia!" broke in Ma'y. "Did he really? What did he say? What did you tell him?"

"He's going to pass through here on the flyer. Wanted me to be at the station."

"Yes! And what?"

"Nothing. Except—he'd wire ahead for a license, and—oh, that's all."

"Ida—Virginia—Lea! What did you tell him?"

"Didn't answer either way. Told him I didn't have any plan to get to the station. Else I might—oh, nothing!"

No longer was Perry in doubt. If Ida Virginia was trying to bluff him into capitulation, he would call that bluff. If she was not, the sooner he was done with the agony the better. Two could play at either game. He spoke shortly, savagely, pointedly.

"I'll drive you to the station, Ida Virginia," he said, holding his voice low. "My car is just outside."

She did not hesitate for the slightest instant. Lightly she was on her feet. He could not detect any measure of uncertainty or of pretense in her tone.

"Wait just a minute. I'll be right down." Her little feet pattered up the stairs.

Ma'y looked speechlessly at Perry. Finally words came to her. "Well, you've done it now!" she said. "I never thought I'd see anything as much without sense as this. You've done it!"

"Ma'y"—Perry's voice for the first time showed the strain he was laboring under—"this is my little train—on my little track. If you please, I'll do the running—or the wrecking—of it."

"But you fool, she'll go through with it!"

"So will I!"

"Well, you've warned me, Perry, to keep hands off. I'm going to. I'll not warn anyone or take any part. You're grown—in years, at least. But—" She broke off as Ida Virginia ran lightly down, a small suitcase in her hand, and bent over to kiss Ma'y.

"Good-by," she said calmly.

"Good-by, Ida Virginia. Good-by . . . Ida Virginia . . ."

The long road toward town was deserted. Perry trod down savagely on the accelerator. The speedometer needle crept toward fifty.

"There's plenty of time," calmly (Continued on page 128)



MARION DAVIES, star of "Mary of Burgundy," the Cosmopolitan Corporation's dramatic and rich picturization of "Yolanda," Charles Major's famous romance of the fifteenth century.



ELVIA POMFRET, a winsome interpreter of the art of Terpsichore who danced her way into New York's heart in "Orange Blossoms" and will appear in a new musical comedy during this season.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD THAYER MONROE



ANDREE LAFAYETTE, who takes the part of the most lovable character in one of the most loved stories in the world—*Trilby*, in Richard Walton Tully's production of Du Maurier's novel of Paris.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD THAYER MONROE



HELEN LEE WORTHING, a girl of many moods whose pensive appearance in this picture is a mere mask for the verve and vitality she exhibits as a slender beauty of Florenz Ziegfeld's "Follies."

PHOTOGRAPH BY IMA L. HILL

By Sewell Ford *A Story of*
Shorty McCabe and a Girl who wanted
to Dance with the Prince of Wales

Peggy Shows Her Fast One

Illustrations by J. W. McGurk

NOW, I expect, it can be told. About how Peggy McLean called Lady Luck on the long distance.

First off, though, she looked in on me. Yes. Breezes in through the gates of Physical Culture Farm like she was finishin' for the Vanderbilt cup, rounds the canna bed on two wheels, sets her emergency for a ten yard skid up to the front steps and leaves her little Bobcat speedster breathin' hard as she skips up to where I'm tilted back in a porch rocker glancin' over the sportin' page.

Next thing I know she's parked herself on one of the chair arms and is givin' me the cuddly clinch with her soft little cheek against my right jaw.

"Hey! Break it!" says I. "Ease off on that stuff, will you?" But she just giggles and snuggles that snub nose of hers all the closer.

"Say, who you think you're vampin', you little home wrecker?" I demands.

"Why, Uncle Shorty!" says she.

"Now listen, Margaret Ann McLean!" says I. "I'm an old friend of your dad's and I knew your mother and I used to bring you lollypops when you were a little red-headed imp; but I'm no uncle to you. If I was I'd——"

"No you wouldn't, Shorty McCabe," says she. "You'd be just the same old dear as ever and you'd do exactly as I wanted you to. So there!"

With that she gives me another squeeze and rumples my hair where it's gettin' thin in front.

"Huh!" says I. "Then the meanin' of all this is that you're plannin' to use me for something, eh?"

"You're a good guesser, Uncle Shorty," says she. "And you'll be nice to your little Peggy, won't you?"

"That depends," says I. "If you've raced another traffic cop or if you've done something that's got you in bad with Mac——"

"I haven't," says she. "And you might let me tell you without pulling all that crabby stuff."

"I'll listen," says I, "just as soon as I get my head out of chancery."

"But, Uncle Shorty——" she protests.

"I know," say I. "Your specialty is in-fightin', where the referee can't call fouls on you, but I've seen you in action before, Peggy. So drop the Juliet stranglehold and I'll stretch an ear. No. Over in front of me where I can watch your eyes. Now what's the plot of the piece?"

She perches herself on the veranda rail opposite in a "You just know she wears 'em" pose, shoots over a mischievous glance and then sobers down.

"We're up against it, Uncle Shorty," says she.

"We?" says I.

"Renny and I," she explains.

"Renny?" says I. "Not meaning Rensselaer Pell?"

Peggy nods.

"It's Grandmother Pell," says she. "She's swung the 'Stop' sign on us."

"Well, well!" says I. "So you been throwin' the net over Renny Pell, have you?"

"We've been engaged for nearly two months. See?" And she flashes a platinum-set sparkler that decorates her third finger.

"Eh?" says I, and maybe I was gawpin' a bit. "You! To the pride of the Pells! Say, you don't care how high you reach when it comes to pickin' 'em, do you?"

She unsnaps a little gold make-up box, renews the color scheme where it's been rubbed off some nose freckles and shrugs her shoulders.

"Pooh!" says she. "Perhaps it was Renny who picked me."

"He might do a lot worse, too," says I.

"You are an old dear, Shorty!" says she, slidin' off the rail impetuous.

"Stay where you are, Peggy Ann," I warns her. "And tell me—does your dad know about this?"



"Huh!" says I. "Then the meanin' of all this is that you're plannin' to use me for something, eh?"

Peggy Shows Her Fast One

"No," says she. "What was the use bothering dad until we knew whether or not it was going to come off? And now it looks like it wouldn't. You know how Grandmother Pell is when she gets her chin set."

I did. She's a stately, hook-beaked old dame that still wears her white hair *à la* Janice Meredith and has a pair of dark eyes that can throw off sparks like a chimney fire. Lives in that big gloomy old house down on the shore that was built when four-horse stages traveled the Boston Post road, and she's laid down the law so long to her family and neighbors that she has all the airs of a grand duchess.

We had one run-in, Madam Pell and me; just one. It was durin' my first term as chairman of the committee at the Yacht Club. Seems the ladies was havin' some kind of a bazaar and I'd arranged to turn over the whole of the club-house to 'em except the directors' room, which I'd locked up. "Who locked that door?" she demands. Then they sent for me and I tries to explain. "Who are you?" says she. "What? McCabe? Never heard of you. Open that door at once." *Uh-huh.* I opened it. I ain't sure, but I think I escaped through a crack in the window-sill. And I had to grin when I thought how she must have carried on when she first heard that her grandson was makin' up to Peggy McLean.

"Well, what did you expect from an upper-cruster like her?" says I. "Specially with your record. Why, there's hardly a young hick in this section that you ain't had dizzy in the head. Can you deny it?"

"Well, why shouldn't I play around with fellows I like?" she comes back at me. "Course I knew all along that Renny was going to be the one in the end, but—"

"But he might have overlooked the fact if there hadn't been so many other entries, eh?" says I. "You're both strong for each other, are you?"

"Renny's the nicest boy in the world," says she.

"Huh!" says I. "I'd never suspect it. Oh, I'm not knockin' him, understand! Only he always seemed to me like a quiet, everyday young chap with rather a shy smile."

"Isn't he a darling when he smiles?" asks Peggy. "But of course you don't know."

"No," says I, "I expect I ain't been favored as much as some. I've watched you and him fox-trottin' though. Even without the smile, however, he'd still be a Pell and in line for a lot of the Pell estate, eh?"

There's a hurt look in them big eyes she rolls at me. "Oh, you don't really believe that, Uncle Shorty, do you?" says she. "I know it's what all the old cats are handing me; but honest, I'd take Renny if all he had was taxi fare to the nearest church. Maybe I'll have to, as it is."

"My error, Peggy," says I. "And I guess I have been listenin' in on some catty talk. Heard a couple of old dames pannin' you at the club not long ago, but I should have known Denny McLean's girl wouldn't be that kind. How is it, though, that Grandmother Pell can block you off?"

Peggy sketches out the situation. It seems that the old girl holds the check-book over the young chap. For Renny's dad had run through all his share of the Pell money before he got himself mashed up in an automobile crash; and then later, when Renny's mother hooked up with somebody else who wasn't much good, the boy stayed on with Madam Pell. She'd always been free with the monthly allowance too, until Peggy begins to get prominent in his career, since which Grandmother has carried a stiff jaw and

First off Renny was all for tellin' her to keep her old money and go hang. He would get himself a nice position, say at about ten thousand a year to start on. But after he'd shopped around a bit and discovered that a white collar job at twenty-five a week was the best he could grab off, he revised his notions. He told Peggy he couldn't think of askin' her to give up all her gay times to be cook and general houseworker for somebody's shippin' clerk, and he was too proud to sponge off her dad. So he was just going to have it out with Grandmother and find out what was her real objection to Peggy.

"They're at it now," says Peggy, "and he's to drop in here when it's all over and let me—why, here Renny comes!"

It's a well built young husk, wearin' a golf suit and shaggy socks, that comes swingin' up the walk, but his shoulders are sagged and he don't have the look of a winner about him. The much advertised smile is missin', also.

"Well?" says Peggy.

He slumps into a chair and spreads out his hands hopeless. "I didn't get anywhere," says he. "She's a stubborn old woman, that's all."

"You knew that before, Renny dear," suggests Peggy. "But what in particular has she against me?"

"Oh, what's the use going into that?" says he. "It's all so silly."

"Never mind, shoot it," insists Peggy.

Young Renny hunches his shoulders. Then he looks up at her with an odd light in his dark eyes. "Have—have you ever danced with a prince, Peggy?" he asks.

"Me?" says Peggy. "No."

"Well, she has," says he.

Peggy stares at him puzzled for a minute, then turns to me. "I don't get it; do you, Uncle Shorty?"

"Why sure," says I. "Ain't you ever heard the tale? Then you've never given her a fair chance to tell you. Oh yes! When the Prince of Wales was over here years ago she was at a big affair they got up for his benefit and she was one of half a dozen who danced with him."

"Not Grandmother Pell!" says Peggy, her eyes bulged out. "I can't feature it."

"She hasn't always been sixty odd, you know," I suggests. "And they tell me that as a girl she was quite a star. Anyway, she waltzed with young Eddie before he got to be king, and although a lot has happened to her since, it was the one big event in her life."

"She never got over it," puts in Renny. "I'll bet I've heard her tell that story a hundred times, and anything does for an opening. Just say 'dance' or 'ball' and she's off. And how she has used it in making herself the family dictator and the ruler of her social set! Let anybody dare to question her say-so on any subject and she'll hurl it at 'em. 'Ah, but you must remember that I danced with the Prince of Wales.' That's what she chucked at me this morning."

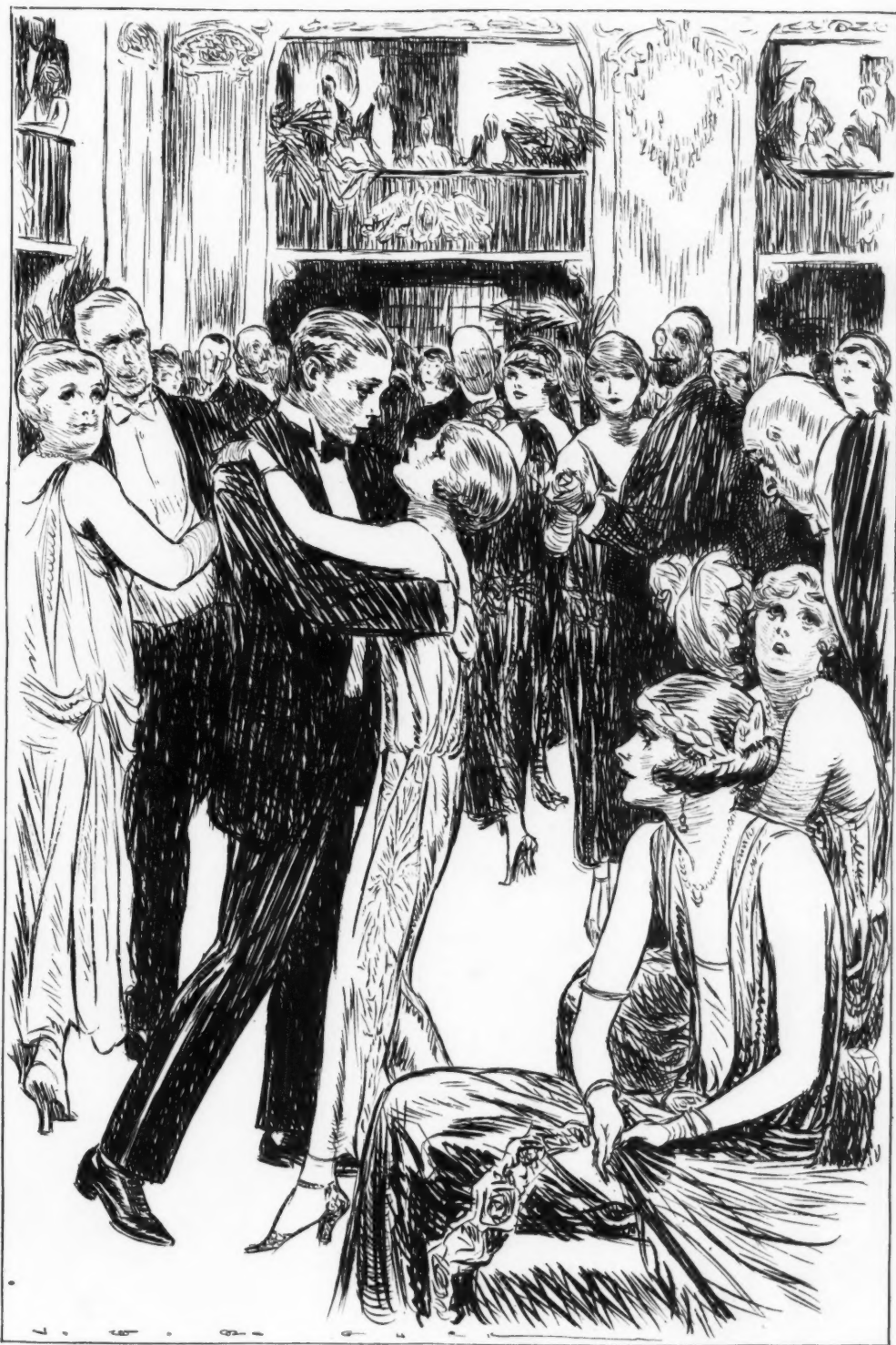
"But what's that got to do with me?" demands Peggy.

We had a hard time pumpin' the details out of him but at last we got a fair outline of Madam Pell's main points against Peggy. Who was this young person, anyway? That snub-nosed McLean girl whose father was a contractor? And didn't she have bobbed red hair and freckles, and wasn't she an outrageous flirt? *Huh!* And did anyone think she would allow her grandson to marry an upstart little nobody such as that? She, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Pell, who had once danced with an heir to the British throne! No. She wouldn't have it. And if Renny insisted on throwing himself away—well, then she was through with him.

"Actually, Renny?" asks Peggy. "Did she shake the will at you?"



Grandma Pell answerin' dear friends who wanted to tell her the news.



"Unless Peggy's got a special line for princes," says I, "she's probably saying, 'Oh, you wonderful man!'"

"Absolutely," says he. "She meant it, too. Perhaps you don't know, but she never spoke to my father after he married mother and would never let him have a dollar. Of course he had an income of his own. But I—well, you know well enough what it would mean to me, Peggy. And I simply can't let you in for that sort of thing—cooking and washing and mending."

"I could learn to do all three," says Peggy. "I'm not so useless as you seem to think."

"But I am," says Renny. "I couldn't earn enough to pay the rent of a three room tenement. I've tried. Besides, it wouldn't be fair to you, Peggy. You're a game little kid, but to think of you messing about over a gas-stove and a washtub—oh, it's no use! I'd feel like a brute. So—so I guess Grandmother is boss."

That seemed to be the answer, and while I was sorry to see their little romance go into a nose dive I couldn't dope out any way to stop it. The best I could do was to sneak into the house

Peggy Shows Her Fast One

"Don't I hear someone out on the veranda?" asks Sadie.

"Only a couple of youngsters who think their hearts are busted beyond repair," says I, and I proceed to give her the sad story.

It doesn't get her leaky in the eye, though. "Just what I expected," says she. "Peggy was too absurd to think that Madam Pell would ever give her consent to such a match. Rather presuming of her, I should say."

"Oh, I don't know," says I. "She's some girl, that Peggy. Young Renny seems to think so, anyway. But it looks like he's got to give her up. Uh-huh! There he goes down the walk with his chin on his necktie. Oh well! Inside of a week Peggy'll be throwin' the noose over another victim and maybe the next one won't have such a finicky grandmother."

But you never can tell about these young folks. You see 'em flutterin' about as aimless as butterflies and you list 'em as always stayin' like that; and the next thing you know they've steadied down as sober as owls on a branch. Course, if there ever was a super-flapper it's Peggy McLean. Any hummin' bird that followed her these last two or three years would have worn out six sets of wings.

Yet for the next ten days or so I don't see Peggy around anywhere, and when I finally asks her dad about her Mac shakes his head. "I can't make out what's gone wrong with the girl," says he. "She just sticks at home and mopes about sulky. Seems to have something on her mind."

"Maybe she has, Mac," says I.

And that same evenin' she comes crashin' into our livin' room all excited and plunks herself down on the davenport between Sadie and me where we're enjoyin' the first open fire of the season. "I've got it, Uncle Shorty!" she announces, wavin' a newspaper.

"Got what?" says I. "The clue to some murder mystery?"

"No," says she. "How to qualify with Grandmother Pell."

"Eh?" says I.

"Who do you think is going to be in Quebec tomorrow?" she demands.

"At a rough guess," says I, "about eleven hundred of our hard workin' rum runners."

"But honest!" she protests. "Somebody important."

"How should I know?" says I. "Who?"

"The Prince of Wales," says she.

"Oh, yes," says I. "I believe I did read something about how the young chap was due to land there soon."

"At ten tomorrow morning. He's traveling as Lord Something-or-other and he's to stay at a hotel. See, it tells which one."

"So it does," says I, glancin' at the item. "What's so thrillin' about that? Wouldn't expect him to camp out on the dock, would you?"

"But don't you see?" she goes on. "Don't you, Aunt Sadie?" We don't, and we shakes our heads.

"Why," says Peggy, "anyone could stay at the same hotel, couldn't they? We could."

"Eh?" says I. "Whaddye mean, we?"

"You and Aunt Sadie and I," says she. "And then—well, then I could dance with the Prince."

"Wha-a-at?" says I, gawpin'.

"Don't be silly, child," says Sadie.

"I'm not being silly, Aunt Sadie," protests Peggy. "I've thought it all out and I know exactly what I want to do. I mean to go up there and dance with the Prince just to show that stiff-necked Madam Pell that she isn't such a much over me. I've simply got to; don't you see I have?" And she spreads out her little hands and opens her big eyes in that tricky way she has.

There is something cute and winnin' about her. Sadie grabs her and gives her a hug. "You delicious little wretch!" says she. "I wish you could do just that. We'd never have to listen to that story of Grandmother Pell's again. I do wish it could be."

"But why can't it?" demands Peggy.

"Why, you goose, you don't even know there'll be a ball this time," says Sadie.

"There's bound to be," says Peggy. "Always is wherever he goes. He's a bear at dancing, they say."

"Yes, I've heard that," admits Sadie. "But suppose there was a ball; what chance, child, would you have of being asked to dance with such a personage as that?"

"Oh, Uncle Shorty would manage it some way," says she.

"He's clever, you know. Really."

"Here, here!" says I. "Lay off the kiddin'."

"You are, though, even if you don't look it," says Peggy. "Oh, I've seen you do your stuff, Shorty McCabe, and I'll say you got a good line!"

"Hear that, Sadie?" says I, chucklin'.

"Please, Peggy!" says Sadie. "He's difficult enough to live with as it is. Now tell me the whole of this ridiculous plan of yours."

"Why," says she, "you and Uncle Shorty would take me up to this Quebec place—it's somewhere in Canada, isn't it—and we'd go to the hotel where the Prince is and then when the dancing started Uncle Shorty would find someone who'd introduce me to the Prince and—"



"I've got it!" Peggy announces, crashin' into our livin' room all excited.

"I've thought it all out and I know exactly what I want to do."

"Say, listen," I breaks in. "This ain't a movie plot you're sketchin' out, is it? You don't honestly think, do you, that a poor plug like me would be apt to be chummy with the British nobility to that extent? Can you picture me steppin' up to Lord Whosit, nudgin' him in the ribs and whisperin' that a little friend of mine has come all the way from Rockhurst-on-the-Sound to do some steppin' with the Prince? Eh? Can you? Say, Peggy girl, I've seen pictures of that hotel. It's built on a bluff two or three hundred feet high and if I pulled any raw act like that and the royal guards chucked me through a window—well I'd have a long way to fall."

"Pooh!" says Peggy. "I'd risk your being thrown out of anywhere."

"You would, eh?" says I. "Well, that's sporty of you anyway."

"I mean," says she, "that you'd get away with it somehow. And think, Uncle Shorty, if I could do it, just think of how that crabby Madam Pell would look when she heard."

"Oh, Luella!" says I, gettin' a flash. "Say, she'd be so green in the eyes they'd have the headlights on a Bronx express lookin' pink."

"And when Aunt Sadie saw her," goes on the little plotter, "and she sprung any of her grand duchess airs, she could ask her if she'd like to meet Miss McLean, who danced with the Prince of Wales last week."

"You minx!" says Sadie, patten' her on the cheek.

"Well!" urges Peggy, snugglin' up to her. "Wouldn't it be fun tryin'?"

See how she joshed us along, worked on our weak points and made a nutty expedition seem reasonable? And we're apt to rate these nineteen-years-old flappers as hardly havin' sense enough to do more'n use a lip-stick and put on a new jazz record. Why say, that Peggy person, when she really gets her wits in action, could feed bunk to a lot of old birds who draw big corporation salaries for inventin' shifty moves.

Course, when she starts in Sadie and I had no more notion of takin' her to Quebec than we had of charterin' a Weehawken ferry-boat for a trip to the north pole; but we hadn't listened to Peggy half an hour before her wild excursion began to sound less and less freaky.

"Would it really be much of a trip, Shorty?" asks Sadie.

"Less'n twenty-four hours," says I, after skimmin' through some time-tables. "There's a train around midnight if we could make it."

"But Peggy and I haven't a thing ready," she objects.

"I have," says Peggy. "My suitcase is out in the car, all packed. I brought it along in case—well, I just knew you would. And I've got the niftiest new evening dress, with slippers and stockings to match."

We stared at her open-faced. "Say," says I, "by any chance did you wire for reservations?"

She nods enthusiastic. "I got dad to do that," says she. "He said I was crazy but I knew you and Aunt Sadie weren't the kind who had to have anything planned out weeks before, and I thought if you saw a chance of putting something over on Madam Pell you'd—"

"Really, Shorty," breaks in Sadie, "it would be rather interesting to be there at such a time, with the Prince and everything."

"Say, I can be just as foolish as you can, old girl," says I. "Go get busy. Quebec it is."

"Oh, Uncle Shorty!" squeals Peggy, makin' a dash at me.

"Ditch the demonstration," says I, "and lemme go put the pearl studs in a hard-boiled shirt. All I'm promisin', mind you, is maybe a peek at his royal nibs, and it's a ten to one shot you don't get even that."

"Just give me a sporting chance is all I ask," says Peggy. "And I think you're both a couple of old dears."

"Saps would come nearer describin' us," says I, "but we'll leave that for our best friends to use when they hear."

I'll say we made a speedy getaway from a standin' start, but there's always a lot of excitement in doin' things offhand that way, thrills you miss if you're runnin' on a stale schedule. And somehow we got there just as easy as if we'd had a tour agent workin' on the trip for a month. Anyway, we made our Montreal connection all right, had luncheon and a good view of the St. Lawrence at the same time and along in the afternoon found ourselves being loaded into one of them antique two-



"Hey!" I sings out. "I thought you two had parted forever." "Tell 'em, Renny," says Peggy.

horse buggies that are still more common in Quebec than taxicabs.

"Isn't it a quaint old place?" says Sadie as we bumps over the cobble-stones.

"Specially the street pavin'," says I. "The natives must get their motto for receivin' strangers off their cough mixture bottles—'Shake well before takin'.' Say, there's a cute name for a house, though. 'Maison à louer.' How about pinchin' that for our place, eh?"

Sadie gives me a pityin' glance. "You'll notice a lot of *maisons à louer* if you keep your eyes open, Shorty. Houses for rent."

"Why can't they say so, then?" I grunts.

And after that, no matter what odd signs I saw, I kept my mouth shut.

Next I begun lookin' for souses, but in all that half-hour drive I couldn't spot a single native that acted like he was even mildly sluiced. Think of that! Here was a whole city of poor prunes who was free to walk into a liquor agency any time and load up with a quart of real booze at cut rate prices that would make a boot-legger weep—and they was stayin' sober! Say, some people don't appreciate their opportunities, do they?

"How come?" I asked the driver of this calèche affair.

"*Ne comprends pas, M'sieu,*" says he, hunchin' his shoulders.

"Thanks," says I. "That makes it clear as pea soup."



The Time When I *and other Incidents* **PARLIAMENT** **WINSTONS.**

WHEN I first entered Parliament I had a very good memory, and even in those times the power to foresee and imagine days and even weeks beforehand the sort of conditions and situations which would arise in the House when particular issues were debated. Guided by this light I prepared and wrote out my arguments with the greatest care and then learned them so thoroughly by heart that I knew them backwards and forwards, as well, for instance, as one knows the Lord's Prayer, and could within limits vary the sequence not only of the arguments but of the sentences themselves.

Thus at the very outset and in the first month of my parliamentary life I, who could hardly string ten words together spontaneously, managed to engineer and deliver at least three speeches which held the attention and obviously commanded the interest of a none too friendly assembly. And not many people guessed how little spontaneity of conception, fulness of knowledge or flow of language there was behind this fairly imposing façade. These methods are not to be recommended to those more brightly armed with natural gifts.

As the pressure of the times increased, which indeed it did continually through all these years, the extremely careful and laborious preparation, sometimes extending over two months, which I was accustomed to give to speeches had to be seriously curtailed, and thus the structure on which I depended became very brittle and precarious. I had several very narrow escapes, and on one occasion was led into a complete disaster.

The processes of memory and of composition are entirely separate in the brain, and it is not easy to change from one gear into the other. As long as one is merely composing as one goes along, the output may trickle very thin and poor, but there is hardly any danger of its coming to a full stop. But if the speaker is trusting to memory of actual words and sentences, and memory fails, a complete breakdown may well befall.

I was speaking in the beginning of 1904 in a debate on the law relating to trades disputes. I had my notes. I had considered for some days

prepared my speech word by word and had learned it fairly well. I had spoken for three-quarters of an hour in a good House with a considerable measure of success and acceptance. I had reached my last sentence, for which my note was "And it rests with those who . . ."

Suddenly my memory failed! I could not for the life of me recall who it was that this important matter rested with. I could not skip or slur over the sentence and go on to the next one, because it was the last. I took another run at it and repeated, "And it rests with those who . . ." But nothing came. The House, which had been rather hostile but interested, seemed obviously puzzled to know what had happened. I repeated the words a third time, but could get absolutely no further. The effort of endeavoring to remember completely excluded from my mind all power of producing something else.

There I stood searching like Sentimental Tommy for the missing word. It never came. There was a long and, to me, ghastly pause. The House suddenly became very sympathetic and cheered encouragingly. Still I stood obstinately searching in vain. Finally, after what was at least two or three minutes, endured by the House with the greatest patience and kindness, I had to sit down faltering out some lame apology. Lots of people thought I had had a stroke—some lesion in the brain—and was beginning to break up already. These anticipations were happily premature. But the experience was disconcerting to the last degree, and it leads me to utter this solemn warning to public speakers: "Never trust your memory without your manuscript."

In these early days Mr. Balfour was the central figure of the House of Commons, as he was its leader. Superior to the indulgences of a weaker generation, we used to sit till midnight. Every week, or almost every week, there was a full dress discussion on some great question of politics. On every occasion from ten till eleven one of the Opposition leaders would state the case against the Government, and on every occasion Mr. Balfour himself from eleven till twelve would marshal and unfold the argument upon which his administration relied.

Long parliamentary practise and natural aptitudes resting on a great volume of political knowledge enabled him to maintain a continuous flow of entirely spontaneous speech. A few notes on an envelope, a few figures or quotations from a Blue Book, an occasional prompting from a colleague were all he required to stimulate or sustain an hour's agreeable discourse. His manner of obviously thinking out the form of his sentences and arguments as he was speaking, and of pausing while he searched for the exact word, only illustrated the charm of his personality. One saw the whole process at work in his mind, and it was pleasing to see. His listeners were often induced to participate in it mentally, and the right word, when found after it had been hovered over for an appreciable pause, was greeted with assent and satisfaction from many opponents as well as supporters.

Asked inquisitively in my presence—but not by me—how he prepared his perorations, he modestly replied, "I just say what comes into my head, and sit down at the end of the first grammatical sentence." All the same his speeches repeatedly contained epigrams and phrases which must have been the result of previous



Lost My Memory of My LIFE in By The RIGHT HON. CHURCHILL

study. "The speech of my honorable friend," he said on one occasion in reply to the criticism of a supporter, "contained some things which were trite and some things which were true. But what was true was trite, and what was not trite was not true."

Statistics were Mr. Balfour's greatest stumbling block. He never could remember whether they were thousands or millions. He saw the picture of the argument in his mind's eye quite truly and accurately, but he often tripped over the details. On one of the first occasions when I ever visited the House, long before I was a member, on the second reading of the home rule bill of 1893, I had the opportunity of hearing both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Gladstone in succession. Mr. Balfour, then leader of the Opposition, was sailing along magnificently with his argument about the wrong of surrendering the Ulstermen to the clutches of an Irish parliament, when he came to their numbers. "Twelve million souls," he said, and then with a charming smile corrected himself to twelve thousand. Twelve hundred thousand, the number he was looking for, was eventually supplied by his audience and received gratefully with another disarming smile.

A pitfall awaited Mr. Gladstone too that night when his turn came to reply. He was speaking of the great causes for which the Liberal Party had fought, causes of tolerance and enfranchisement all over the world, how often they had been disappointed and set back, how often liberals had suffered for their constancy, and yet how always in the end they had won through; and the House was hushed by the power and sweep of his eloquence.

"And there is no cause," he said at the culminating point, speaking of Irish home rule, "for which the Liberal Party has suffered so much or descended so low."

How the Tories roared! The whole of one side of the House broke into a tumult of shouting figures, and it was some time before the Grand Old Man, waving an imperious hand, could recover control of his audience and proceed: "But we have risen again." And so forth.

Mr. Chamberlain, like Mr. Balfour, was a master of easy conversational style, but he relied more on his notes and used them with great openness—which after all is the only way. He attained a far greater tenseness of concise and precise argument and diction than Mr. Balfour. He was very quiet and restrained in his manner, hardly ever raising his soft voice or making a gesture, but armed with cold, bright, fierce argument and all the weapons of irony and ridicule. Yet it must be said of him that his main strength was his reasonableness of statement and the moderation with which his language was almost always chosen.

His retorts were deadly. He was, during the latter part of his life, in bitter feud with the Irish Nationalists, and it was with them that most of his sharpest encounters took place.

"The Duke of Devonshire," said an Irish speaker contemptuously—"he hasn't been in Ireland these ten years."

"No," said Mr. Chamberlain in an icy hush, "not since you murdered his brother." (Uproar.)

I was present myself at a scene with Mr. Dillon during the Boer War. Mr. Chamberlain was speaking of General Villonel, a Boer of some consequence who had deserted his country and joined the British forces as a leader of what were called



National Scouts. He spoke of him with far more approbation than accorded with the general sense of the House of Commons.

"General Villonel," interjected Mr. Dillon, "is a traitor." (Loud Irish cheers.)

"The Honorable Member," rejoined Mr. Chamberlain in dulcet tones, "is a good judge of traitors." (Frantic Conservative applause and Irish fury.)

"The Right Honorable gentleman," replied Mr. Dillon, falling back on what must be regarded as an extremely rudimentary form of parliamentary repartee, "is a damned liar."

For this indulgence he had of course to be suspended. The Speaker was summoned, the House divided, and the Irishman accepting its decision walked slowly from the chamber.

"As I was saying," resumed Mr. Chamberlain, "when I was interrupted," and so went forward with his speech imperturbably. But there were two opinions in the House, even among his own followers, on the episode.

Very different from these agile figures was the slow, ponderous personality of the Duke of Devonshire, formerly Lord Hartington. He was a man who for massive soundness of judgment and proud integrity of character found no compeer in the times of which I write. But he never reached any conclusion until too late for effective action. Moreover, he displayed and possibly affected a sublime ignorance of detail and even of fact.

"What is this place—Wei-hai-wei?" he is said to have asked blandly in a Cabinet in 1897, after this potential coaling station had been a principal topic of controversy for four or five months, and he all the time President of the Committee of Imperial Defense.

On another occasion he is reported to have delivered himself as follows: "It seems to me that among these Chinese statesmen the one who speaks the most good sense is Wai-wu-pu." Wai-wu-pu is Chinese for Foreign Office.

Both these sallies were probably deliberate, for the Duke had a keen sense of humor and by no means excluded himself from its scope. "How could you yawn," said a lady to him, "in the middle of your speech?" "Did you hear the



Arthur Somers Roche's Persons

Illustrations by



"I see no occasion for mirth in my announcement of a mishap," Mrs. Reverly," declared Doyle.

The Story So Far:

YOUNG RUTH REVERLY returns from her honeymoon to be plunged into the midst of a murder mystery in which Bent, her husband, is involved.

A year before, Ruth had become engaged to Jim Armstrong solely because his wealth would save her father from ruin. That night Armstrong was killed by an apparently accidental fall from Dyce's Head cliff. His will made Ruth his heir and executrix. Now, a year later, while her husband is on a business trip, comes a queer stranger, Frank Lacy by name, and offers Ruth \$10,000 for a mysterious letter of Armstrong's which she knows was not among his effects. Lacy hints at foul play.

On his heels comes the eccentric and brilliant detective Pat Doyle, piloted by Ruth's cousin Dick Balfour, to say that a reward

of the famous Bryan detective agency is on the trail; and that three men are suspected: Bent Reverly, a Mark Harrington, whose real identity is unknown, and a Buchanan Rose. Doyle, who is unofficially helping Sanderson, affirms his belief in Bent's innocence, but Ruth has a recurrent fear that he is really trying to trap her husband.

In fact, she has terrible doubts of her own which only her faith in Bent overcomes. On Dyce's Head, for instance, she discovers a broken piece of cuff link which fits another piece in her husband's button box; yet Bent denies ever owning such a cuff link, and the evidence, if it is such, mysteriously disappears.

Two other persons are early involved in the mystery. One is Sam Overholt, a neighbor of Ruth's. He falls into a trap by having his wife spend the night with Ruth on a pretext and steal from under her rug an incriminating note which Doyle had purposely instructed Ruth to hide there.

This was an anonymous letter written to one François Lesœur threatening his life. Lesœur was a bad character living in the near-by city of Southfield who, Ruth discovered, had had some dealings with Armstrong. Ruth, sleuthing on her own account, had once visited Mrs. Lesœur; and now the man himself calls at her house one evening. He tells Ruth and Bent that he knows the names of Armstrong's murderers but will divulge them to no one but Doyle. For all he knows, Bent may be one of them.

That same night Lesœur is murdered not far from Ruth's house, apparently with a game knife from her own silver chest, and at a time when Bent is absent from the house.

Bent is promptly arrested and both Sanderson and Gerlach, the Sheriff, are exceedingly insolent to Ruth. She retains Doyle and a local lawyer, Parker. Shortly thereafter Ruth's Irish chauffeur, Mike, beats up Gerlach ostensibly because he failed to return a wrench he had borrowed the previous week. Doyle brings out the fact that on this occasion Gerlach had called and entered Ruth's house while she was away.

Lacy, too, has been arrested as a witness but released on depositing cash bail of \$25,000; and Doyle points out that by discovering who furnished this bail they will have another vitally interested person.

One night Lacy himself telephones Ruth to meet him on Dyce's Head; he has important disclosures to make. Despite the risk, she goes, dressed in knickers and Norfolk. But Lacy fails to show up.

On her way home Ruth notices the twinkle of a pocket light in Armstrong's unoccupied cottage. As she goes to investigate she is suddenly seized in the dark by a man. It is Lacy. Discovering her identity, he explains that on Dyce's Head he had thought her a man because of her clothes, and had hidden. He is about to tell her his news when two men come out of the Armstrong house.

They are Gerlach and Sanderson. Ruth turns to Lacy. He has disappeared.

Why? And why had Gerlach and Sanderson visited the cottage so furtively? It did not occur to Ruth also to ask herself: Did Lacy's disappearance have anything to do with the identity of the two visitors? It took Doyle, next morning, to phrase that question.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHEN Doyle called the next morning he wore the most gorgeous habiliments that he had yet donned for her delighted appraisal. In his hand he carried a white hat whose under-brim was green. It was of the general shape associated with the headgear of African explorers. It lent a tropical touch to garments already none too drab. For his jacket was a blue and white striped flannel affair of the type that used to be known as a "blazer." Beneath it was

New Mystery Novel

Unknown

C. D. Williams

visible a brown silk shirt in the soft collar of which was knotted a lavender scarf. His knickers were of white linen. His long stockings were brown and were supported by tasseled garters. White buck shoes with brown spats completed the costume.

But his manner did not blend with the gaiety of his attire. For the first time since Ruth had met him, Patrick H. Doyle's expression was crestfallen, the sunken eyes lacked fire, and the hand that twirled the white hat was abjectly nervous.

"Had a little hard luck last night, Mrs. Reverly," he said.

Ruth tried to bring the proper shocked sympathy to her tones. But the shock of his appearance was too much for her sense of the ridiculous. Although she tried to smile inquiringly, she knew that she was grinning almost insanely.

Doyle's body stiffened. "I see no occasion for mirth in my announcement of a mishap, Mrs. Reverly," he declared.

"I'm sorry," she pretended.

He looked at her suspiciously. He was, as always when Ruth was apologetic, mollified, but not as completely so as usual.

"I lost Lacy yesterday," he stated.

Somehow, the fact, vital though its consequences might be, tickled her. We cannot stand too much omniscience. And Doyle had been omniscient so many times! There was slight sarcasm in her voice as she asked him how such a thing could have happened to him.

He frowned at her, quick to sense her ridicule. "Even the fact that I lost him should not have blinded you to the truth, Mrs. Reverly," he censured her. "You should know by this time, if ever, that I myself make no errors. My man Andrews lost Lacy after he left the jail. And if it should occur to you that I chose a subordinate unwisely, let me inform you that Andrews was run over by an automobile. Even I, Mrs. Reverly, cannot anticipate reckless driving in another town and shout a warning to my employee. There are limits to human power; those limits, and only those limits, circumscribe me."

He was genuinely angered.

"I knew that only something like that could make you fail," she told him. The gross flattery pleased him. He smirked amiably at her.

"You are a remarkable woman," he said. "I came to see you to assure you that things, despite Lacy's escape, were going very well. I cannot tell you just what line I'm following, but your husband will be free. I knew that a visit from Patrick H. Doyle would cheer your morning. Your husband will be cheered when you tell him that I came."

He rose to go, but she detained him. "I saw Lacy last night," she told him.

Doyle dropped back into his chair. Beneath his bushy brows his green eyes stared at her. The anger that was always quick to gleam in them flashed there now.

"I suppose, Mrs. Reverly, that being a woman your dramatic sense overcomes your common sense. You possess an important bit of knowledge. Yet you waste my time in trivialities in order that you may spring a surprise."

"I didn't have time to tell you before," she protested.

His thin lips parted in a contemptuous smile. "You've done nothing but talk since I entered the house."

Before this rudeness her ire rose.

"You're insufferable, Mr. Doyle."

"Because I do not interlard my conversation with stupid compliments and meaningless flatteries."

"Because you are rude; because you are so completely wrapped up in yourself that you give no one else opportunity to speak," she retorted.

He passed his hand through his lifeless black hair; anger was superseded by sheer bewilderment in his eyes. "You'll be telling me next, Mrs. Reverly, that I'm garrulous."



"I'm sorry," Ruth pretended, but the shock of his appearance was too much for her sense of the ridiculous.

She was suddenly ashamed of herself. This extremely brilliant man was engaged in an effort to free her husband of the hideous charge of murder, and she bandied words with him, took offense at a mere mannerism. Patrick H. Doyle unquestionably thought himself a person of great taciturnity. Why should she try to prick the bubble of his belief?

"Forgive me, Mr. Doyle. It is I who am rude."

He was instantly subdued. "I work under a strain, Mrs. Reverly, and I'm liable to forget that other people are nervous. You have as much reason to worry—more. And you've been brave and calm. And it was my own fault. I should have asked you if you had any news. Tell me about Lacy."

She told him in detail last night's experience. His deep-set eyes were gleaming as she finished.

"If I ever marry, which God forbid, I want to marry a woman like you," he told her. And the genuineness of the compliment forbade any criticism of its taste. "You certainly have nerve."

She smiled at him. In these moments when he gave way to an expression of feeling, Patrick H. Doyle was distinctly likable.

"I didn't know where to locate you or I'd have telephoned. And I'm so bewildered—why did Lacy leave me, after having gone to so much trouble to meet me?"

Doyle sank back in the chair. He brought his hands together, interlacing the fingers.

"You don't suppose that Lacy came to see you out of the goodness of his heart, do you?" he asked. She didn't follow him; Doyle smiled at her puzzled expression. "Lacy is here on some big scheme. For a letter which he professed to have written himself, but which might have been written by Lesœur—we know

at any rate that Jim Armstrong paid Lesœur ten thousand dollars—Lacy offered you a considerable sum. Yesterday Lacy managed to acquire twenty-five thousand dollars which a Southfield lawyer named Drake put up as bail. Drake has no money and slight practise. Lacy, or someone interested in Lacy, paid Drake that money. Lacy is playing for a high stake. He's a gambler, and gamblers give nothing away. Whatever Lacy intended to tell you last night he expected to be paid for."

"How?" asked Ruth.

Doyle shrugged. "If I could answer that this moment the case would possibly be ended. You must have something to give Lacy of the value of which you are unaware."

"But why did he change his mind?"

Doyle smiled complacently. If there was one thing in the world as certain as the law that governs the tide, Doyle thought it was the surety of his own logic.

"We have certain facts, Mrs. Reverly, and facts are never meaningless. Lacy wanted you to meet him. It was no whim or impulse on his part. Matters of too great consequence are involved for Lacy to indulge in whimsical impulses. He had a reason. When, after delay, you finally met, he said nothing to indicate that he had changed his mind, did he?"

"On the contrary," replied Ruth, "he said that the people in the Armstrong house, whoever they were, weren't half as important as the things he had to tell me."

"Exactly," said Doyle. "Yet, between the time of his saying that and the departure of Gerlach and Sanderson, Lacy changed his mind."

"But nothing had happened," declared Ruth.

Doyle smiled, his vanity coming to the fore again.

"Do you call the presence of Gerlach and Sanderson a happening or not?" he demanded.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Has it occurred to you to wonder why those two men were in that cottage at that time of night?"

"Yes," she answered doubtfully.

"Then why mightn't it occur to Lacy to wonder why they were there?" asked Doyle.

"But why would he leave me?" insisted Ruth.

"Lacy took considerable trouble, even ran considerable risk on the cliff-side, in order to see you and tell you certain things. As you two hid in the shrubbery outside the Armstrong house, he still intended, if his own statement can be credited, to tell you certain matters. The fact that there were two men in the house made no difference. But their identity—he must have been able to recognize them as well as you—made a tremendous difference. At least nothing else happened, according to what you tell me, to make Lacy change his mind. Now, when we eliminate all causes save one, we are likely to find that one cause rather important. We are justified in assuming that the discovery of the identities of the two men in the Armstrong house made Lacy change his mind."

"But why?" persisted Ruth.

"I am no mind-reader, especially hours after the thought has been held in a person's mind. You ask too much of me, Mrs. Reverly," said Doyle.

This time her flattery was unintentional, and its very spontaneity made it the more emollient to the soul of Patrick H. Doyle. His deep green eyes beamed upon her.

"Well, I'm unable to do it," he smiled. "I can only use my intellect; matters above the intellect are not in my province. But, using my mind, certain things occur to me. Lacy wondered what Gerlach and Sanderson were doing in the Armstrong cottage. Not merely the identity of the two men, but the time and place in which he found them must have caused his mind to speculate."

"Lacy is an extremely shrewd man. If he is chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, he is at least prepared to spend a fortune in the attempt to capture it. It is my belief, based on what you tell me, that Lacy was ready to make what he would term a considerable concession to you last night. He was ready to tell you, according to what he said to you over the telephone, what all this mystery was

about. In return, you were to give him something. We may be certain that only desperation on his part made him willing to surrender information to you. He still believed that you could give him information."

"In other words, Lacy saw something. It was unquestionably a something of vital importance to him. And then, suddenly, he changed his mind. Do you begin to see why?"

Ruth shook her head. Doyle was now in his element, proving that superiority which was his pride.

"Because, seeing Gerlach and Sanderson emerge from the Armstrong cottage, it occurred to him that in that cottage he might find the thing which he sought from you. There is no other explanation. Gerlach and Sanderson are engaged in the prosecution of your husband for the murder of François Lesœur. That prosecution involves, unquestionably, an earlier crime—the murder of Jim Armstrong. In that first murder, and perhaps in the second—or, at any rate, in events inextricably entangled with those

crimes—Lacy is somehow involved. He sees the Sheriff and his special investigator coming out of Armstrong's home. Why were they there? In search of something or other that has a bearing on the case. The thing they sought would perhaps be the thing that Lacy wanted. So Lacy abandoned his negotiations with you and entered the Armstrong house."

"Isn't that extremely far-fetched reasoning?" demanded Ruth.

"And what does it prove?"

Doyle's face flushed. "I'll answer your second question first, Mrs. Reverly. What does it prove that Lacy called upon you several days ago and offered you an enormous sum of money for a letter? You find that unanswerable, don't you? Nevertheless, you are prepared to believe that his action proves something. Why, then, not be willing to admit that my reasoning proves something, even though, not being, as I have already said, a fortune-teller, but the most brilliant logician you have ever met, I cannot yet present to you the solution of this problem?"

"Now as to my reasoning being far-fetched. When you studied arithmetic your teachers made you prove examples, didn't they?"

"Yes," Ruth replied.

"Then suppose we go over to the Armstrong house and prove this little problem," said Doyle. "Have you keys?"

"They are upstairs; I'll fetch them," said Ruth.

CHAPTER XIX

THEY reached the Armstrong cottage without encountering anyone. She pointed out to Doyle the bush behind which she had halted last night and where she had encountered Lacy. He nodded and led the way to the veranda. There, surveying the front door, he stopped.

"Who besides yourself has keys to this house?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No one, so far as I know."

"And the door has been locked?"

"The last time I was over here I locked it when I left."

Doyle's deep-set eyes roamed about the front of the building. She became conscious of something in him which in anyone else would have been excitement. But one would hesitate before defining Doyle as being excited. She felt that Doyle always had

Doyle, The Detective,

in this instalment of "Persons Unknown," writes on a slip of paper the name of the person he believes to be the murderer of Jim Armstrong, seals it in an envelope and leaves it with Mrs. Reverly to be opened after the case is solved.

Why not try that experiment?

Write the name of the person you believe to be the murderer on a slip of paper and put it away in a sealed envelope until after the story is finished.

Each member of our staff has done this and we are looking forward to a lot of fun when the envelopes are opened. [R. L.]



"Dead or alive," declared Mrs. Lescœur. "I wouldn't be disloyal to Francis."

his emotions completely under control. But at least he was deeply interested. She began to realize that the furrows in his forehead were not a mere whim of nature when she designed this man; terrific mental concentration had graven them.

"Then, unless Gerlach and Sanderson had a duplicate key, they were forced to break into the house," he said.

"Even the windows were locked," she told him.

"And it's an absolute certainty that we will find that two windows were forced," said Doyle.

"Why two?" she asked.

"I'll first tell you why one was forced." Patrick H. Doyle could never overlook an opportunity to demonstrate the flawless quality of his reasoning. "Gerlach and Sanderson came here in the middle of the night. They had plenty of opportunity to come here by day. They could demand the keys of you, and if you refused them could get a court order compelling you to surrender them, or, if that seemed inadvisable, could get a search warrant which would justify them in breaking down the door. They did neither of these things. Instead of coming here openly they came

Reverly," said Doyle.

would have been excitement. But one would hesitate before defining Doyle as being excited. She felt that Doyle always had



"And you don't see anything except rocks and occasional shrubs?" Doyle asked eagerly.

from observation. It is obvious that they wished no one to know of their visit to this house. Certainly, then, unless we grant the rather far-fetched assumption that Gerlach possessed a key, they forced a window. They wouldn't force a door because not merely is a door more difficult to open, but the marks of a forced opening are more readily discovered. So we may be certain of the window."

He looked at her as though awaiting applause. Ruth smiled admiringly. It wasn't very remarkable reasoning, but she wasn't sure that she could have achieved it. And anyway it was better to applaud Doyle.

"But what about the second window?" she asked.

"Upon discovering the identity of Gerlach and Sanderson, Lacy decided to enter the house. If we may feel assured that they didn't have a key, we may be even more certain that Lacy had none. Unless Gerlach or Sanderson deliberately released the catch of the front door—which isn't likely—Lacy was bound to effect an entrance through a window."

"But why not the same window?" objected Ruth.

"Gerlach and Sanderson are officers of the law. At least, Gerlach is. They are in charge of an investigation of murder. Inasmuch as they wished to escape observation, they would take precautions. But Lacy has no official standing. He has just been released from jail under heavy bail. He could be rearrested on the charge of burglary. He would take precautions infinitely greater than those taken by the other two men. We will find that just around the corner of the veranda a window will bear marks of being forced. That will be the window that Gerlach and Sanderson opened. But we will also find another window more remote from the front door which will bear similar signs. That will be Lacy's window."

This also was not remarkable; but it was closer reasoning than

nothing as granted. He proved everything to his own satisfaction.

"Let's see if I'm right," he suggested.

Together they walked around the corner of the house. Here two windows of the dining room looked out upon the veranda. The second one of these bore, at the bottom of the frame, scars in the paint which unquestionably were of recent manufacture. Doyle shrugged as Ruth congratulated him.

"Half a proof is no proof at all. Let's look further," he said.

At the end of the veranda were steps descending to the ground. Here a path led to the kitchen door. At the right of this door was a small window. Doyle pointed to a deep scratch in the frame and also to the catch in the middle of the window; it was hanging by one loosened screw.

"That seems to make it certain that Lacy entered the house, and entered it just as I said he did. Doesn't it?"

Now even the most easily arrived at theory takes on an added interest when the facts have borne it out.

"I think you're a genius," she told him.

"Has there ever been any doubt in your mind? If a trivial thing like this convinces you, you will be overwhelmed by the end of this case, Mrs. Reverly. What I have just done is infantile. Let's go inside."

They returned to the front door, which Ruth unlocked, and entered the house. Here Doyle turned abruptly upon her.

"There isn't a thing you can do for me now, Mrs. Reverly. If you don't mind, I'd rather be alone."

She was disappointed. He expected to discover something in this house which would have some bearing upon the murder of Armstrong or Lescœur, or both. And it piqued her that she, whose husband was charged with Lescœur's murder, was sent away like

downs were looted," said Doyle.
"Why two?" she asked.



"I see something like a rusty bit of iron . . . about thirty feet down," said Ruth.

wanted so much to take an active part in the clearing of Bent from the dreadful charge laid against him. More, she believed that in some way it was inevitable that she should play such a part. But she had come, after recurring doubt, to an implicit faith in Doyle's good intent and ability. If her presence hampered this man who was laboring in Bent's behalf, she would let neither pride nor desire keep her here.

Doyle seemed to read her thoughts. "I think better when I'm alone, Mrs. Reverly. And I promise not to keep you in suspense unless it's absolutely necessary."

"Thank you," she said. She left him in the cottage. She was glad to be out of it, even though disappointed. For it had been shut up for a year, and its mustiness seemed to hint at tragedy.

Reaching her home, she ordered Mike to bring the car around to the front door. Then she went upstairs and examined herself in the mirror. She rearranged her hair, slightly blown by the morning breezes. She put on a dress which her husband particularly admired. And when she arrived at the selectmen's offices she refused to give way to the anger aroused in her by the sight of newspaper men from New York and the photographers who accompanied them. She refused graciously to be interviewed, but she did permit them to take her picture. She was

afraid that even a momentary mood of resentment might linger with her as she entered Bent's presence and so mar the beauty of their meeting. For it would be beautiful despite its scene and circumstances.

It was. She felt, when she left Bent, that they had never been closer. Also she felt that she had transferred from her own soul to his a faith in the outcome of events that somehow had been magnified by its passage from her to him.

She even managed to be cordial to John Gerlach, though he had been gruff when he permitted her to enter Bent's room of confinement and was surly when she left. Cordiality is always disarming; she felt that Gerlach, who had been almost a vassal to her in her childhood, needed to be disarmed. It did not do to try to be fair and tell herself that the Sheriff was only doing his duty as circumstances compelled him to see it. She felt in him an animus that was born of something outside of duty.

As she drove home she wondered why she should feel this way about Gerlach. Had Bent ever offended the Sheriff? But even

if he had, it must have been a slight offense, and one does not vindictively avenge a triviality. But this was only one of a chain of seemingly endless mysteries. She would not bewilder her brain by dwelling upon it. It would be solved, this attitude of Gerlach, along with the other minor puzzles, when the greater puzzle was understood.

Arriving home, she prepared herself for a day of inaction. Doyle did not desire her aid. There was nothing that she could do by herself. She telephoned her cousin Dick, but he was out. Mrs. Bal-four promised to send him over as soon as she got in touch with him. He had gone out after breakfast but might be home at any time.

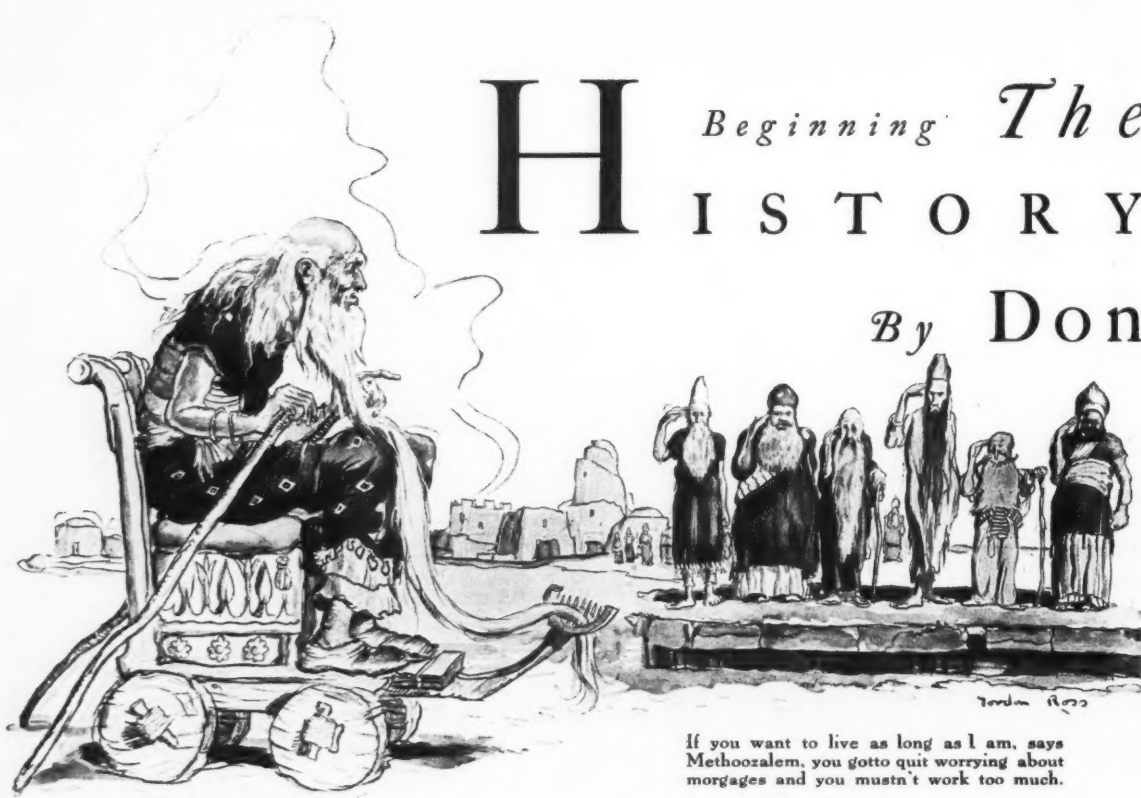
She hung up the receiver and found that Agnes had entered the living room while she was talking.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Reverly," said the girl, "but I could tell that you was just about finishing your talk."

"It's all right, Agnes," said Ruth. She was used to "country help."

"I suppose you been wondering why

my aunt hasn't been around," said the girl. "She was coming here, but Mr. Gerlach told her not to. But she wanted me to tell you that she knew it was ridiculous them saying that Mr. Reverly killed Mr. Lescour. She was afraid to disobey John Gerlach, but she don't take no stock in anything he says. And she sent me over to tell you that she wished you'd come over and see her. At least, she wanted you to bring Mr. Doyle. My aunt has been sort of digging in her memory trying to remember anything that might be important. She says she thinks she knows one or two things that Mr. Doyle might make sense out of. And she didn't tell them to Mr. Gerlach." (Continued on page 206)



If you want to live as long as I am, says Methoozalem, you gotto quit worrying about morgages and you mustn't work too much.

Illustrations by Gordon Ross

WELL, for the sake of argyment we will say that the place to commence a histry of the world is at the commencement and if you was to of asked Addam wether he commenced with a Ape or wether he commenced with his self the chances are he would of beaned you. The only feller I ever knowed personal who said he was desended offen Apes and monkieys was Hennerey Withers, he was a darn little athyiss, the only athyiss we ever had heer in Baycliff, L. Ileland, and any question of argyment that comes up he all ways sniffs and snorts like the rest of us was iggnorammuses and says what do we know about Eve Alooshen.

According to him, whatever it was this Eve Alooshen done it. One day afore the Eighteenth Commandment come along we was talking in Jake Smith's bar room about how the world got started, Jake and me and Al the bar tender and this heer Hennerey Withers, and I says to Hennerey Withers mebby you was desended offen them Eve Alooshen monkieys, you look like monkieys I seen when I got nervous from smoking too much, and mebby you got a right to be proud of it, but have you ever knowed any monkieys that was proud of you?

Well, then, for the sake of argyment we will say as a matter of fact the world got started with Addam and Eve, not Eve Alooshen but the regular Eve, and the next people that come along was that Beegat tribe. One Beegat led to another Beegat for hundreds of yeers and one of the most noted Beegats of them all was old Meethoozalem.

Methoozalem lived to be a thousand yeers old, and they used to come around when he was rising nine hunderd and set at his feet and lern wizdom and askt him he how he done it, all them old time kings and coorteesyans and scribes and fairos setting round about him, and if one of them had askt the old man if he was in favor of prohibishin he would of beaned them.

Well then, they would say, how do you account for it?

It is a gift, Methoozalem would say, living like this is, but you gotto take care of yourself and live right too.

How do you take care of yourself, they would ask him.

Well, said the peetryarch, I always kep away from Vices, like mixing water in my wine or likker, or smoking or chewing tobacco or having morgages to worry about. If you want to live as long as I am you gotto quit worrying about morgages and you mustn't work too much.

The scribes and fairos would write that down and they would say, Anything else, peetryarch?

Well, says Meethoozalem, I all ways got married every oncet in a while, a peetryarch has got to get married every oncet in a while, it ke ps him young, if he doant overdo it; two or three wives every hunderd yeers never hurt any peetryarch and I all ways found them a grate help around the house.

Anything else, peetryarch? they would ask him.

Well, he would say, you want to rest a good eal, and you want to get your enjoyment out of hunting and fishing and sleaping and eating a good eal, and you want to dance and sing a lot.

Well, quite a lot of them Beegats was peetryarchs in the early days of the world, they were real men, and you bet they had a good time, they took theyer likker straight, and they lerned from Methoozalem, and they lived from five hunderd to a thousand yeers, and that area in histry was one of the seven wonders of the world.

One of the morel lessons theyer is going to be in my histry of the world is that if you all go along that a way and doant worry too much mebby you can turn into peetryarchs too, what I am writing my histry of the world for is to try and persuade people theyer could bring back them early days of the world if they only took things more easy like and had a better time and would sing and dance more and keep away from Vices like mixing water in theyer likkers and wine. I owe my suksess in life to what I lerned from Methoozalem and other grate men in the early days of the world.

One of the champeens in the early days of the world was Golieth. He wasn't a Beegat, he was one of these heer Philipsteens, and he was so strong he was one of the seven wonders of the world. I guess from what the Good Book says he must of been as strong as Jerry Oakley that lived right heer in Baycliff, L. Ileland, and was a blacksmith.

Jerry never yet found anything that was solid enough to show him how strong he was. Oncet there was a mule he was nailing shoes onto kicked Jerry. He picked that mule up right thoughtful and he cuffed it some and he jounced it agin the side of his shop, and he says, Now then, doant you get me mad with your foolishness, if I was to pull one of youer legs offen you and let you hop away in the srow on three legs what a funny looking track you would make You go and tell all the other

Old SOAK'S OF THE WORLD Marquis

mules and horses what I said, and he tossed it into the street, and theyer wasnt a mule or a horse for miles around that wouldn't sweat and turn pale if you mentioned Jerry's name to him.

Well, this Golieth killed so many Beegats they says if we can't get him fair and square we gotto frame him some way; that bird had a wallop in both his fists.

Offen Jake Smith and me has argyied in Jake's place wether he could of licked John L. Sullivan. He might of licked John L. with london prize ring rules, says Jake. The man never lived could of licked John L. with london prize ring, I says, it was taking up with these heer quinceberry rules give Jim Corbit a chancet at him.

Probably theyer never was any Golieth, says Hennerey Withers, all them old stories is just supposition, and I like to have you tell me where Cain got his wife.

You darn little athyiss, I says, taking holt of the scruf of his neck, doant you deny the Good Book where I can heer you, I beleave it from cover to cover. You will be saying next theyer wasn't any John L. Sullivan and this right hand of mine that has got hold of your neck oncet shook the hand of John L. Sullivan that trip I made to Boston thirty yeers ago. And a man like you orter be proud of being choked by the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan. Doant you butt in when me and Jake are talking about grate men.

Now, then, says Jake Smith, you two are all ways argying about religious trubbles in heer, and I told you time and again I woant have it, Hennerey is getting blue in the face, Clem, suppose his neck was to brake, every woman in town would get excited

Well, this Golieth killed so many Beegats they says if we can't get him fair and square we gotto frame him some way.



about this place, you fellers doant want to give likker a black eye, every woman in town says to her husband that she has been waiting up for have you been hanging around Jake Smith's place again. I curse the day Hennerey Withers first mentioned Eve Alooshen in my bar room. Have one on the house.

No sooner said than done, me letting go of Hennerey's neck. Well, that was in the old days. If I could meet Hennerey today in an old time bar room he could say what he wanted to about Golieth and I wouldn't listen, I would be so buisy harkening to them saying have another.

Well, going back to Golieth, they couldn't lick him in a square fight, so the Beegats got a young feller to bean him with a stone and layed him cold. This boy that beaned him was named David, he had his regrets later when he growed up and got to be a peetryarch his self, he wrote the salms of poetry telling how sorry he was he killed the one e-wee lamb of the Philipsteens in that unfair way.

In my next chapter I will go back to the peetryarchs and the Beegats in the early days of the world and tell about some more of them.

most work too much looking track you would make You go and tell all the other

The Great

A Story of A Gentleman of Courage

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

AS LONG as he lived Peter McRae would never forget the night of the great fire when he said good-by to Mona in the burned lands.

About him the world had been a writhing, blasted thing, moaning and roaring in a torment of destruction. He saw his beloved wilderness melt away before an inundation of flame and his ears were filled with the anguish of his forests as they died. But in that red picture it would always be Mona's face he would see most clearly—a face of pallid beauty in a gray mist of smoke and gloom, glorious in its faith and courage as her lips bravely urged him to leave her that he might escape another and still greater menace which was near.

Dumbly now he allowed his eyes to travel the wide arc of the forest fire. It had swept round the settlement of Five Fingers and was receding eastward along the shore of Lake Superior, a wall of flame reaching from the earth to the sky. He could hear the moaning thunder of it even at that distance. Northward, where the fire had already passed, the tops of the ridges glowed like smoldering furnaces; and in between, where the great forests of pine and spruce and cedar had stood, countless flaming stubs sent up their red pillars like great torches set there by a mighty evil spirit to celebrate an orgy of outrage and ruin.

But it was not this devastation which tore at his heart in these last few moments. It was the quiet, terribly calm note in the voice of the girl at his side as she said: "You must go. There is no more time to lose. If Carter should come now, or Aleck Curry, or both——" She did not finish but caught her breath and listened.

From the smoke-gray chaos of the sea came no sound but the whispering of the wind and the sobbing beat of the surf against the cliff. A last time his arms closed about her and he cried out in a low voice that he would come back, that everything would turn out well in the end even though it seemed both man and God were against them now.

And Mona Guyon answered:

"And I—by the sweet spirit of Ste. Anne I promise to be waiting for you when you come, Peter—though I wait until new forests grow where yours and mine have burned!"

And then she had slipped away from him and he made no effort to follow her into the smoky gloom, though a sobbing cry came back to him faintly.

Tall and gaunt rose the figure of Simon McQuarrie as Peter came down the edge of the sandy beach. Their hands gripped in the darkness and a strain was in the old Scotchman's voice as he said:

"I've put ointment on your father's face and hands and he is easier. I don't think he is badly burned. Everything is in the boat, lad—provisions, blankets, medicines, a pack and what money I had at hand." He hesitated and the grip of his fingers tightened as he added: "In the bow is your rifle with extra ammunition in the buckskin sack beside it. You'll need it. But don't fight the law unless they force you to it, boy. Remember that. The law finds no excuse, even though scoundrels like Aleck



"You lie, McQuarrie," said Carter quite casually, and chuckled as he switched off his flashlight.

Curry and blood-sucking ferrets like Carter are sometimes a part of it. And let me tell you that I saw with my own eyes when your father killed a man years ago when you were a baby in your mother's arms. It was for your mother he did it and he was right; but in spite of that the law won't rest until it lands him.

"It's your job now to beat the law, but without the use of a gun. I love you, lad—but I'd curse you for a coward if you didn't do what you're doing now. For years you and Mona have prayed that God would send your father back to you—and now he has come—and it's God's will behind it. All that is left in a body that was once stronger than my own is his worship for you and his memories of your mother. Take care of him, Peter. And—God bless you both!"

Never had the iron-natured old Scotchman said so much in all the years since Peter had come to live with him as a son. And without a word Peter went to the boat, for his throat was thick and choking, and Simon shoved the craft out into the sea until he was waist-deep in the water. Simply he said good-by as if Peter were going only to the nets or the islands outside the mainland, and no tremor in his hard, calm voice betrayed the tears on his cheeks which darkness hid. And as Peter raised the sail McQuarrie waded ashore and was met by a pair of arms and a sobbing voice that cried out in its grief and despair against his shoulder.

Another sound came before they turned to the cliff trail that led along the unburned shore of the lake to Five Fingers. From the direction of the settlement a light skiff bore down swiftly upon the strip of sandy beach.

Snow

Illustrations

by

Robert W.

Stewart



That chuckle was like the rattle of a snake to Mona, deadlier than all the hate in Aleck Curry's face.

Carter, who sat in the stern, was old in the service of the provincial police, a ferret on the trail, a fox in his cleverness, cold-blooded, unexcitable and merciless—and when the bow of the skiff ran into the sand and Aleck Curry leaped ashore he remained quietly in his seat and waited. In a moment he heard voices—the cold, unemotional voice of the Scotchman first and then Aleck Curry's in fierce demand and Mona Guyon's in answer. He went ashore, his thin, hard face smiling in the darkness, and heard Simon tell Aleck that the law no longer had a work to do at Five Fingers, for Peter and his father had died somewhere out in the heart of the fire. He heard Mona's sob, close to Simon's shoulder. Then he opened his flashlight, but not upon them. It illumined Aleck's face, thick-lipped and bestial in its disappointment and passion. What he saw was amusing to a man like Carter and a spark of chivalry made him leave the others in darkness. But he stepped back and cast his light upon the wet sand of the shore. And then he said quite casually, as if his discovery was a matter of small significance:

"You lie, McQuarrie! We have come only a quarter of an hour too late. Peter McRae and his father have gone in your boat, and as this breath of wind will scarcely fill a sail, I think Aleck's enthusiasm and a light skiff should make it possible for us to overtake them within an hour!"

He chuckled as he switched off his flashlight, and that chuckle was like the rattle of a snake to Mona, deadlier than all the hate and animal passion she had seen in Aleck Curry's face in the one swift moment when it had flashed out of darkness into light. For Carter was more than a representative of the law. He was its incarnation, and more than Aleck Curry—more than any other man in the world—she feared him now as the skiff sped in the direction taken by Peter and his father.

For a few minutes after leaving the shore Peter did not trust himself to speak. He could see nothing but a gray chaos except landward, where the red sky and the darker blot of the cliff were visible through the smoke gloom. Even the weather-stained canvas of Simon's boat was indistinguishable, and where his father lay on a pile of blankets at his feet he could make out only a shadow. Now that the fire had burned itself out of the forests between the shore and the ridges the heated winds gave way quickly to a growing calm. The smoke hung like a dense fog and with this change came a strange stillness in which sound seemed to multiply itself until he heard clearly the wailing of a dog at Five Fingers.

Then the faint rattle of oarlocks came to him and his hand tightened on the tiller. It was Aleck Curry again—Aleck and the man-hunter, Carter, hurrying to cut them off before they

could leave the shore! And suddenly in fierce passion he wanted to shout back his defiance to them just as years ago—three days before he came to Five Fingers—he had felt the desire to kill the men who had driven his father into the forest. Something in these moments brought that day back to him—a vivid memory of the big log behind which they were sheltered, the armed men in the thickets, the bluejay screeching at them, his thirst and hunger and his father's pale, strong face waiting with courage for darkness to come; then the dusk, their escape on a log in the flooded river and their first fugitive camp in the big woods. How wonderful his father had been in those hours of peril which he as a boy could scarcely understand! And now he was lying at his feet, a pitiable wreck because of that same merciless and unfair law which had pursued him then—

Peter cried out. It was not much more than a throat sound, as if the smoke had made him gasp for breath. But a hand rose out of the darkness and touched him.

"Peter!"

"Yes, dad."

"It has all gone wrong, boy. If only I hadn't been so heart-sick to see you—if I had never come back—"

Peter bent over and his hand rested tenderly against the face which Simon had cooled with ointment.

"If you hadn't come I'd have lost all faith in the God you used to tell me about," he whispered. "I wanted to give up but Mona wouldn't let me. She said you would surely come. And this isn't half as bad as that day behind the log when I was a little kid. Remember how you cared for me then—kept me above

water when we went into the river, caught rabbits for me to eat afterward and tucked me into bed every night near the campfire? Well, it's my turn now. And I'm almost glad you're sick—just so I can show you how much I've grown up since that afternoon you sent me on alone to Five Fingers so many years ago. You lied to me then, dad. You made me believe you'd come back that night, or the next day. Haven't you ever been ashamed?"

The strain was gone from his voice. It was his *dad* he was speaking to again, his pal and comrade of the old days, and the thrill of that comradeship was stirring warmly in his blood.

"I knew Simon would give you a good home," said Donald. "And he has made a splendid man of you. But I'm sorry, Peter—sorry I came back. After all those years I was hungry to see you. I just wanted to look on your face and then go away again without letting you know. I didn't mean to break into your life like this—"

His hand was stroking Peter's and for a moment Peter bent down until his face was close to his father's. Donald was silent. After a little he said: "Did I hear something, Peter?"

"I think it was thunder. A storm must be following in the trail of the fire."

"I mean out there—near at hand. It was like wood striking on wood."

He sank back and Peter reached down and made his head comfortable. "This makes me think of that last night in the woods when you tucked me in my cedar-bough bed and told me to sleep," he whispered gently. "And I'm telling you that now, dad. It's what you need. Try and sleep!"

Even as he spoke he heard the distant sound again and knew it was the clank of oarlocks. He fastened the tiller so that Simon's boat was heading for the open sea. Then he crept forward and returned with a blanket, and this blanket he quietly unfolded in the darkness, taking from it the weapon which Simon had loaded and placed there for his use. And Simon's words were running over and over in his head, as steady as the ticking of a clock. "Take care of him, Peter. It's your job now to beat the law."

As the minutes passed it seemed to Peter that sound became a living, stealthy part of the night, creeping about him in ghostly whispers, hiding behind the canvas sail, rustling where the water moved under the bow, purring at his feet and in the air. This impression of sound by its smallness and its secretiveness served to emphasize the hush which had fallen upon a burned and blasted world. Its muteness bore with it a quality of solemnity and a quickening thrill as if subjugated forces were muffled and bound and might unleash themselves without warning. In this stillness Peter heard the thunder creeping up faintly behind the path of the fire. But the sound of the oar did not come again.

He strained his eyes to pierce the gloom even though he knew the effort was futile and senseless. The red line of the fire was steadily receding. In places it was lost. Where he had left the cliff and the sandy strip of beach was a black chaos, and it was this darkness with its silence which seemed to reach into his heart and choke him with its oppression and foreboding.

Through the stillness a sound came to him, floating softly over the sea, sweet and distant. His fingers slowly unclasped and he bowed his head. It was the bell over the little church of logs and Father Albnal was tolling it. Even now in this smoke-filled hour of the night he was calling the people of the settlement together that they might offer up in prayer their gratitude because homes and loved ones had been spared by the red death that had swept the land. It was like a living voice, gently sweet and soothing as it brought him faith and reverence. *There was a God!* Every fiber in his body leaped to that cry of his heart. Without a God his father would have died, the whole world would have burned, there would be no Mona, no hope, no anything for him out in the darkness of the freedom which lay ahead. His lips moved with Mona's prayer and he stood up quietly so that he might hear more clearly until the last peal of the bell died away. And when the gray silence shut him in again he felt as if a protecting spirit had come to ride with him in the gloom.

Softly he spoke to his father but there was no answer. Exhaustion and the peace of the open sea had overcome the stricken man and he was asleep.

Encumbered by stillness and smoke the night passed with appalling slowness. The distant thunder with its promise of rain died away. Half a dozen times Peter lighted matches and looked at his watch. At last it was three o'clock and the horizon of murk and smoke that shut him in receded as dawn advanced. Then came a sudden keen breeze, like the last sweeping of a

great broom, and he could see the coast. His own heart was thrilled by the sight of it, for behind the menacing headland of barren rock that rose like a great gargoyle hundreds of feet above the lower cliff was a strip of water which he had once hazarded in a dead calm and which led back half a mile between towering walls of rock and naked ridges into that very chaos of wildness which he had wanted for a hiding-place.

Scarcely had this moment of exultation possessed him when the wind died again. At the same time a clearer light diffused itself over the sea. The horizon drew itself back like a curtain and half a mile away he saw an object that sent his heart into his throat.

For a few moments he neither moved nor seemed to breathe as he stared at a swiftly approaching skiff. Then he looked at his father. Donald McRae had not awakened. A livid scar lay across his eyes as if a red-hot iron had burned out his sight. His hands were blistered, his lips were swollen and his neck and shoulders were scarred and covered with the ointment which Simon had used. Yet—even then—*his father slept!* The horror of it choked Peter and his soul cried out for vengeance against those who had made this wreck of a man.

He turned and his hand rested upon his rifle. He no longer feared the law or Aleck Curry or Carter the Ferret. His desire at first was to kill them. With astonishing calmness he waited, watching the approaching skiff. When it was two hundred yards away he picked up his rifle.

He chose the small of Aleck's back for his first shot and raised his gun. In the same moment he observed that with Carter in the stern and Aleck amidships the bow of the skiff was high out of water. It was this situation which saved Aleck and Peter's first bullet crashed through the boat an inch or two below the water-line. He followed with two other shots. The effect was almost instantaneous. Aleck Curry lurched away from the oars and the skiff came within an ace of upsetting. In another moment the quick-witted Carter had called Aleck into the stern and there both crouched, their combined weight raising the shattered bow above the water line while Carter stripped himself of his shirt.

The shots roused Donald, and with an effort he drew himself up beside Peter.

"What is it?" he demanded. He turned his scarred face toward Peter and then with a strange cry covered his face with his hands. "My God, I can't see!" he cried. "Peter—I can't see!"

In that darkest moment of his life Peter thanked God the wind came and filled the sail of Simon's boat and that neither Carter nor Aleck Curry shouted after them or made a sound that his father might hear, and like an inspiration a lie came to his lips—he had done some poor shooting at a flock of mallards! He spoke cheerfully of his father's efforts to see, telling him it would be days before he could hope for vision when his eyes were swollen and scarred by burns. And Donald, seeing nothing of the agony in Peter's bloodless face, smiled cheerfully up at the clearing sky in spite of his pain. He did not mind so much about his hands, he said, but it was a hardship to have his eyes covered as Peter was bandaging them now because he wanted to see as much as he could of his boy in the short time they would be together. There was a note of happiness in his voice which was in strange contrast to the pathos of his appearance and his helplessness.

And Peter fought to keep up that spirit of cheer and of gladness that was in Donald McRae's heart. But his own heart was breaking—for he knew that his father was blind.

Hours later Simon's boat came stealing back to shore in the sunless dusk of the evening. This time the sail was down and with muffled oars Peter rowed cautiously for the break in the cliff. Blended with the deepening shadows of the sea he worked his boat into the narrow maw of the crevasse whose rock walls rose two hundred feet over their heads. In utter darkness, with the thin streak of light far above he felt his way for half an hour. Then the fissure widened and after another fifteen minutes of slow progress its walls bulged outward, losing themselves in the gloom, and ahead stretched the hidden inlet smothered on all sides by precipitous crags and cliffs and towering forest ridges.

On a narrow strip of sand he grounded the boat and lighted the lantern which Simon had placed in the outfit. Its illumination threw up grimly the black shadows about them, and questing among these he found huge masses of torn and twisted rocks so wildly thrown together that among them were many little caverns and grottoes thickly carpeted with white sand. One of



The storm might beat and the evils of darkness rage for all Donald cared now. He had saved his boy!

these he chose for a camp, but not until he gathered an armful of bleached driftwood and had started a fire did he return to the boat. It was then, in the yellow light of flaming cedar and pine, that he noted a strange and startling change had come over his father. Donald McRae no longer bore the appearance of a sick man. He stood straight and was breathing deeply. His lips were smiling as he faced Peter and quite calmly he removed the bandage from his eyes.

"At last we are home," he spoke softly. "And just beyond you—I see your mother!" Instantly he seemed to sense the shock of those words to Peter, for he said: "Don't let that frighten you, lad. Every day and night she is at my side. Only—now—she is nearer!"

He reached out his hands and almost fiercely Peter's arms closed about him.

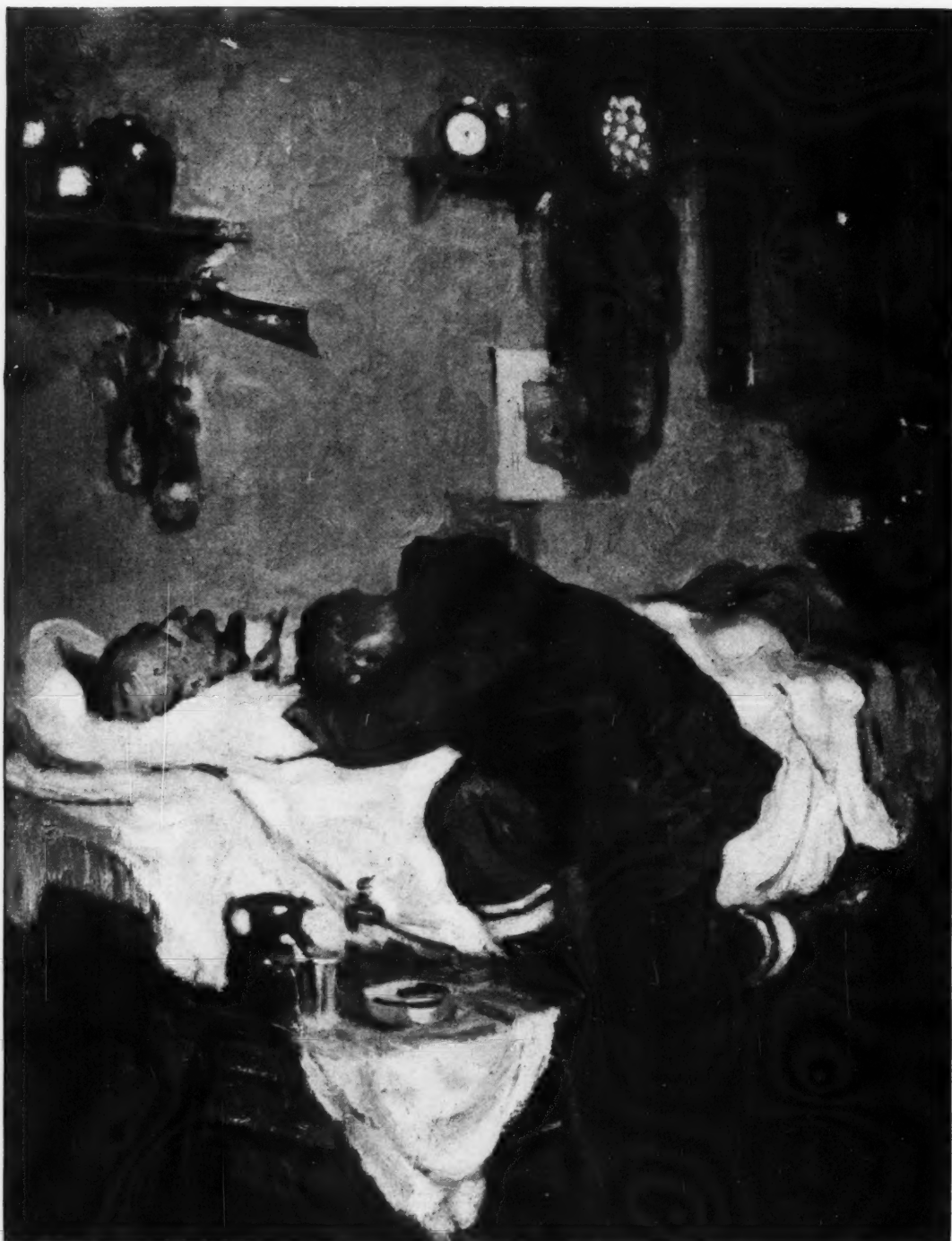
Donald stroked his hair. It was the old caressing touch, and he spoke to Peter as if he was a little boy again.

"You're not afraid, Peter?"

"Afraid—" Peter's heart stopped beating.

"They can't hurt you," said Donald soothingly. "I won't let them do that, Peter."

Peter drew slowly away. His face was gray in the firelight and in his eyes was a growing horror. He tried to speak but no words came from his lips. Donald's scarred face was strangely tranquil. It seemed to Peter that years had dropped away from it. In it was no fear, no sign of strain, no



"Only God will ever know how gentle and good he was to me, McRae, and

consciousness of the terrible hours they had passed through or of the tragic future which lay ahead. And the truth came to Peter, a suspicion at first, a whisper, growing and overwhelming him until at last it was a dizzying sickness that set him swaying on his feet. In this hour Donald McRae was not the man who had returned after years of wandering to see his boy. His mind had gone back. It had returned to the days of Peter's childhood and his voice was repeating words almost forgotten—a sacred promise of days when Peter had built mighty castles in the air and his father had helped him plan them with the same gentle and understanding smile that was on his lips now.

For he was saying:

"They won't hurt a boy, Peter. We'll get away. And then we'll go through the big woods to the mountains just as we've always wanted to do."

Peter raised clenched hands to his face to stifle his agony. In the torturing slowness of the hours which followed Donald McRae lived again in the precious years when Peter was a boy, recalling forgotten incidents as if they had happened yesterday, bringing forth their old dreams, painting their pictures of the future as he had done so often with Peter at his side in the afterglow of evenings long ago. And Peter, with his soul torn and bleeding, talked with him. Together they were hunting again. They followed the old trap-lines. They heard the song of birds and planted seeds and flowers in the little garden back of their



if by dying I could return what I've taken away from him I'd kill myself."

cabin home, and Peter was kneeling at his father's knees when he said his prayers at night. These things Peter had dreamed of and treasured in his years at Five Fingers, but now they were horrors—coming out of the past with a voice that trembled with the thrill and joy of a strange madness.

At last Donald slept. It was after midnight and the last embers of the fire had burned out. Peter rose to his feet and walked up the shore, staring into darkness. About him was no movement and no stir of life; the water lay still; no whisper came from dark forests on the ridge tops; the black walls were dead and in the soft sand his feet alone disturbed the sepulchral quiet.

To Peter this strangeness seemed naturally a part of the change that had come into his life. Everything was changed. His

world had gone into atoms and now it was reassembling itself and with deadened emotions, almost dully, he was beginning to accept it. Five Fingers was no longer home or a necessity, and even Mona seemed a vast distance away from him in these hours when his own soul was remolding itself to fit the grimness of a new existence.

One thought was as steadfastly fixed in him now as life itself. He belonged to his father and his father belonged utterly to him. He must go on with him, care for him, fight for him, save him from that one dread brutality of the law if his own life paid the forfeit in the end. That was settled. Even his love for Mona could not change that duty and older love which urged him. It was more than a resolution; (Continued on page 118)

The JAZZ King

By O. O. McINTYRE

OUT of the West whizzed Paul Whiteman, Broadway's young Lochinvar of jazz. He is a big-thewed, gentle giant, whose career symbolizes the romance of a syncopated age. Whiteman is America's Jazz King! New York and London have acclaimed him and wherever the phonograph is played from Penn Yan to Kamchatka he is hailed as the master of jazz.

Whiteman is interesting not because of what he is but of what he is not. Awkward, bashful and rather lumbering, he plays the fiddle indifferently. Still his tunes make the toes of nations wiggle.

Whiteman has commercialized the primal instinct in a thinly coated civilization. The tom-tom in the jungle that calls the savage to play is no more eerie than the strains that he improvises.

He looks more the pink-faced, gentle curate than an exponent of "shimmy" strains. He is a six-footer with a plump body and beaming round face. A rather incongruous wisp of mustache adorns his upper lip. Rivulets of flesh creep over the collar. You think of him as a rather engaging lad who is not at all certain of himself. He still blushes.

Yet here is a fellow not yet thirty who is paid a salary bigger than the President at Washington for his personal appearance leading an orchestra. He does nothing practically but pat his foot indifferently. He has none of the flourish of the average musical director.

He makes on an average of two phonograph records a month for which there is a ready and instant sale. His income from this source alone for one year was more than \$65,000, aside from the profits that went to members of his band.

Whiteman has also incorporated himself as Paul Whiteman, Inc. He has more than thirty bands, each playing as a "Paul Whiteman Band." Three are playing in New York—there are others in nearly every large city, one in Mexico City, another in Rio de Janeiro and so on.

He and his band have been featured in two of the most spectacular Broadway musical revues. Theatrical managers say his box-office drawing power is as great as that of any star on Broadway and his band is paid a fabulous sum. In the theatrical patois, "Whiteman runs away with a show!"

Whiteman came from a well-known musical family in Denver. His father was a professor at a musical conservatory. His mother is an accomplished pianist. The background of his early life was music. He was almost born with a violin in his hands.

But music meant to him just one thing—restraint. It kept him indoors practising and away from those things so dear to those of the Stone-Bruise Age. He fled from home—fled from notes and bars, arpeggios, cadenzas and arias. He sought the fleshpots. He became a black sheep.

Mechanics interested him. Flying sparks and whirling wheels thrilled him more than dulcet notes. He became a taxicab driver out in Los Angeles.

As a taxicab driver he fell in with the hard-boiled gentry of hectic nights. His mornings were headaches. He had no use for the bread and milk amenities of life. He was a tough lad.

He wanted the broad highway. Before him always was the vision of what might have been—the child prodigy with curly ringlets in a Lord Fauntleroy suit playing the violin in the parlor for the kindly pats of prim elderly ladies. He hated the violin.

One cannot rub elbows with the seamy side of life, know nocturnal haunts mentioned only in whispers and retain all the illusions. Life was lashing and toughening the boy whose mother-dreams were of the great virtuoso stirring audiences of the world.

His future apparently meant only one thing—a blurry-eyed wreck of a cab driver. One sees them shivering on their perches in every city of the world—red-nosed anachronisms in dilapidated uniforms sucking at stub pipes.

This, then, is the Paul Whiteman that convivial companions knew before the metamorphosis. Quite logically one can imagine him eventually staggering some cold, wet night into an all-night mission where ancient has-beens are lifting their voices in "Washed in the Blood of the Lamb," and perhaps a magic regeneration. But that is not always life.

The war came along. It took a world cataclysm to make Paul find himself. He wanted to do something, and joined the navy. He was asked by his superior what he could do. The navy has no need for taxi drivers. There was a flash back to boyhood. He could play a violin.

So he organized a six-piece orchestra and with doubtful poise enlivened the dreary life on battleships. The love for music that was bred in his bones was finding true expression. His hands steadied, his complexion cleared and he forgot his fair-weather friends. He found himself.

His first professional engagement after the armistice was at the famous Tate's in San Francisco. Just as he was finding a new meaning to the symphony of life he was finding a new meaning to the symphony of music. Weird strains were creeping in from the Barbary Coast—plaintive notes calling men back to their natural strain of savagery.

Whiteman watched his dance crowds under the sway of what they called jazz. He became its exponent. He learned the value of the wild shriek followed by the low, sobbing moan. He devised beating skillets, jangling cowbell and muted horn interpolations through his tunes. Crowds filled Tate's. He was a drawing card.

New York café and theater managers were bringing band after band to town to whoop up things along the Trail of Blazing Lights. Their fame was evanescent.

And then Whiteman came to town and mounted the musical rostrum at the Palais Royal. This was the largest and most lavishly decorated dance hall in New York. But before Paul Whiteman came it had proved a "white elephant." The crowds were flocking to the small, intimate places.

Perhaps Whiteman arrived just at the opportune moment, just as the war for him had come along at the opportune moment. But the Palais Royal surged with new life. Whiteman's name was stenciled in letters of fire out front—letters larger than those that spelled the name of the café.

The Palais Royal became so popular that only formal dress was permitted among its patrons. This is snobbery that can only be indulged by cafés which are so in public demand that the head waiter may pick and choose. This went on for a year; then Whiteman decided to go to London.

His success in New York was duplicated in London, and not only that—Whiteman became a figure in the British capital. The world of hired musicians set up so many barriers that Whiteman was forced to appeal to the United States Government at Washington to preserve the *entente cordiale*.

He became a figure along the Strand, Piccadilly and Regent Street and crowds tagged his heels. And he became an intimate of the Prince of Wales. Doors that American *nouveaux riches* beat against in vain were opened to Paul Whiteman.

For a time his popularity wrinkled venerable statesmen's brows. The Liberal press was lifting its voice. Paragraphed one: "Has it come to pass that the hope of England can do nothing but fall off horses and fraternize with an American jazz player?"

Others of the nobility flocked to the Grafton Galleries, where Whiteman played, and to the Hippodrome, where he appeared in a revue, to hail this strange, beefy fellow who had captured all London.

When his fame swept across the channel Paris called him. A group of French capitalists offered to build a "Paul Whiteman Palais de Danse" on the historic Champs Elysées. But Paul came back—back to the Palais Royal.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

PAUL WHITEMAN

When his ship nosed her way up the harbor; jazz bands in airplanes circled out to serenade him. A jazz band wearing life-preservers floated about in the water. A chartered boat with representatives of the Mayor, the Police Department and the government at Albany met him with a loud huzzah and escorted him to his hotel.

That night in the historic Waldorf they gave him a dinner—a dinner whose guest list was as representative of all the arts as New York has ever seen. It was Paul Whiteman's night.

And when all the eulogies had been paid, they called on him. He lumbered ungracefully to his feet. His face flamed and honest tears trickled down his cheeks. He lifted his glass to a box in the gallery. Just a few choking words came to his lips—words that could scarcely be heard in the back of the hall.

What Whiteman said was: "To my mother!" And he sat down completely overcome. As all eyes turned in the direction of his glass they saw a sweet-faced, silver-haired woman whose face shone with happiness and whose eyes glistened with tears.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS



"The truth is, I'm all woman,
Mary. I need—a man."

The Lennox Divorce Case

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

THE fundamental characteristic of Adela Lennox was her conscious superiority. As Adeline Hamilton she had been superior at twelve. She became "Adela" at about fourteen, a rather serious, graceful fourteen that was enhanced by violin lessons and long, lifeless, pale gold curls; and she went on growing more and more superior after a European trip at seventeen, and a rather surprisingly sensible marriage at twenty-one. She married Lewis Lennox.

Nobody thought Lewis unusual in any way until Adela married him and began to cast over him that peculiar glow of her own complacency. She said, with the accent she had brought home from England, that Lewis was "extrawdin'ry," and after a while we all began to think he might be.

Adela could always do that. She could always make one feel that the particular little apartment in which she lived with a father who was a church organist and a fondly doting mother was different from every other; that her curls, her violin, her friends, her antecedents were mysteriously better than any others in the world. She used—in white lace dresses and broad ribbon sashes—to recite German poetry when she was about seventeen. None of us understood the language, and we used to feel frightfully embarrassed when she offered to recite. But Adela was never embarrassed. She would look dreamily beyond us, toss her curls and begin to pour out the guttural syllables with the greatest self-possession. Sometimes she sang to us—raw girls who looked on with a sort of shamefaced amazement at her performance. I

know now that she did not need us at all; we were the mere puppets she set up to complete the picture.

Her mother had been saving money to take Adela abroad since long before Adela's birth. Only Mrs. Hamilton confessed that she had expected a son, a boy whose name would be Felix.

Adela's trip abroad, companioned by a gentle little twittering mother in a pleated, high-collared brown silk, must have created an absolute sensation. Dukes and earls fell instantly in love with her, followed her about on the boats, asked who she was, sent her opera box tickets and crates of game and fruit from their country houses. She met almost everybody in those bewitched eight months; Adela for years afterward couldn't pick up a magazine and see that a marriage had been arranged between the Honorable Barbara Netherleigh and Lord Thomas Engleby, third son of the Duke of Mountmartys, without saying casually: "I knew him well. He sent me delightful books. Dear old Tommy!"

More than that. No question or debate about civil or literary or diplomatic or political matters in Europe could arise without Adela's quiet opinion springing full-grown to settle it.

"I met d'Angelo—fascinating man," she would say. "You're all quite wrong about it—and extrawdin'rilly amusing. The Italians, in the first place—"

"But look here, Adela," one might eagerly interpose, "in this article by this man—I forget his name—"

"By Pinelli, you mean. But my dear child, Italy simply laughs at Pinelli—"

THE STORY OF A WOMAN WHO WANTED TO HAVE HER CAKE—AND EAT IT, TOO

"I don't see why it should. It says he is a professor——"
 "It laughs at him because of his attitude toward the Quirinal last year. That was perfectly astonishing!"

And Adela would look about the circle complacently. Our banners would be lowered one by one. None of us knew anything about the Quirinal last year; none of us had been abroad.

"I'll tell you about Pinelli," Adela would say graciously. "My best friend in Rome, the Duchess of Rosario—of course she is the closest person in the world to the royal family, because——"

It didn't matter. We didn't need the reasons. We were silenced.

I used to wonder sometimes why we endured Adela. But I wonder less now, when I have seen more of the world and realize that there is one of her in every social group. One man or woman who puts the best foot forward so vigorously that it treads upon hundreds of other less confident feet.

We never quite believed her, even though she had a quite maddening fashion of occasionally proving what she claimed, in her amiable, half indifferent way. She had the letter from Stanley Merriman with her—no, it was in her other coat—— And just as we were all exchanging furtive and triumphant and supremely incredulous looks she would suddenly find it. Mr. Merriman had seen her poem in the *Lyre* and thought it charming.

But of course she had other traits. She was stimulating; she did draw interesting things about her, attract interesting persons. She was never idle, complaining, vague. Life was a thrilling drama to Adela, and although she always wanted the leading part she liked to have a full cast about her. When there were men about she always wanted to attract them; she would have stolen any girl's beau without the faintest compunction. It was a great triumph for a girl now and then to hear her special young man say vigorously that he couldn't stand Adela.

When men were not about she was a pleasant companion, interested in shopping and fond of good quick walks, splendid on a picnic, partly because she had a languid self-confidence that carried even the least promising affair to a successful conclusion.

If Adela said we were to have a fancy-dress party, nothing stopped her. The indifference of the boys, the vacillations of the girls were to her as if they did not exist.

"Here, Carter, you're to wear these things! Sam, would you go back to my house and ask m'ma for the Spanish fan? That's the fan old Don Carlos gave my grandmother, who was a very beautiful but a rather naughty lady, I'm ashamed to say. Get it. Go on, Mary—you're dressing?"

"I haven't got anything, I thought perhaps I'd look on," one might falter.

"Oh, nonsense! Go borrow a cap and apron from Emma—do that. With your black dress—here, and make yourself cuffs out of this organdy. Be a housemaid—your beau is coming as a policeman anyway."

"But, Adela, it's after seven now."

"Oh, that doesn't matter! We don't care when we dine! Carter, will you take down this lace curtain, we need it."

Thus Adela. And thus perhaps a fancy-dress party that we would always remember as one of the silliest and happiest of good times.

So the years went by, and I was married, and Charlotte married Harry Tait, and Dolly married her George, and we all began to starve and work and worry and rejoice in the Biggest City. The Taites were proud of their big attic, the Matsons thought they had solved everything when they rented a tiny house on top of a big hotel, but I felt that the little brick house in Eleventh Street was Heaven—and perhaps it was. The Billingses went up into Connecticut and took us all in for week-ends all summer long; a story sold here, a picture sold there, Charlotte sold her patent doll, Jane sold her statuettes. We walked Broadway in blowing snow-storms and we sweated under limp palms at fifty cent table d'hôtes; we talked the book, the play, the opera, the novelty of the moment.

Adela married Lewis Lennox, who was an interior decorator.

Interior decorating seems to rank rather with the arts than beside the humble paper-hanger and painter; Adela would have made sanitary plumbing rank with the arts anyway.

Besides that Lewis wasn't quite static as a decorator. He was always puttering with a big oil canvas or two, drawing delightful little sketches for the big house and garden magazines and "picking up" odd rugs and brasses and cottons that he sold at a profit. Adela really found them and sold them at a profit, with Lewis's voice and hands. He had no business ability whatever.

He was a sweet, big, loose-jointed, lean man, with waves of reddish gold hair. Adela told me once when she had been married some years, as a generalization, that she thought women liked "compact" men, smaller men, with controlled voices, with eloquent eyes, with, in a word, finish. Lew wasn't finished. He sprawled, his voice was raw, his laugh had a wild boyish note, you could never have supposed him anything but the American he was, both sides, for three hundred years.

During their eleven years together Adela struggled gallantly with Lew's deficiencies. She gave astonishing studio teas, to which all sorts of persons came. We other women used to decide that she must have swallowed many and many a snub in the course of her social progress but she never admitted it. She may have asked Mrs. Reggie Watrous and Mrs. Brevoort Spargo to her parties and been frozen with scorn. But she went serenely on and asked Mrs. Courtenay Rogers, and it happened that Mrs. Rogers came.

"I've heard Adela, with men she hardly knew. 'I want you to come to my tea-party Thursday,' she would say, in a soft voice. 'You're awfully kind——'"

"No, I don't want you to say I am awfully kind. I want you really and truly to come. I want to talk to you about your exhibition. Do you know my friend Romilly Portress, in London? You know his work, of course. I stayed with the Portresses when I was a girl."

She was lavish with flattery; the Adelas always are. In the end a good many persons succumbed to it.



Sometimes, Adela reported, within five minutes of meeting her, men were begging to die for her.

The Lennox Divorce Case

But in these years Lewis was really her chief interest in life. She managed to cast a glamour about him; he was always about to do astonishing things. Big men said he was remarkable. He had been offered the portfolio to the Hague but couldn't get away from contracts. The moving-picture people were after him but Adela had begged him not to have any associations in that direction.

They had been married eleven years when they went abroad. Adela was thirty-three, a tall, slender, drooping type, with somewhat lifeless curtains of dull yellow hair framing a colorless face. She wore great floating sleeves of dully flowered chiffons, slimly wrapped robes of brocades and silver cloth, picturesque tams and toques with jeweled pins thrust through them. Her white hands were always freighted with odd, handsome rings; she wore barbaric bracelets and chains.

Style she scorned. She used no lip red, no powder, no physical artifice. Yet she thought of herself as being of a startling beauty and would quite simply tell us that men "caught their breath" when she entered a restaurant or an opera house. She had a special slow, amused smile for their helplessness under the battery of her charm.

Sometimes, she reported, within five minutes of meeting her, men were confessing their passion, begging to die for her.

"I do, I like you tremendously," she told famous actors and youthful millionaires and stunning, wealthy, splendid men of all sorts. "But do let us just—be friends. That's so wonderful—just a fine friendship."

But no, they almost went mad when she said that.

This was her attitude before she and Lew went abroad. They went beautifully, of course; not to follow the beaten trail at all, to prowl into all sorts of fascinating little places and meet quite unusual persons. Adela said that she had some wonderful friends in London, made there, presumably, upon that six weeks' visit fifteen years ago. They went to places with delightful names, to Bruges and Fiesole and Rottenberg. She didn't write much, but we gathered that Europe was turning itself inside out for Adela and Lew.

One post-card said:

This is the city home of the Duke of Lennox. It used to be Eleven-oaks, it seems, and Lew's is the senior line. Isn't that interesting? They all look enormously alike, the family resemblance is astonishing.

And Amy Crittenden told me that Adela's corset-woman had had a letter from Adela signed "Adela Lennox," so perhaps Adela was trying to work back to the old name by degrees—I don't know.

I don't know, because when the Lennoxes came home in the spring it was all over; Adela and Lew were going to get a divorce and Adela was immediately going to marry a French vicomte, Elie Charles Marie de Rampierres. She was going to be a countess!

What Adela knew about French history, about the last of the Bourbons, amazed us. She had it all so pat, why her particular man ought really to have been King of France at this very moment. She rattled off dates and court secrets and state secrets; the Rampierres were really the oldest and finest family alive. One wondered any of them had survived the guillotine and the various uprisings and the Paris Commune, for they were always in the very thick of things.

And oh, how Adela hated America now! She had never been a very enthusiastic American anyway; she was almost inimical to her native country now. Our not having any classes distressed her, and she said it looked so sweet to see "Their Majesties" and "His Highness" just casually included in the regular daily newspaper society columns. She seemed to see nothing but spittoons and gum machines and labor wars and disobedient children and impudent servants and strident voices in America, and she sighed and shrugged when the smallest thing went wrong, as if that was somehow national weakness, too—I mean, if the clock in the Penn Station stopped, or when the blizzard came and it took the street-cleaning forces three days to handle it.

Adela was wrapped in her own plans; her mother and father felt quite crushed, for they liked Lew, but I don't think Adela ever even noticed it; she was too completely absorbed. She set about getting her divorce with all the firm, calm determination she had shown years before over picnics and fancy-dress parties, and so we didn't see her for several months.

But Lew used to come frequently to dinner; the Lennoxes were considerate in that they didn't ask their friends to take sides, and we were all fond of Lew. He was quiet, he went on working hard,

was janitor in his studio building, brought up his breakfast and frequently cooked him his dinner.

So things went on for months, and it was summer and we were all getting away to the Billingses in Connecticut as often as we could manage it and Lew was almost always with us. We noted this summer—it seemed almost disloyal to notice it—but we did note that Lew was strangely, deeply happy. Carter said that Lew had been like that years ago as a boy, long before any of us were married. Lew became the idolized uncle of my four girls. The Matson children all adored him, Jane, Streeter, the Crittendens. We all began to discover new charms in Lew.

For one thing he was a most satisfactory person to fill in at a dinner party, and he had been in demand during the past winter and of course that had brought him business. He was making money and a youth he had taken into partnership with him proved a real success. They gave bachelor teas more successful than Adela's, and women used to amuse me by asking me to take them to one of Mr. Lennox's five-o'clock parties.

There came a September week-end when Etelka Billings said to him: "Lew, I've had a wire from Adela. She'll be here next Saturday with Amy and Kelly. Shall you mind?"

Lew looked thoughtfully down at the willow whip he was stripping for one of my little Indians and shrugged and looked up again, half smiling.

"Not a bit!" he said briefly. And when he spoke again it was of something else.

So on the following week-end we all gathered with a thrilling sense of the dramatic. It was scorching hot; Lew came out in his Palm Beach clothes, and with a Panama hat; Adela, straight from the train, found a not too crumpled batik; we all dined in the grape arbor.

Of course they didn't gratify us with a scene; Lew was too simple, Adela too clever. Astonishing as it might have seemed to the wives and mothers of a generation ago, in two minutes Lew and Adela Lennox, who had shared one room for almost twelve years, were talking away as quietly as persons just introduced. Adela told me later that she "quite thoroughly" liked Lew; for some reason her saying so annoyed me.

She had been six months in the West; they were divorced and Adela was free. But not so the Count de Rampierres. He was having all sorts of trouble. Adela told me about it quite frankly while she brushed her long, fair hair, and she showed me his picture and let me at least glimpse the fat packet of letters.

Elie's family, she said, had been splendid about it all. His children were both girls, which was unfortunate, for Adela didn't care anything about the title or the inheritance; she would really have been better pleased to have had that all settled now. Elie's wife was, of course, a perfectly terrible person. It was a question indeed whether she was quite right in her head. She went to healers, do you see?—and diviners and faddists of all sorts. She had had several lovers—all women did that over there, of course.

"Adela, I don't believe it!"

"Well, they do. We have divorce, which they think is much worse. You have your children, you see," said Adela, buffing her nails on her breast, looking at them thoughtfully and buffing them again. "You have your children, the home, the name. And then you simply do as you like, and really, Mary, isn't it the decent way? It saves so much ugliness, discussion, providing evidence, all the dirtiness of our American divorce! There isn't really any comparison between the two ways of managing it—"

"Yes, but Adela, if you felt so—I mean, you came home when it came right down to it and went through all the fuss of a divorce. Why didn't you—I don't mean that I would for a million discounts, as Carter calls them— But when a woman says that, one wonders—"

Adela flushed a little uncomfortably; she hated to be detected in an inconsistency or a bluff.

"Well, there was Lew," she said proudly, hesitatingly.

"I know. But you were going to lose Lew anyway!"

Adela, cornered, looked dreamy and began at an angle in a low, sweet tone. "But Elie wanted to give me the—the position, the dignity, everything. And thinking it all over I am glad that it is for me to bear him sons—boys as fine as he is!"

Etelka shot me a quick glance, moved her eyes stealthily away again. "You may not have children, Adela," she suggested mildly.

Adela gave an exultant laugh. "Ah, but I shall!" she said.

She was a little more silent, contentedly wrapped in her own bright dreams, in the days that followed, but presently it began



"I do, I like you tremendously," Adela told famous actors and millionaires. "But do let us just—be friends."

we were all back in the city and still Adela was quietly and without agitation contemplating her immediate elevation to the French nobility.

Elie's religion was the stumbling block. It was so much more a part of their lives over there, do you see? To nullify the first marriage would have hurt the little girls—stupid, these technical delays. No matter, just a part of it.

She was so calmly convincing that Amy Crittenden, who was quite frankly jealous, said to me more than once that French titles didn't amount to anything anyway and pounced jubilantly like a small cat upon the fact that Elie in any case had very little money and Adela none at all. She had waived her alimony but Lew had long ago placed some bonds in her name and these she kept. Adela told me that having given Lew ten years—"the best



It was only an old onyx and pearl pin, not valuable, that Lew had brought her from Italy. But Adela's voice was not quite steady, as she thanked him in two words.

of my life, Mary!"—she felt she was entitled to a few mere bonds. We noted that she began to speak as if she had sacrificed herself generously to Lew in marrying him at all; she talked of what she had "made" Lew, of what she had "done" for Lew.

And presently it was:

"If I marry—and of course I may not. In any case, I should have had to leave Lew when I did—for his sake and for mine. We'd gotten to a point when we really—harmed—each other; I mean when we couldn't develop any further together. I checked him. He checked me. I shall always be glad I had the courage—it took courage!—to act for him when he couldn't quite see it

himself. One has to do that in life, I think—or at least I've had to over and over! Grasp the nettle——"

"Grasp the what?" Carter echoed once disgustedly. But Adela never saw anything amiss in our manner, nor did we much in hers for the matter of that. One is interested in so many things, so many other lives; no one person's affairs, however sensational, hold the stage long.

We asked each other when we met, "What's the news of Adela's engagement?" and we answered each other half interestedly: "Nothing definite. She told Amy she'd had a cable. She says May now."

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But May came and went and June came with perfume and bird songs and color pouring all over Connecticut, and with all of us established there in the Billingses' neighborhood. Whooping-cough had excused my quartet from school and the Matson babies were still too small for school, so we entered upon the community life we all loved, wandering about from shabby colonial farmhouse to shabby colonial farmhouse, cooking, tramping, picnicking, talking long into the warm spring nights when the big moon sailed steadily up above the barn, red and then gold and then silver.

Adela was with us, working over a translation from the French, a book of poems that was apparently about to be snapped up by

half a dozen publishing houses as soon as she "made a few changes." She made a great stir about isolating herself every morning for her "work." Lew was actually doing murals by this time and away for long stretches, but he came when he could. He and Adela talked together and to the outsider's eye it might have seemed that they talked naturally. But we could perfectly perceive the little nipping touches in Adela's remarks that only a wife might make and see in Lew's assumed manner of tolerant amusement the old annoyance she still stirred in him.

"I'm worried about Adela," he said to me once with an awkward laugh. My heart leaped; he still loved her! "Here's

The Lennox Divorce Case

what worries me," continued Lew. "She's using up her capital—she would, of course; there's nothing else for her to do! When it's gone, then what? She can't go back to her mother—she hates that. She couldn't support herself for a week on a bet—she's not the type. She'd fail on her own and if she went into an office I can just see her trying to talk pre-Raphaelite art to the vice-president during office hours! Now when she runs out of cash," pursued Lew, ramming tobacco into his pipe, "then what's she going to do? By golly," he finished unhappily, staring into a blossoming orchard with haunted eyes that would have been inexpressibly funny if they had not been so tragic, "by golly, then I'll be her best bet and you'll all be wondering how I can be so mean to her!"

I couldn't help laughing; but his face sobered me. It was true after all, and there was nothing for me to say. Lew at thirty-seven was a youthful figure beside Adela at thirty-five. He was making money, reputation, friends. She was a divorced woman without a profession and without an income.

"You know, Mary," he said presently in a low tone, "I've been free this winter for the first time in my life. I was married at twenty-four and before that I lived with my mother and sisters. Adela—Adela had me absolutely—buffaloed," finished Lew with great simplicity. "It was only—just at the end that I began to realize that she wasn't awfully smart and that men weren't falling over like ninepins at the sight of her. You all knew it, of course—"

He stopped on a rising inflection and looked at me inquiringly, and I had to say: "Well, to a certain extent—perhaps—"

"To a certain extent. But I never saw it at all, I give you my word—never would have. She told me what she wanted me to think she was and I believed her. I believed everything. She—after all, she has something," argued Lew, almost pleadingly.

"Oh, she has a great deal," I agreed hastily as he paused.

"Yes, but—" Lew fell silent. "When it came to telling me that we had never cared for each other—in the right way," he resumed thoughtfully, "that was a little too much! And this talk of bearing another man fine sons—she never felt that way about my children—"

"But you don't want her back, Lew?" I ventured after a long silence, in which something in his forlorn, mild tone had made my eyes sting.

"Oh, my Lord, no!" he exclaimed fervently. And grinning he got up and shoved the pipe into the pocket of his disreputable old coat and wandered away, with the fat hand of my Persis in his.

This made it all the more interesting to have Adela tell me on the following week-end that she thought she had detected signs of returning devotion—or perhaps it was uninterrupted devotion—from Lew. Shown by a pressure of his hand, she said, with a twitch of indulgent amusement at the corners of her mouth. She devoutly hoped she was wrong. But she rather thought she wasn't.

One night we were all in the grape arbor. Dinner was long over and the children dismissed but still we went on nibbling raisins and cheese and another cracker and more jelly. It was a bland, soft July night, warm but not damp, and there was twilight lingering tenderly in the west and a pallid moon sliding up into an opal, trembling sky to confront it. At eight o'clock one might have read a book in the arbor, but there was an exquisite mellowness in this shadowless, shineless light; everyone looked picturesque, pretty, and the unpainted, weather-stained gables of the high-shouldered old house, flanked by the rustling elms, rose up beside us with a beauty only possible to poor things and simple things and real things.

Amy leaned against Kelly's shoulder; Jane and Streeter were just engaged, I remember, and Jane's little beautiful boneless hand lay quite openly in Streeter's big reverent one. Adela sat

under the gently stirring disks of the great creamy lanterns that were not lighted but that hung in the new tendrils and starry leaves of the grapevines just over her head.

Carter and George and Sam were fighting about the real status of woman; Carter thought George reactionary because George was quite frankly against the political emancipation of woman. George's contention, somewhat confusedly defended, was backed by a striking comparison between women and horses, if I recall it rightly, or men and horses. Anyway it was one of those felicitous occasions when everybody seemed ready to be brilliant at once; whenever we spoke one man or another was sure to say: "I see. I see. You made a point there, Mary. You put that brilliantly."

From upstairs a bar of gold light lay across the herbaceous borders and the snowball bush and the syringa. My oldest girl was turning down beds and singing "Go Tell Aunt Rhody" to the smallest one, who was presumably in her crib, and any argument as to woman's place was influenced strongly by their nearness.

"Well now, look here, Mary and Dolly have kids—" the men would begin.

"The point is," said George, "ought there to be a financial consideration at all when one comes to placing women in the scheme of things? Oughtn't they to have their finances handled like their education and their health and their postal system and policing and street-lighting, without any responsibility to them? What they've got to do is a darned sight more important than paying taxes—"

"Cows," breathed Adela amusedly.

George gave her a dagger glance. But he spoke to me. "Looka here, Mary. You're normal, you've four kids and you write essays for the magazines. Now if you didn't ever have to think about money couldn't you have a perfectly corking life, with kids and a garden and chickens and vegetables and all that? What I'm driving at is, isn't there a world for women they really live better than they do the politics and

banking and business offices of men—"

"Clinging vines," Adela interposed delicately again in the same amused, soft voice.

"Don't be stupid, Adela," Sam suggested brusquely. "I get what you mean, George," he said eagerly. "But looka here—looka here. The financial consideration isn't settled for hundreds and hundreds of women. They've got to settle it for themselves. And there's just where the trouble comes in—you can't have 'em a burden on some man, that's too much to ask of a proud woman. And you can't have 'em starve."

"Well then," George went on, "isn't the injustice to women, perhaps, that they're asking for the wrong thing?"

"Or perhaps that things are so twisted that they have to ask for the wrong thing," Jane amended. "Life ought to be," added Jane, feeling for words, "perhaps life ought to be that women should be free to go about their own all-important business—without ridiculous considerations of money and taxes and investments and politics—"

"Our own business," I repeated as she paused, and for a few minutes the talk created an ecstatic vision of women sewing, gardening, cooking harmoniously together, safe places for youth and beauty to develop, music, books, pictures, dooryards full of baby chicks and baby humans—men enviously longing to be included.

"Then," protested Etelka, passionately in earnest as usual, "if the mismanagement of the world today is our fault, why don't we change it? And if it's the men's fault, why not make them change it?"

"Never," said Adela, lazily protestant, as Etelka paused, "never in my life have I heard such Victorian reactionaries! You'd humbly ask the supreme male for money, I suppose, as you needed it?"

IMAGINE

the waitress in a Harvey lunch room on the Santa Fé as the heroine of a story! Difficult? Not if you know people as Edna Ferber does. She sees romance and color in lives that look drab to the rest of us. And of course, that's why the rest of us love to read what she writes.

Why, not long ago, she made one of the most absorbing stories I ever read by telling what happened to a garage mechanic on his afternoon off. And all he did was to go to a park, sit on the grass, talk to a girl for a while, then go home and have dinner with his mother. Not much to that? Nothing at all, as I've told it; but as *she* told it—well, it was as thrilling as a story crammed with love, murder, shipwrecks, arson and divorce.

So watch for Miss Ferber's waitress-heroine next month. She'll be worth meeting. [R. L.]

W. W. JACOBS

*tells one of
his best stories
of Love—with
a liberal seasoning
of Humor*



Kitchen-Company

Illustrations by Gilbert Wilkinson

PRACTISE makes perfect, and when Mrs. Brampton, from her seat by the window, announced the approach of the Captain, Mr. Leonard Scott kissed Miss Brampton in the small hall and made his usual dignified exit to the kitchen. To leave by the side entrance was the best way of avoiding trouble with a man who was always looking out for it. Mr. Scott bestowed a nod upon the smiling young mistress of the kitchen and with his hand upon the back door waited to hear the Captain at the front.

"One o' these days," began Clara, who loved to dwell upon the gruesome, "he'll come—" She broke off. "He's coming," she said in a thrilling whisper. "He's coming the back way."

Mr. Scott started, hesitated and was lost.

"Fly!" exclaimed Clara, pointing by accident to the ceiling.

The young man scowled at her, and before he had time to alter his expression found himself gazing at the burly form and inflamed visage of Captain Brampton. "Well," barked the latter, "what are you doing in my kitchen? Eh? What are you doing? What have you got to say for yourself?"

Mr. Scott coughed and tried to collect his thoughts. In the front room Mrs. Brampton and her daughter eyed each other in silent consternation. Then in response to a peremptory bellow, Mrs. Brampton rose and made a trembling passage to the kitchen.

"What does this mean?" demanded the Captain in grating accents.

His wife stood looking helplessly from one to the other, and instead of answering the question, passed it on.

"What does this mean, Clara?" she demanded.

"Eh?" said that astonished maiden. "What does what mean?"

"This," said the Captain sternly, with a jerk of his hand towards Mr. Scott. "Did you invite him here?"

Clara started—but in a lesser degree than Mr. Scott—and looked down modestly at a hole in the rug. Mrs. Brampton and her daughter gazed at her in hushed expectation.

"I didn't, not to say, invite him," replied Clara, "but I can't help him coming here."

"H'm! Perhaps you didn't try," said the Captain with unexpected mildness. "How long have you known him?"

"Some time, sir," said Clara vaguely.

"Does he want to marry you?"

Clara looked at her mistress for guidance, but the latter was engaged at the moment in an eye to eye duel with the fermenting Mr. Scott. Over the Captain's face stole an expression of great and unusual benevolence.

"Well, well," he said slowly. "We've all been young once. He's not much to look at, but he looks clean and respectable. When do you think of getting married?"

"That's for him to say, sir," said the modest Clara.

"Well, there's no hurry," said the Captain, "no hurry. He can come round once a week for you on your evening out, but no other time, mind."

"Thank you, sir," said Clara, who was beginning to enjoy herself. "It's my evening out tonight, sir. He was going to take me to the pictures."

A stifled exclamation came from the direction where Mr. Scott was standing, which the Captain chose to interpret as an expression of gratitude. With instructions to Clara to regale her admirer with bread and cheese and one glass of beer, he shepherd his wife and daughter from the kitchen. Humming a light air, Clara began to set the table.

"What the deuce did you want to say I was going to take you to the pictures for?" demanded the ungrateful Mr. Scott.

"Cos I wanted to go," said his hostess calmly.

Mr. Scott regarded her coldly. "I will walk with you as far as the corner of this road," he said, with an air of finality.

"We'll go to the best seats and I'll have a box of chocolates," said Clara. "Do you like chocolates?"

"No," said the other sternly.

"Praise be," said the girl piously. "My other young man—"

Mr. Scott coughed violently.

"All right," said the girl, "don't get excited. He's away on a job for a week or two, else I wouldn't dare to be seen with you. When the cat's away the mice will play," she added.

The young man eyed her in amazement. This was a new Clara. His lips quivered and his eyes watered. He took up his glass of beer and nodded.

"Right-o," he agreed.

He smoked a cigaret while the girl went upstairs to dress, and a little later, watched by three pairs of eyes from the front window, sailed up the street with her arm in arm.

"She's too good for him," said the Captain, with decision.

"Much," assented his daughter, with a smile.

"Tailor's dummy!" soliloquized the Captain.

"Cheap tailor, too," the acquiescent Miss Brampton murmured. "Did you notice how baggy his trousers are at the knees?"

The Captain shot a glance at her. Twenty years' experience of a wife whose only anxiety was to please him was not the best preparation for handling a daughter who, to say the least of it, had other ambitions. He began to fear that she had inherited



"Cinema!" roared the Captain. "You can help her help me help make the garden tidy."

more of his strength of character—a quality for which some of his friends found another name—than was convenient.

"He's a softy," he growled. "He ought to have a year or two at sea. That might make a man of him."

He got up and went into the garden, leaving mother and daughter to discuss the possibilities of a situation which had found them somewhat unprepared.

"It might have been worse," said Mrs. Brampton. "If your father had caught him in here—"

"He couldn't eat him," said her daughter rebelliously.

"There are worse things than being eaten," Mrs. Brampton said, with some feeling.

Miss Brampton nodded. "Taking Clara to the pictures, for instance," she remarked. "Poor Leonard!"

Her mother sniffed. "I dare say he will get over it," she said dryly. "Unless Clara's young man gets to hear of it. From what she has told me he is a very hot-tempered young man—and very strong."

"Pity father didn't find him in the kitchen," said the dutiful daughter.

She sat down and, in sympathetic mood, tried to share the misery of the absent one at the cinema. A vision of Clara's hat, perilously near Mr. Scott's shoulder, mercifully eluded her, but, the window being open to the summer air, she was unable to help hearing the cheerful babble of laughter that heralded their return. It seemed to strike a wrong note; and the couple of noisy kisses which Clara saw fit to bestow upon the back of her hand for the Captain's benefit were registered on the wrong target.

Mrs. Brampton obtained the explanation from Clara next day, and accepted it without prejudice. Her daughter declined to accept it at all.

"You quite understand that he must not come to see you again," she said stiffly.

"But he's got to," said the staring handmaiden. "The Captain said so. And if he plays fast and loose with me I'm to have him up for breach of promise. Lively for me, ain't it? When I think of Bill and his temper, I get goose-flesh all over."

The ladies eyed each other in silent consternation. "Your father knows," said the elder at last. "He has done this on purpose."

"Set a trap for him," said Clara, nodding. "Looks like it. And I'm the little bit o' cheese, I s'pose."

Mrs. Brampton stared at her.

"Father forgets that I am nineteen," said her daughter. "Why shouldn't I—"

"I was only fifteen when I started," murmured Clara. "and not big for my age either."

"That will do," said Mrs. Brampton sharply.

"Yes'm," said the girl. "Still—"

"Still what?" demanded her mistress.

"I've been dragged into it," said Clara mutinously. "Nobody asked me or troubled about my feelings. I do the best I can, and that's all the thanks I get for it. Suppose I had told the Captain it was Miss Edith he was after? Where would you have been then?"

"We won't discuss it," said Mrs. Brampton, with an air of feeble dignity.

She made as stately an exit as the size of the kitchen would allow, and, carefully closing the door of the sitting room, made a few remarks on Clara's character and more on her lack of it.

"It's no good blaming Clara," said her daughter. "It's father's doing. He wants to make Leonard look like a fool first and then scare him away. He'll tell all his friends about it."

"Mr. Hopkins, for one," said Mrs. Brampton, nodding sagely. "I wonder—"

"I don't," said the girl, reddening.

"Your father seems to have taken a great fancy to him," continued Mrs. Brampton. "Now, does he come here to see your father, or—"

"Or," said her daughter bitterly. "It's just like father. I suppose he will want to choose my tooth powder for me next. But he won't get any satisfaction out of me—or Leonard. I'll see to that. As for Mr. Hopkins—brh!"

She beamed, however, on that innocent man when her father brought him in next day to see the garden, and when the wily Captain went indoors for his pipe made no attempt to follow him. It was a pipe that was notorious for the discovery of new and unusual hiding-places and on this occasion made no attempt to belie its reputation.

Meantime, the delighted Mr. Hopkins, under the skilful management of Miss Brampton, walked with his head in the clouds and his feet on various choice border plants.

"Hadh't you better walk on the path?" inquired the girl, who had been monopolizing three-quarters of it. "It's more comfortable."

Mr. Hopkins started. "Good heavens!" he said in an alarmed voice, as he bent down to render first aid to a stock with a broken neck. "Did I do that?"

Miss Brampton nodded. "Those too, I think," she replied, with a wave of her hand. "Don't you care for flowers?"

Mr. Hopkins, who was fearfully endeavoring to conceal the traces of his crime, made no reply. When the Captain came out they were both speechless, but he was, if anything, the redder of the two.

"These paths are very narrow, father," remarked the humane Edith.

The Captain made a noise.

"Afraid—crowding—Miss Edith," panted the offender.

The Captain made another noise. In the present company all the useful words he knew were useless.

"Did you find your pipe, father?" inquired the persevering Miss Brampton.

The Captain was understood to say "Yes." He favored her with a glance which would have made her mother tremble.



"Well," barked Captain Brampton, "what are you doing in my kitchen?"

On Miss Brampton it had a bracing effect. "Father's always mislaying his pipe," she said, with a bright laugh. "I shouldn't trouble any more about those if I were you, Mr. Hopkins. You can't do them any good and you are standing on an Antirrhinum."

Mr. Hopkins removed his foot hastily and placing it carefully in the center of the path offered up another apology. It was relieved with what the Captain fondly believed to be a smile.

"Accidents will happen," he said hoarsely.

"In the best regulated families," said Miss Brampton, with a satisfied smile.

She paid a touching tribute to the excellence of the victims after the visitor had gone and sought for some time for an explanation of the tragedy.

"He must have been wool-gathering," she declared, at length.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded her father.

"Absent-minded," said Edith. "He seemed like a man walking on air, instead of some of the best stocks in the neighborhood. Even Clara's young man would have more sense than that."

"Clara's young man won't go into my garden," said the Captain. "The kitchen is the place for him."

He stalked out into the garden, and digging up hopeless cases with a trowel, sought to revive the less badly injured with a watering-can. Curses, not loud enough to reach the house but deep enough to ease his feelings, lightened the task.

It might have been a sign of a forgiving nature, but was more likely due to an obstinate one, that he invited Mr. Hopkins back to the scene of his footwork a day or two later. Missing plants had been replaced by a consignment from the florists, and rolled paths and raked flower-beds testified to the Captain's industry. Everything was "ship-shape and Bristol fashion" as the greatly relieved visitor walked with Miss Brampton in the garden in the cool of the evening. The Captain, after satisfying himself that Mr. Hopkins was walking almost as carefully as a performer on the tight rope, had disappeared indoors.

The path was narrow, but even when Miss Brampton sent electric thrills through his being by leaning against him, Mr. Hopkins kept to it. The air was soft and the scent of the flowers delightful. Never before had his conversation been so appreciated. The low-voiced laughter of his companion was a tribute to his wit as rare as it was welcome.

"You ought to write plays," she said thoughtfully, as she planted her foot firmly on a geranium.

"You want influence to get them accepted," said Mr. Hopkins, shaking his head.

"I should try if I were you though," said the girl, nearly missing another geranium.

Mr. Hopkins purred. Miss Brampton, with downcast eyes, trod down six flowers in succession.

"Dialogue would be your strong point," mused the girl, continuing her ravages. "Crisp and sparkling."

She took the other side as they turned at the end of the path and, in a hushed voice, called his attention to some beautiful cloud effects.

Mr. Hopkins, with his head at an acute angle, murmured his admiration. "An evening to remember," he said, very softly.

He brought his gaze slowly to earth and started convulsively.

"Giddy?" inquired the girl, with much solicitude.

Mr. Hopkins shook his head, and, speech failing him, pointed with a trembling finger to the prostrate victims of misdirected industry. Miss Brampton started in her turn.

"Oh, Mr. Hopkins!" she said in accusing tones.

"I—I haven't been near them," stammered the unfortunate.

"They must have done it themselves, then," said the girl calmly. "Perhaps they were not strong enough to stand the breeze."

Mr. Hopkins breathed heavily. "I—I really think—" he began.

"Yes?" said Miss Brampton.

"I don't know what to think," concluded the other feebly.

His companion gazed wistfully at the wreckage. "Poor father!" she said softly. "He is so fond of his garden. He seems to know every flower, but of course he hasn't had these long enough to know them."

Mr. Hopkins groaned and cast a fearful glance at the house.

"It's his one hobby," continued the girl. "I have heard him use worse language about cats than anything else, I think. And the doctor says excitement is so bad for him."

"I can't understand it," ventured Mr. Hopkins, with an appealing glance.

"I wonder whether father will," said the girl in a thoughtful voice. "He is coming out, I think."

Mr. Hopkins looked around panic-stricken. Then he pulled out his watch.

"Good gracious!" he murmured. "I must be going, I think. No idea so late. Appointment."

He moved hastily in the direction of the

side gate and, hardly realizing the geniality of Miss Brampton's hand-clasp, disappeared. The girl stood watching until he had turned the corner and then went into the house.

"Where's Hopkins?" inquired the Captain.

"He has just gone."

"Gone!" repeated her father. "Why, I asked him to stay to supper. Did you send him off? Eh?"

His daughter shook her head. "He went off in a hurry," she murmured. "I think he had an idea that perhaps he had offended you."

"Rubbish!" grunted the Captain, eying her suspiciously. "What should he offend me about?"

"Knowing how fond you are of your flowers . . ." began Miss Brampton.

The Captain uttered a smothered cry, and springing from his chair dashed into the garden. Cries that were anything but smothered, and words that ought to have been, brought his wife to her daughter's side. Together they watched the head of the house as, with fists raised to Heaven, he danced a strange and frenzied dance down the path.

"He's wonderfully supple for his age," said the admiring daughter.

Mrs. Brampton shivered. "I don't suppose that poor young man will dare to show

(Continued on page 165)



Mr. Hopkins was panic-stricken.
"Good gracious! I must be going."

Ambassador BEASLEY



IN HIS sumptuous living room before a massive fireplace sat Mr. Beasley—the Mr. Beasley of cement fame. He held an open letter.

"I'm offered anything within the gift of the administration," he was saying. "The question is—do I want a political post?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Grace, his older daughter, a pretty girl with a discontented droop to her lips. "Anything to get away from this stupid hole!"

"I'd love Washington," exclaimed Alice, two years younger and a debutante of last season. "Oh, it isn't on his account!" she hastened to add as her sister and mother glanced sharply at her. "He'd be too busy in Congress to pay any attention to me. Besides, he's nothing to me!"

"I should hope not!" was Grace's acid comment. "He's impossible." Alice reddened angrily, but Mrs. Beasley cut in:

"A cabinet position would be a great honor, dear." Her thoughts were upon her unmarried daughters. Life in Washington would present social possibilities unrealizable in this Mid-western manufacturing town.

"Well, I don't think I'd like a cabinet position," said her husband.

Grace leaned forward eagerly. "Could you get the appointment as Ambassador to Buldonia?"

Her father shrugged his shoulders. "There's his letter. He says I can have anything I want. I guess I was the biggest campaign contributor."

Grace clapped her hands. "Oh, I vote for that!" she cried. In her mind was a vision of brilliant experiences in a great European capital. Presentations! The highest nobility at their dinners! A place in world affairs!

"I don't know that I'm cut out for an ambassador," said her father with unexpected humility. "Don't you have to know French and go in for a lot of social folderol?"

"Mercy, no!" asserted Grace. "Eleanor Kay's uncle was in an embassy. She says the secretaries do all the work and tell the ambassador how to act. All he has to do is to look important and make the speeches the secretary writes for him."

"I'd write my own speeches!" Mr. Beasley declared stiffly.

"You'd do it wonderfully, dad," said Alice. "You can look awfully important when you try, and you know you look nice in knickies!"

"It would be a wonderful capstone to your career, James," echoed Mrs. Beasley.

"Well," he responded, catching some of their enthusiasm, "I believe I might be tempted by such a post. The Lord knows they need some good red-blooded two-fisted Americans over there. There's too much sycophancy in our foreign service."

Under the spirited urging of his family Mr. Beasley wrote the President-elect indicating his willingness to serve his country at

the court of Buldonia, and early the following autumn the new Ambassador with his wife and two daughters arrived in Paridon to take up their life in the "Diplomatic."

An imposing residence, the town house of an ancient line of peers, was secured, the rental alone exceeding the yearly salary of the Ambassador. It had a noted art collection and a stately, tapestried banquet hall where for over a hundred years the most distinguished personages of the land had often sat.

The Beasleys were met by the first Secretary, who had married a charming Buldonia girl and who had spent most of his official life in European capitals. Except for rare visits he had not been home for years. In his acquired processes of thought and habits of life he had become more Buldonian than a native. To him fell the self-imposed task of guiding the new Ambassador and his family along the course they should follow, and in their helplessness they leaned gratefully on one who knew the social and diplomatic ropes.

"It may come a little awkward at first," he assured them, "but you will soon adapt yourselves. When in doubt look wise and say nothing. You'll find the people very friendly if approached in the right spirit."

Ambassador Beasley faced his new responsibilities with growing misgivings. Upon the urgent advice of the Secretary he was induced to soft-pedal the two-fisted Americanism which he had brought with him.

"Most of our ambassadors arrive with the idea of being aggressively American, but it only irritates the people," warned the Secretary. "It is far better to establish friendly relations, gain their confidence, and your path will be smoothed for greater service to your—our country."

He helped the new Ambassador in the preparation of his speeches, which became safely platitudinous. The ringing Americanism was firmly censored.

"It would be in very bad taste," explained the Secretary. "You would offend a lot of people to whose houses your wife and daughters will wish to be asked. If they get the impression that you are one of these rampant, vociferous, flag-waving Yankees you will find your social life restricted to the purely formal diplomatic entertainments. Your usefulness will be greatly impaired."

Life for the Beasleys, after the first weeks of uncertainty, settled down to a succession of soul-satisfying thrills. The great wealth of the Cement King was presently in evidence at the magnificent entertainments given at the Embassy. Invitations from there were rarely declined and it was not by accident that many eligible but impecunious Buldonian youths found themselves drawn to the house.

Also, it was not remarkable that life in these surroundings soon diluted the Americanism of at least one of the Misses Beasley.

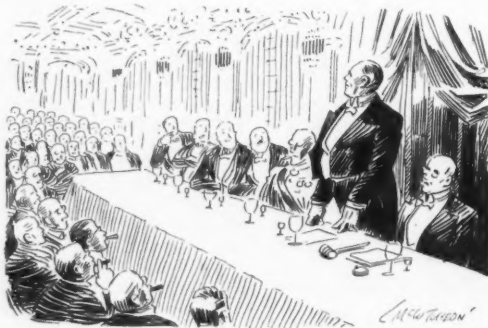
"Alice, you're a perfect little fool," exclaimed her sister impatiently. "You've thrown away at least three perfectly good chances for a brilliant marriage! Can't you see that these men are a thousand times more worth while than those Babbitts back home? If you're still thinking about that impossible boorish Congressman, you'd better wake up!"

"I'll get married when I get good and ready," answered Alice, "and to whom I please, too, so just please lay off, Grace!"

"You're hopeless!" Grace threw up despairing hands. "How you can be so blind to the possibilities over here is beyond me!"

When I think of that podunk town with its Main Street and its so-called society headed by pompous old Mrs. Opdyke I'm positively nauseated!"

Of course comparison was inevitable between their present fascinating existence and that which they had known in a Mid-west American town. Here life flowed smoothly in time-honored grooves. There was a glamour about the dignified old traditions. There was an ancient stability about the institutions and established social codes compared to which those back home



JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

seemed new and raw and rather blatant. "Bourgeois" was the word Grace used. Each day strengthened her determination to marry and live abroad.

Many important questions meanwhile were arising between the two nations, and as they became more acute the social honors showered upon the Beasleys grew in volume. Their names appeared with gratifying frequency in the society columns.

"Ambassador and Mrs. Beasley dined at the Palace."

"Miss Grace and Miss Alice Beasley . . . among the most popular members of the younger set." "Lady Somersault's week-end party included many prominent young people. It was expected that a most interesting engagement in diplomatic circles would be announced, but it has been deferred."

"One of the most charming young ladies seen at the polo matches was the beautiful elder daughter of the American Ambassador. Rumor is busy linking her name with that of a certain young nobleman of the polo set."

The social world of Paridon, skilled in the art of using society as a handmaid of politics, was driving at the Beasleys with its most insidious weapons—hospitality, honors and matrimonial possibilities. Few American diplomats with an ambitious wife or marriageable daughters could withstand a prolonged siege by such agreeable assailants employing such pleasant weapons.

The question of oil rights in Celestina was reaching a critical point. The State Department at Washington had drafted a crisp demand for equality of opportunity in that district. Diplomatically the controversy was approaching the stage of plain-speaking.

In the Beasley household there was heartburning. This miserable affair might complicate the prospects of Miss Grace Beasley, and in consequence the Ambassador, during all his waking hours at home, was urged and harassed and implored to work for an adjustment of the matter that would least disturb the satisfactory social relations she had established.

"Please, father," she pleaded, "surely you can smooth this out! Get Washington to yield. They're so stupidly obstinate. They can't understand the real situation as you do after all your confidential talks with the Foreign Minister. You *do* want me to be happy, don't you?"

Embarrassments such as Ambassador Beasley had never before experienced were now his daily lot. It was difficult to adopt a firm stand in the interests of his country at a time when a veritable barrage of social honors was centered upon his family by those to whom a firm stand might give grave offense.

The conferment of an LL.D. by a leading university of Buldonia added another awkward obstacle to his path of duty. He dreaded the arrival of American newspapers, many of which were holding him up to contempt and ridicule. Of course they didn't understand, but—

It was at this crucial moment that the annual Patriarch dinner occurred. The Ambassador was to deliver an address and his remarks were awaited with tense interest.

The guests included most of the important members of the government as well as distinguished foreigners. After the banquet the ladies were admitted to the galleries, which were speedily filled.

The Ambassador arose and was greeted with correct applause. There was a note of apology in his remarks. He found himself trying to "explain" the political considerations which prompted Washington's insistent activities. There was a humorous reference to "our politicians whose fervid words are meant for home consumption." He closed with a burst of banquet table platitudes in which he exhorted the two nations to "stand together for civilization and humanity" because "blood is thicker than water" and "our interests and ideals are one."

It was the occasion for a great speech and Ambassador Beasley fell short. Polite applause accompanied him to his seat.

There were two other speeches, felicitous in character, and then the chairman introduced the Honorable Robert Merryweather,



member of the United States Congress. At the sound of the name the Cement King sat up. This was the young man he had so often heard Grace and Alice wrangling about.

Congressman Merryweather arose. He had a frank, prepossessing face and his manner was a pleasant blending of magnetism and humility. That he could arise before such an important gathering with no sign of embarrassment struck Mr. Beasley as amazing. His voice was clear and his delivery singularly free from oratorical tricks.

"It is a great privilege and honor to speak here," he said, "for I have long been an interested observer of the people and methods of this wonderful nation. Its history is an unswerving record of devotion from its sons, no matter where they may be. This fine quality of loyalty and beautiful service should be an inspiring example to younger nations, of which my own is one."

"I have seen your officials in Washington. Because of their single-minded devotion to their country they are highly respected. I can imagine no degree of hospitality or honor or kindness that would ever cause them to forget the purpose for which they are there, which is to advance the interests and welfare of their country. At the end of twenty years of official service they would be as much Buldonians as on the day they arrived."

"They do not imitate our ways. We could not respect them if they did, and I am sure you do not respect our sons who come here and imitate your ways, admirable though they may be. You would feel only contempt for anyone who apologized for or seemed ashamed of his own country. It is like being ashamed of one's own mother."

"You would admire the real thing, no matter how crude, because it rings true, it is genuine."

"The sons of other nations have much to learn from your sons in this matter of loyalty and every American who is worth being called an American should profit by the lesson."

"I for one am strengthened by your example in my resolve to allow no influence, no matter how superficially important or attractive or appealing, at home or abroad, to weaken my determination to have at all times a single-hearted devotion to the interests and welfare of my own country—to be as faithfully American as your sons are faithfully Buldonian."

Congressman Merryweather sat down. There was a moment's pause and then a prolonged burst of ringing applause. Ambassador

Beasley felt as though he had taken a cold plunge, shocking at first but followed by a wholesome reaction. He left the banquet hall in deep thought, with the stirrings of a new purpose in his soul.

His wife and daughters, who had occupied seats in the gallery, found him slouched in a chair staring intently into the flames.

"Alice," he said, "I wish you would ask young Merryweather to dinner tomorrow, or whenever he will come."

Alice kissed him and shot a triumphant glance at her sister.



Peggy Shows Her Fast One

(Continued from page 73)

up. "Pea soup! *Oui, oui! Ici à vendre.*" And hanged if he don't pull up in front of a dingy little restaurant and insist on our goin' in.

It took Sadie nearly ten minutes to convince him that I didn't mean what he thought I did. "Now please let him alone, Shorty," says she, "or we'll never get to the hotel."

"I will," says I, "if he can't take a joke. But I think the old pirate is lost himself. All he does is wander around and drive up every steep hill he comes to."

Seems that was the way to get to this hotel, though, for finally we ducks through an arched gateway, rolls into a big court and stops where a doorman dressed like a rear admiral tells us to. And lined up across the sidewalk and clear through the lobby is a mob of folks who buzzes and buzzes and stretches their necks as we climb out. We almost has to push our way through 'em to the elevator.

"Somebody must have tipped 'em off I was comin', eh?" I says to the bellhop that's jugglin' our suitcases.

He gives me a disgusted look and remarks, out of one corner of his mouth: "Ah, they're waitin' for the Prince."

"Oh, dear!" says Peggy. "Hasn't he come yet?"

"Sure he has," says the boy. "This mornin'. He's out playin' golf now and that crowd has been there hours waitin' to see him when he comes back."

"Then I know what I'll do," says Peggy. "I'll just ride up and down in this elevator until he does come."

"No good," says the bellhop. "He's usin' number three car and nobody but him and his friends is allowed in that one."

"Oh, well!" says Peggy. "We can see him at dinner, anyway. I'll tell you, Uncle Shorty—you give the head waiter a big tip and ask him to save us a table near the Prince's."

"Fat chance!" says the gloom purveyor in buttons. "He eats private in his suite on the twelfth."

"See?" says I. "Didn't I tell you you'd be lucky to get even a peek? Maybe I'll have to boost you on my shoulder for that."

Takes more'n a few hurdles like that to discourage such a girl as Peggy, though. When she goes Prince huntin' she ain't one to use a bean-shooter or skirmish around the edges. Not her. She's for plungin' right in. And on the chance that the bellhop might have been kiddin' us some she insists that we go the limit when we dress for dinner.

"He might come down to the main dining room, after all," says she.

Well, there was most everybody else in the world there, I'll say. I had a chance to look 'em over while we waited for a table. And if I'm any judge of my fellow countrymen we had delegates there from nearly every state east of the Big Muddy. You could spot 'em as automobile tourists by the wrinkles in their clothes, by the roa' maps stickin' from their pockets and by the guilty look they got on as they consulted the wine list. Honest, I saw one bird, when the waiter lugged in a silver cooler, drop a napkin over it hasty and then gaze around as if he was lookin' for a prohibition agent to dash from behind a post with

a pair of handcuffs. Course he soon recovers from his panic and has the fizz bottle put right up on the table. But there's no doubt he was from the States when he sneaks the cork into his pocket and peels off the label.

Yes, it was a brilliant gatherin' of citizens who'd strayed from the land of the homebrew. But there's no Prince in sight. Both Sadie and Peggy was sure they'd know him at once from the pictures they'd seen of him, and while I picked out three or four light-haired young gents as possibilities they just sniffed.

"Don't you suppose I'd recognize the Wales smile?" demands Peggy. "Why, I've seen it in the movies and in Sunday supplements. I'll tell you the moment he comes in."

The dinner dragged through until nearly nine o'clock, though, with nobody driftin' in more important than a Rotarian from Utica wearin' his name-plate on his chest and a fellow I spotted as Whitey Weeks, who used to be a sport writer on some mornin' paper when I had my Physical Culture Studio on Forty-Second Street.

"Well, Peggy," says I, as I signed the bill, "it looks like a dull night for royal highnesses, eh?"

"You may have given up," says she, "but I haven't. Ask that head waiter where they do the dancing here."

But he acted like he'd never heard of such an amusement. "It would be in the new ballroom if anywhere, sir," says he, "but that hasn't been opened as yet."

"New ballroom?" says Peggy, pricking up her ears. "Where is it?"

By followin' his directions we wandered through two or three parlors and brought up against a lot of glass doors beyond which we could see a perfectly good ballroom.

"And it's all lighted up, too!" says Peggy. "Isn't it a beauty? See, they're bringing in chairs and potted plants. I'll bet there is going to be a dance here. Shorty, can't you find someone who knows?"

By good luck I did. He was a bellhop captain or something, and first off he lets on not to have any idea why all the chairs and palms are being lugged in. After I'd slipped him a couple of them funny Canadian bills, though, he has a rush of memory to the head.

"Oh, yes!" says he, "It was while the manager was showing the Prince through the new wing after luncheon that His Highness says, 'What a jolly place for a dance!' And I believe they have sent out word to some of the best people that there would be dancing here tonight. It's to be strictly an invitation affair, though, sir."

"Just the same," says Peggy, "I mean to stick around."

So we plants ourselves where we has a good view of the glass doors, and sure enough it ain't long before an orchestra comes trailin' by, bull-fiddle, traps and all, and begins tunin' up at the far end of the hall. Next came little groups of young folks stragglin' in, the girls in flossy party dresses and the men in full soup-and-fish. Then a few puffy old dowagers, lookin' serious and important, as patronesses ought to; and some dignified old boys who was probably bank presidents and city officials.

"The flower and chivalry of Quebec on the job," I suggests. "Must be something doing."

But Peggy is watchin' the newcomers as they filter in from the cloakroom. Suddenly she gives me a sharp elbow in the ribs. "Here he comes!" she whispers excited. "See, Shorty? The Prince!"

Uh-huh. There's no mistakin' this slim, fair-haired young chap with the light blue eyes and the pleasant smile; and while I've done a lot of pish-tushin' when kings and princes and such was mentioned I can't deny gettin' more or less of a thrill as this heir to the British throne strolls toward us. Honest, he ain't more'n a dozen feet away and gettin' closer every second. I had a panicky hunch I ought to do something—maybe bend over and bump my head on the floor or do a royal salute, but as a matter of fact all I does is stand there with a sappy grin on my face doin' the gawp act. Might have been my fascinatin' mug that flagged him. Anyway, as he passes by he half turns and gives us a full smile. I'm here to state, too, that when he unlimbers it's a sure fire win for him. Kind of gets you, you know. Makes you want to pat him on the back and then give three cheers. Say, I don't blame the British for goin' so wild over him. He's a nice, clean, likable youngster, and if I had any thrones to pass around he'd be my first choice.

By the way Sadie is grippin' my arm I know she feels the same. "Isn't he a dear!" she whispers.

As for Peggy, for a minute there I thought she was so overcome that she'd forget her wild scheme. But not her. She's starin' after him with a flickery, cut-up look in her eyes. "Did you get that?" she demands. "I got a smile out of him, didn't I?"

"Peggy!" says Sadie, reprovin'.

"See here, kid," says I. "You weren't fresh enough to try any of your vamp stunts on the Prince, was you?"

"Why, I simply looked at him, that's all," says she.

"You mean you gave him the rollin' lamps," says I. "Oh, I know how you do it! And it's a wonder he didn't whistle for his bodyguard and have us all run out."

"Pooh!" says Peggy. "He didn't seem to mind. There! He's turning for another look."

I can't say positive that he didn't, for he does swing around just as he gets to the ballroom doors, but the next I know he's disappeared inside and a whole push of people goes swarmin' after him.

"Listen, Uncle Shorty," says Peggy. "I don't see why we can't go in too. They're not taking tickets or anything."

"Maybe not," says I. "But you can bet somebody's checkin' up the invited guests."

"We could take a chance," insists Peggy. "Look! Who's that man going in who bowed to you?"

"Him?" says I. "Oh, just some newspaper man I know."

"Catch him! Quick!" orders Peggy, givin' me a shove.

So I dashes after this Whitey Weeks person and holds him up. He says he's been fired up here after a Prince story for the Sunday edition and has been out watchin'

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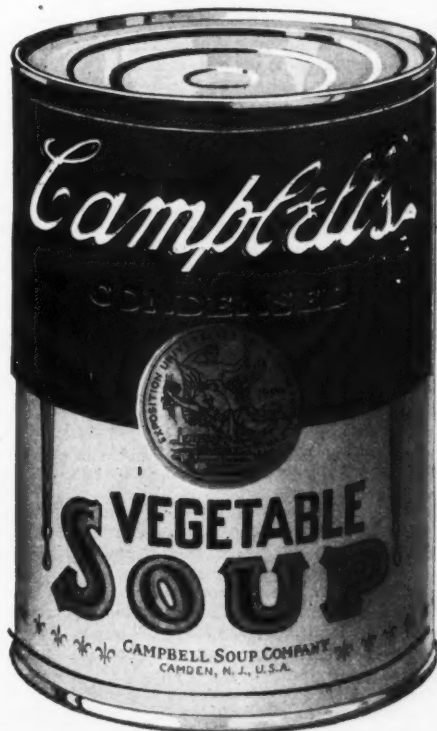
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him play golf. Now he's waitin' to get a line on his dancin'. Then I explains how I've got Mrs. McCabe and Miss Peggy McLean along and asks if there's any show of smugglin' them in. Whitey don't know at first, but after I've towed him over to the ladies and Peggy has pawed his arm chummy for a minute he says of course he can fix it.

"I know Major What's-his-name, who's one of the Prince's staff," says Whitey, "and if anyone tries to stop us I'll call for him. Come along."

And it was as simple as walkin' into the Grand Central concourse.

"You perfectly splendid man!" says Peggy to Whitey. "Just for that I'm going to give you the first dance."

"Can't make me mad that way," says he, and off they go, while Sadie and I parks ourselves along the side-lines.

As it happens, this reporter guy is a clever stepper, while Peggy—well, she wouldn't be the champion flapper of Westchester County if she wasn't a jazz artist. I had to grin as I watches her floatin' around.

"She's got this far, anyway," I says to Sadie. "She's in the same ballroom with the Prince, and if he don't watch out blamed if I don't think she'll—"

"There he is on the floor, too!" says Sadie. "See! With the girl in cerise. And look, will you! If Peggy isn't actually—"

She was. Right over Whitey's shoulder she was rollin' them big eyes of hers.

"The daring little wretch!" gasps Sadie. "What will he think?"

"Oh, I expect he's used to that sort of thing," says I. "Probably he ain't noticin' her at all."

"It'll not be her fault, then," says Sadie. And when the dance was finished and Whitey leads Peggy back to us you can bet Sadie whispered an earfull to her. All of which don't seem to disturb Peggy a bit.

"Oh, I haven't kidnaped him yet, Aunt Sadie," says she. "And don't you worry any over him. He knows his way about. I can tell."

"You!" sniffs Sadie. "Why, you're only a child."

"Some child!" I snickers.

Well, after that we watched a couple of dances and I notices that the Prince has an outside breast pocket in his dinner coat, where he carries his handkerchief, and that he seems to be quite a shifty fox-trotter. Then, just as I was suggestin' an early breakaway so we could get in a good night's sleep, along comes Whitey Weeks with some tall distinguished lookin' gent that he introduces as Major Blahblah, and I concludes that Peggy is about to have another partner. I was smotherin' a yawn as the Major drifts off and had stated oncemore my hunch about wantin' to hit the feathers when back comes the Major with—say, you've guessed it. Nobody else but the Prince.

"Hal-lup!" I gasps in Sadie's ear. "What do I do now?"

"You!" says she. "Shush if you can."

And then she turns, kinda innocent and surprised, as the Major asks if he can present Lord Renfrew. Next Sadie introduces Peggy to the Prince and I'm about

to be left out of the picture entirely when I gives her the nudge. She's all for lettin' on that I'm a perfect stranger who has edged into the group somehow, but the Major gets wise to the fact that he ain't finished his job.

"Beg pardon," says he, touchin' the Prince on the elbow and indicatin' me with his thumb. "Professor McCawb."

"Don't you believe it, Prince," says I. "McCabe's the name, but you better start callin' me Shorty like everybody else does."

He chuckles and reaches out to give me the grip. "But I started calling you Shorty McCabe a long time ago," says he.

"Now you're kiddin'," says I.

"Indeed, no," says he. "No spoofing at all. I've heard a lot about you from my old boxing instructor, James Wattles."

"Not the Belfast Nipper!" says I. "Say, whaddye know about that? Jimmy Wattles, eh? There was a boy that packed a wallop in either fist and was as shifty on his two feet as a ballet girl. Carried me to the fifteenth round, the Nipper did, and—" About then, though, I got a signal in the ribs from Sadie so I switched off. "Well, give my best to Jimmy when you see him again."

"I will," says the Prince, "providing I may have the pleasure of a dance with your—er—"

"Sure thing!" says I.

"But you're quite certain," says he, "that Miss McLean did not have this number with you?"

"Eh!" says I. "With—with me! Say, Prince—on Broadway that would pass for a nifty and get a big laugh from the back rows. Honest, if I tried a fox-trot out there the Mayor of Quebec or somebody would rush up and present me with the concrete suspenders. No, no, Prince! You two take my blessin' and hop to it."

And as the music breaks loose again away Peggy and him go, one of her slim arms draped over his shoulder and her little heels in the gold slippers twinklin' like a pair of fireflies.

"Hanged if she ain't done it, Sadie!" says I. "Just as she planned."

"S-sh!" says Sadie, as if I was whisperin' in church.

I expect what she meant was that she didn't want to be bothered while she was watchin' 'em. And if there was any part of the performance she missed it was because she couldn't see through people who got in the way. Course, there was plenty of others who had their eyes glued to this couple; for by this time the news had got around that a ball for the Prince was in progress, and the gallery was full and around the glass doors was hundreds rubberin' in.

I'll say them two was worth watchin', too. Even if the top of Peggy's caroty thatched hair don't come higher'n the Prince's chin, that seems to make it just right when she leans back to exchange some confidential chat with him. She has to look up and he bends over, and that brings them flickery eyes of Peggy's within short range. If I'm any judge they're risky eyes to gaze into. Anyway, I've seen 'em do a lot of damage.

"She's talking to him!" says Sadie. "What can she be saying, I wonder?"

"Well, unless she's got a special line for princes," says I, "she's probably saying,

'Oh, you wonderful man!' or words to that effect."

"But to the Prince!" says Sadie. "She wouldn't dare."

"Wouldn't she!" says I. "Here they come. Watch her lips."

Well, if it wasn't something along that line, then why should the Prince pink up; or, when the piece was over, beckon the orchestra leader and ask for a special fox-trot that they played four encores to? And you can imagine that while our Peggy was holdin' the spot-light for so long there was more or less lip-bitin' goin' on among home-bred entries.

"Who is that girl?" I heard an old dame back of me demand.

"Somebody from the States, they say," whispers another. And then they both buzzes indignant.

But it's a happy, radiant Peggy McLean who finally comes back to us and squeezes my hand. "You little terrier!" says I. "Now I expect you'll want to dance all night."

"After that?" says she. "Never! I'm just going to live on that dance for the rest of my life. It—was heavenly. Come along. Let's go."

So we went. From our windows we could look across the big court to the tall windows of the lighted ballroom and through the leaded panes we could see the dancers in their gay colored dresses weavin' back and forth. It was like a picture.

"Just think," sighs Sadie, "what that wisp of a girl managed to do!"

"Even if it don't get her anywhere," says I, "she's gonna have a tale to bore her grandchildren with—if she ever has any."

"At least," says Sadie, "I mean to see that Madam Pell hears all about it."

She didn't have to trouble herself. Whitey Weeks and the other newspaper men who were in on the secret didn't miss a story like that, you can bet. In fact, they threw in a lot of romantic details that they simply made up. And Peggy's dance was the best advertised one of the kind that ever happened. I hear that the day we got back Grandma Pell put in most of her time answerin' phone calls from dear friends who wanted to tell her the news.

"Now I expect Peggy'll be too chesty even to look at young Renny again," I confides to Sadie. And Sadie agrees.

So we're a little jarred when they both shows up at our house early that first evenin'. They blow in arm in arm, smilin' mushy.

"Hey!" I sings out. "I thought you two had parted forever."

"Tell 'em, Renny," says Peggy.

"Why," says he, beamin' down on her, "I've just had a talk with Grandmother Pell."

"Eh?" says I. "Frothin' at the mouth, is she?"

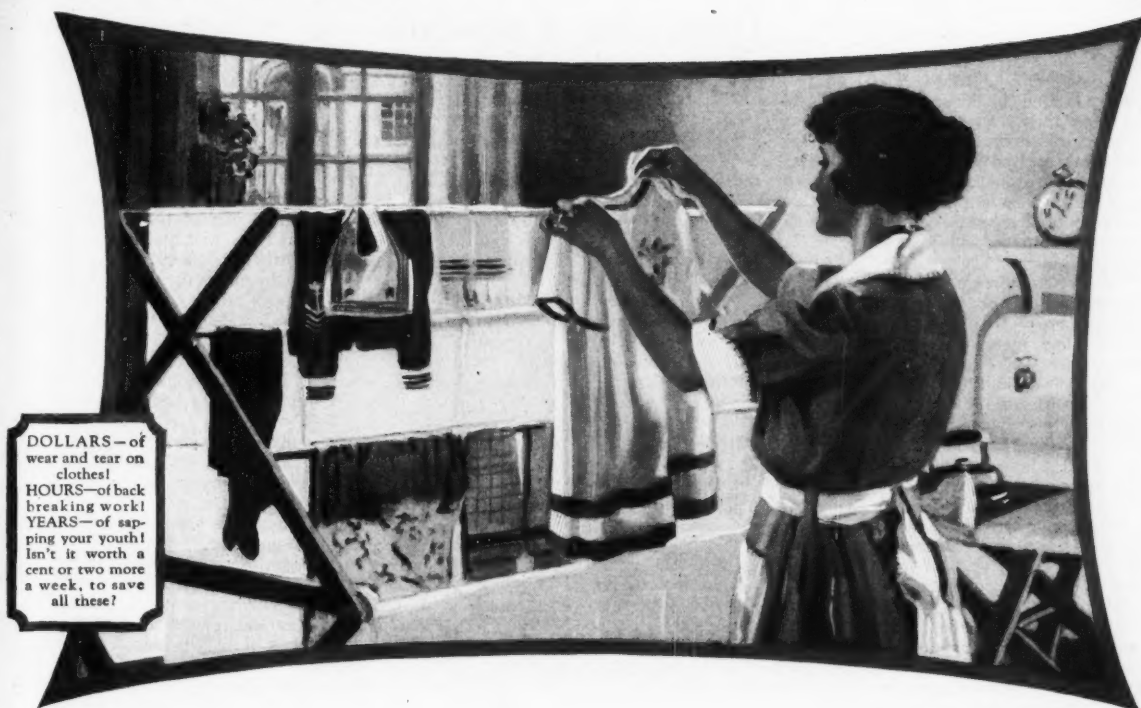
"She wants Renny to bring me right over to see her," says Peggy.

"Means to have you boiled in oil or something, does she?" I asks.

"No," says Peggy. "She wants me to tell her all about how I danced with the Prince. She is rather an old dear, you know."

"Gosh!" says I. "Think of the double-barreled yarn them grandchildren will have to listen to."

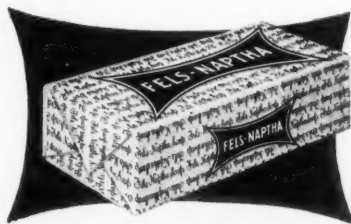
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Dalla the Lion-Cub

(Continued from page 23)

greatly excited the lions. They stood lashing their tails ready to attack but were satisfactorily accounted for by the Boers; while Marta Brand, horrified at the behavior of her unnatural child, presented it with a sound spanking; a proceeding that had often to be repeated before the memory faded as memories will do at last from the child's mind.

"But often I dream I am back with my brothers and sisters in the den!" laughed the heroine of this epic, "and I am sure if ever we meet we shall know each other."

"Would you like to go lion hunting?"

"Och! Would I like it!" Yellow diamonds in her eyes flashed and sparkled. "I think that Englishman, Valentina, is the greatest hero who ever lived. I would like to spend my life with him."

"Valentina? Who is he?"

"You have surely heard of that great hunter—the man who knows more about lions and kaffirs than anyone in Africa? But where have you been, then, *loch*?"

There was no time for Valentina to find out more about this mysterious hero—with a name half like his own—or modestly explain that his adventures in the field fully qualified him for any favors that were going. Her next partner had come urgently seeking her and would not be denied.

But sometime after midnight they danced together again; then, because each had much to say to the other, they went to the palm-massed annex arranged for sitting-out purposes. Only first, having found a comfortable corner, Valentina went to fetch her an ice-cream. She sat fanning her excited face and wondering about him; why she liked his voice so much. And his eyes. And his mouth. How he came to be a colonel, so young. Why he did not wear the Hussar uniform, just plain evening dress, though he walked more like a soldier than any of them!

Voices interrupted her meditative wanderings. A party of laughing, talking people invaded the annex, and with the easy intimacy characteristic of British military folk abroad, settled themselves to smoke and gossip. Dalla, hidden by her group of palms, listened with whole-hearted interest. How amusing they were! How full of fun! Saying just what they liked, all talking at once without listening for answers. Laughing about someone—not one of themselves, of course—who was "too screamingly funny . . . too priceless . . . too perfectly imitable, like the jolly old veldt she comes from . . ."

The word *veldt* arrested Dalla's attention, but even at that it took her some seconds longer to realize *who* it was that fed their wit and provided for their mirth.

"She holds you to her bosom like mother hushing baby to sleep. It's great!"

"But I ask you—did you see Colonel Val having his turn?"

"Must have done it for spite—just to swizzle some of us out of the fun. He hardly ever dances with anyone but Clo Kerrison!"

"Wonder she let him escape to pastures new—even for the space of a waltz."

"Here she comes . . ."

"Oh, Lady Kerrison, *did* you see old Val just now with the Mustard Plaster?"

"Mustard Plaster?" Clodah Kerrison sounded puzzled and slightly bored. Half a dozen voices hastened to enlighten her.

"The girl in yaller with blue loaves and red fishes scattered over her . . ."

"Brand, her name is . . ."

"She holds you to her heart . . ."

Clodah Kerrison's laugh rippled then. "Oh, they all do that! It's the Boer way."

"How do you know?"

"When Tim was attached to Selkirke in the Transvaal we often used to visit the farms—most amusin' to watch them dancing in solemn embrace."

"But do they all dress like that? I thought I was back in the Bazaar at Bombay . . ."

"Poor little thing!" One woman's voice at least was tinged with kindness. "She is very lovely, anyhow, and if someone would teach her to dress none of us would be in the same street with her."

"On the same *kopje*, you mean," a girl laughed maliciously. "They all live on *kopies*, don't they?"

"Yes, and tomorrow she will go back to hers—satisfied that she has lived—"

"And loved," cried the malicious one. "Let us hope that Colonel Val will complete her 'crowded hour of glory' with a kiss in the conservatory."

There was more laughter; only Lady Kerrison's voice sounded cold. "Colonel Valentina hates girls. He danced with her as an experience—an amusement."

"Well, I don't care," a man maintained. "She is lovely, and as Clem says if someone would teach her how to dress she'd be a stunner."

"You can't teach Boers anything," drawled Lady Kerrison. "Their minds are pits of ignorance. I know them so well."

"But you do not know *me*!" Something bright-colored and ferocious sprang at them, eyes agleam, gold mane tossed. "You do not know *me*, hateful Englanders! It is *your* minds that are pits of darkness and spite—not ours. No Boer would say such cruel things just for amusement. *We* are kind people. *We* speak no harm of those who have done us nothing. *We* think good of everybody until we find them evil . . ."

At this unfortunate moment Colonel Valentina returned and stood transfixed at the sight of a number of his friends wilting and covering before a yellow-clad fury, bitter words showering upon their heads.

"How I hate you—horrible English! Cruel red-necks . . . I would not stay near such people, so rude and sneering . . . I would like to kill you all!"

She flickered and swayed before them like a flame, cheeks ablaze, eyes bright with tears and rage. And Joe Valentina, *agacé*, could think of nothing better to do than stand there absently tendering a dish of pink ice-cream. Suddenly his turn came. With a gesture swift as lightning or the flash of a lion's paw, the luscious offering was dashed from his hand and went spraying in every direction. A few concentrated phrases hit him like bricks flung at a beast.

"You hate *girls*? You condescend to dance with them for an experience—for an amusement? Thank you! Thank you *so* much! But do not forget that girls can

hate too . . . and despise . . . and have revenge . . ."

Sobs shook the soft gurgling voice, but she would not let herself weep in front of "aliens," and before any could offer protests or pleadings she had sped away, traveling like one of those "sand-devil" whirlwinds that twist and swirl across the desert. Christina de Beer, having only just settled to champagne and chicken-in-aspic in the supper room, could not be found, but by good or bad luck, there in a room near the main doorway lounged Barend the Mayor, scenting the air with a powerful aroma of best Boer tobacco. To him she rushed and violently addressed herself.

"Take me home, Oompie. I hate this *slechte* ball! I want to go!"

The Boer's brow darkened. "*Foei-toch*, then! *Wat makeer mit jou?* Who has been vexing my little Dallis?"

"Everybody! I hate all these *rooieks*! I want to go home."

She began to weep stormily, and Barend de Beer without further ado called for his Cape cart, never very far away, and stowed her and himself into it. Snuggled in the crook of his arm she sobbed out her woes and he smoothed the rough golden head, muttering such words of sympathy as his bewildered brain could produce.

"*Foei-toch*, then! That a little lion-cub should take any notice of a lot of *mager dings*—thin things—like those Englishwomen! You are far more pretty. They tell lies, too. You look beautiful in that dress—like a yellow lily growing on the top of a berg."

"No, I don't! No—I don't," she bellowed in a fury of sobs. "It is all true, that what they say. I shall never know how to dress myself, or have the right clothes, or climb to the top of the highest mountain, or see a shipwreck, and the biggest fire . . . and I shall never go out on the veldt to meet . . ." The rest was lost in Barend's sleeve, and fortunately he never heard the *Ultima Thule* of her desires. Perhaps if he had he would not have so naively pressed upon her the best possible (in his opinion) solution of her trouble.

"Let me tell you one thing, Dallis—the only way you will get all those things is to marry me."

Through her tears Dalla gave him the cruel astonished stare of youth. "Marry you, Oompie? But I want him to be young."

Barend swallowed, then gave answer dryly: "The young ones have not got the fortune of Barend de Beer."

But a fresh access of weeping shook Dalla's wild heart, and she banged her head once more against his shirt front.

"I am only fifty," persisted the Boer. "That is not too old for a husband."

"I don't want a husband," she moaned; "only to learn things—how to dance and dress so that they can't laugh at me—how to sneer back in their own polite language at those women—and *that man*! Oh! If I could only go to England and learn!" Suddenly she jerked herself up violently.

"I would even marry you for that, Oompie."

Upon which ardent declaration of love Oompie meditated in silence profound and at such length that the cart drew up before he had finished. Darkened windows with

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Often the best of life doesn't begin for a woman until she is thirty. Often it is only then that she begins to realize herself and her own possibilities. Don't think of your age, whatever it is, as a limitation—think of it as an opportunity! Use the knowledge you have gained from life to overcome past faults and disadvantages. Make up your mind to be lovelier every year—and you will be!

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only one little glimmer in the front passage indicated that the Brand family had retired.

"Let us sit a little, Dallie, and think *maar*," said he. So they sat on the stoop, and at last heavily and profoundly the man produced the fruits of meditation. "That will be all right then, my *meisje*. You are the only one I want. It has been so with me ever since you first climbed my knee—up there by the Zambesi—that time of the lions . . . What is the good of my money, *loch*, if I cannot get the one I want? You must marry me, Dallie, because your mama and papa won't let me take you away without that—but we will *plan mak* that you shall not be my *vrouw* if you don't want to, but go for five years to that *slechte* England and learn how to be like those *mager dings*, though I can tell you, you are much better like you are. And afterwards when you come back to be the Mayoress we will give a ball like was never seen in Africa. You shall drive the best horses that can be got and wear the biggest diamonds in Kimberley."

"Oh, Oompie! . . . Oh! . . ." cried Dalla in ecstasy, and embraced him as many a time she had done before, her soft cheek scrubbed by his black beard. "How lovely that will be! And you will not want me to be your *vrouw* for five years?"

"I don't say *that*," replied Barend de Beer. "You might change your mind and want to be a real *vrouw* to me instead of going away."

"Never!" said Dalla frankly and firmly; then, feeling a sort of chill in the atmosphere, added with kindness: "But if I do I will let you know."

That is how Dalla came to have her banns called the following Sunday in the Dutch Reformed Church. And the whole of the family remained in town to hear the momentous proclamation and to prepare the trousseau. Only the bride-to-be fled to the veldt and her native *kopjes* even as a certain malicious feminine bird of ill omen had prophesied. After her *débâcle* at the ball she could not breathe in Bloemhof; the very air seemed tainted; and the mortification she had suffered at the ball could only be appeased by tender licks and nosings from the dogs and horses and cows she loved. As for *that man* who had so wounded her pride—that one mistakenly placed by her among gods and heroes! *Och, sis!* The very pigs at Geelidoorn were in a higher class, a thousand times more chivalrous and kind than he!

Perched in the orchard's biggest apricot tree, she brooded upon these things, also upon London and Paris, plague spots of the earth and not a patch on her beloved Africa, but necessary to the fulfilment of ambition. Already the future loomed brilliant in her imagination and bulged with triumphs over the English. She would show them!

Although only an ill educated Boer, Barend de Beer was not without influential connections. Beginning life as a transport rider, that lucky accident of gold being discovered on his piece of land in the Transvaal had transformed him into a wealthy man and established contact with many important people, and here and there he had been able to benefit some in high places. One of these, a retired judge, lived at Wynberg near Cape Town and had daughters married into good families in

England. The simple scheme Barend propounded to Dalla was that these folk should undertake her education, and it was a good scheme, for no family could show itself cleverer at climbing the social ladder than Judge Vanderpool's girls. Dalla's parents were to be told nothing of these inner workings, but thus all things were in train while Dalla took her last joy of the veldt, bounding about the farm lands or berthed in the apricot tree. Till one day her ruminations were disturbed by the shrill announcement from a Hottentot maid that two grand *jef-vrouws* who had driven from town awaited her in the *zit-kamer*.

"Who are they?" inquired the embryo Mayoress, glancing at her fruit-stained print dress and calculating rapidly how long it would take to sneak through the kitchen and change. But when Meekie laconically replied, "*Engelsch!*" Dalla's face turned to stone.

Insolently she stepped down from her tree. For *English* the pink print was good enough. She would not even tidy her hair. Only her stockings she pulled up because one has more dignity with tight stockings than with wrinkled ones.

As she approached the house one of the visitors, watching from the stoop, came eagerly to meet her with a friendliness not easily rebuffed.

"I am Mrs. Portal."

She had a thin, vivid face, covered with the fine lines that Africa scabbles upon the faces of those who dwell long enough in her bosom. In fact, she was no longer a young woman; but her speckled brown eyes were full of an ardor too often quenched in those who have arrived at the forty milestone. With a gesture she indicated her companion's presence in the room behind her.

"Lady Kerrison . . . We have come on a mission . . . Envoys from a lot of bad people, including ourselves."

Suddenly the ball scene flashed to Dalla's mind, and this thin brownish face as one of those that had flushed and paled before her onslaught! At the memory she stiffened and drew back. But Clem Portal was not to be diverted from a set task, however difficult.

"I know you despise us all—and we deserve it. But *please* try and believe that it was just thoughtlessness. We are idle but not wilfully ill-natured people—our gossip had no real intention to wound."

Silence from Dalla, though she remembered now this gentle voice to be the one that expressed kindness; this was the woman who said, "*She is very lovely, if someone would only teach her to dress*"—the sole words in that hateful discussion that contained any balm for her heart. She began to melt and unprotestingly let herself be drawn indoors where the other woman waited. In the shuttered gloom of the *zit-kamer* Clodah Kerrison's romantic Irish face sprang out like a beautiful etching. Certainly Dalla could never forgive her, but girls are susceptible to beauty, and while Lady Kerrison murmured charming words of contrition Dalla gazed fascinated at her long violet eyes. Unfortunately Mrs. Portal committed a breach of the peace by dragging in a most offending name.

"Colonel Valentia also wanted so much to see you and eat his hat in your presence . . ."

She got no further, daunted by Dalla's eyes.

"Please do not mention that man! He is a cad, and I do not wish to speak of cads."

"You are mistaken," said Lady Kerrison coldly. "Colonel Valentia is one of the finest gentlemen living."

"And absolutely in the dark as to how he offended you," supplemented Mrs. Portal.

"Let him stay there, then," said Dalla rudely. "I don't want to know such gentlemen."

But Mrs. Portal, having got her second wind, persisted.

"It was he who made us promise to find you. Unfortunately Colonel Valentia had to leave for German West Africa the day after the ball."

"I am glad. I hope I will never see him again."

"Ah, then, don't be unjust." A touch of pleading Irishy crept into Clem Portal's voice. "What has the poor man done?"

"He's so kind, really," said Lady Kerrison, with her cool, indifferent air, "I can't imagine him meaning to hurt a girl!"

"Only to condescend to them!" Dalla flared. "To dance with them—as a favor—to *you*. How dare he? Boer girls do not want favors from Englishmen, I can tell you. They come here and take our country from us, then *favor* us with a dance! But no, what—it is too much! Don't speak of him any more. I will not listen."

"Well, fortunately we are both Irish," Mrs. Portal smiled conciliatingly, seeing indeed that the only thing was to put a bright face on it, get absolution for the Irish and let the English take care of themselves. This she proceeded to do with all the wit, good breeding and natural sweetness that nature had placed at her disposal. Nor was Lady Kerrison dilatory to the same end, and once they decided to drop distasteful subjects they found Dalla a fascinating hostess.

Both women felt the presence of a striking personality; but it affected them differently. Clodah Kerrison, who specialized in personal magnetism herself, felt antagonized but disdainful in the sure knowledge that Dalla was never likely to cross her path. Clem Portal's more generous nature, unspoiled by the sad intrigues of the world, recognized the girl's unusual quality; the radiant promise of her beauty and youth; the capability of big things for good or evil; and her heart went out in compassion, especially when Dalla spoke lightly of a projected trip to Europe. "Poor child! What blunders she will make! What sufferings are before her!"

"You must come to see me," she said. "I shall be leaving Africa soon for our Sussex home. Let me write down the address for you."

Dalla was unable to return the courtesy, not knowing yet what her address would be. As for her prospective husband, so vague a place did he occupy in her thoughts that she entirely forgot to mention him, and when the visitors left at last with warmly expressed hopes for a renewal of the acquaintance, neither of them had any inkling that Dalla intended shortly to enter a state of matrimony, holy or otherwise.

Unnecessary here to describe that simple function at the Dutch Reformed Church which changed a lovely spinster into the spouse of Barend de Beer. It was exciting, of course, but she felt sorry that even a

An Interview with Mrs. O.H.P. BELMONT on the care of the skin

"A woman who neglects her personal appearance loses half her influence. The wise care of one's body constructs the frame encircling our mentality, the ability of which insures the success of one's life. I advise a daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Alva E. Belmont—

IT was in the beautiful great hall of Beacon Towers on Sand's Point, Port Washington, Long Island, that I first talked with Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

I was excited and eager for the interview because I knew that Mrs. Belmont not only has given lavishly to women's causes from her colossal fortune, has been and is a tremendous worker, but also is particularly interested in woman's special problem of how to keep her force and her charm through middle life and later.

From all this I expected to meet a very commanding woman the day I visited Beacon Towers. But Mrs. Belmont, on the contrary, is quiet and gracious and sweet. She could not have been a more charming hostess.

She herself opened the grilled iron door and I stepped into the big hall with its impressive mural paintings of the life of Joan of Arc and its wide doors opening straight onto Long Island Sound. Here, I felt instantly, is the spirit of beauty strengthened by sincerity.

After we had admired the glorious view she showed me the pictures of her two sons, and of her grandson, who will some day be one of England's dukes, and—very proudly—the latest snapshot of her very young Ladyship, a small great granddaughter.

"How fine textured and fresh her skin is," I thought. "And she has just acknowledged herself a great grandmother!"

Begs Women not to Neglect Themselves

"**N**OW," she was saying smilingly, "I suppose you want me to tell you what I think is the relation between a woman's success and her personal appearance."

"Yes," I admitted, "Just how important do you think personal appearance is?"

"It is vital. That is just as true for the woman at home or in business as for those who are socially prominent."

"Don't you know," she said, "how often the woman with an unattractive face fails in the most reasonable undertaking? Nothing is so distressing. Neglect of one's personal attractions generally comes from ignorance and as I am greatly interested in the success of women in every possible way, I urge them not to neglect themselves."



The Library of Mrs. O. H. P. BELMONT at Beacon Towers on Long Island, where this interview was given.

Mrs. Belmont, now President of the National Woman's Party is known all over America for her active services in securing the suffrage for women. Mrs. Belmont is also interested in better conditions for women, is strong for the abolition of child labor and for the improvement of Children's Homes. She is a trained architect; her three magnificent residences—Villa Isoletto in France, the famous Marble House at Newport, and the imposing country home, Beacon Towers on Long Island, being the products of time not devoted to politics and business.



Pond's Two Creams
used by the women who must keep their
charm, their beauty, their influence.

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

Frenchwomen say, Cleanse and Protect

"**Y**OU spend a part of each year in France. I asked Mrs. Belmont. Do Frenchwomen use creams much?"

"In France," she said "they have always used cleansing creams and protecting creams, knowing that water is not enough and that the face cannot stand much strain and exposure."

"Then you think women should use two creams?"

"I know they should. That is why I advise the daily use of Pond's Two Creams, so that women can keep their charm and influence as long as they need them—and that is always," she smiled.

Use this Famous Method

GIVE your skin these two indispensable to lasting skin loveliness—the kind of cleaning that restores each night your skin's essential suppleness, and the freshening that, besides protecting, brings each time the beauty of fresh smooth skin under your powder.

For this, two distinctly different face creams were perfected—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Every night—with the finger tips or a piece of moistened cotton, apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Leave it on a minute. Then remove it with a soft cloth. Dirt and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day, are taken off your skin and out of the pores. How relaxed your face is. Do this twice. Now finish with ice rubbed over your face or a dash of cold water. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple again. If your skin is very dry, pat on more cream, especially where wrinkles come first—around the eyes, the nose, the corners of your mouth—and leave it on over night.

After every cleansing, before you powder, and always before you go out—Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream very evenly—just enough for your skin to absorb. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels. Nothing can roughen it. When you get up in the morning, after a dash of cold water, this cream will keep your skin fresh and untired for hours. And it will stay evenly powdered.

Use this method regularly. Soon your face will be permanently fresher, smoother and you can count on the charm of a fresh, young skin for years longer than would otherwise be possible. Begin now. Buy both Pond's Creams tonight in jars or tubes at any drug store or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

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Kind words from a smoker in far Australia

A more modest manufacturer might not print this letter.

Nevertheless, when an enthusiastic pipe-smoker thousands of miles away takes his pen in hand to say something nice about Edgeworth, a breach of modesty on the manufacturer's part should be forgiven.

"Chetwynd," Copeland Road,
Beecroft, New South Wales,
Australia

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Virginia, U. S. A.
Gentlemen:

Perhaps you are somewhat surprised to receive this letter from Australia, often referred to in England, our Mother Country, as "Down Under."



I have noticed in some of your American magazines that I subscribe to, testimony in praise of your splendid tobacco. It has occurred to me that, as one of the many smokers of Edgeworth in this Southern Continent of Australia, I can also add my testimony and appreciation of your world-wide-known and excellent tobacco.

It must be over twenty years since I first tried your "Edgeworth Extra High Grade Plug Slice."

My tobacco-nist, one of the leading tobacco-nists of Sydney, had a trial con-

signment of the Edgeworth to test the taste of his customers.

Just at that time I was smoking several kinds of high-grade imported tobaccos, but somehow I could not get any of them that exactly pleased my taste. Some brands were excellent for a while, and then deteriorated.

But from the first purchase of your Edgeworth I have found it absolutely of the one uniform standard, without any change during the whole twenty-odd years I have been smoking it. I have been so satisfied with it that I have never purchased any other make.

I have induced a great number of my friends and fellow officers to try Edgeworth, and most of them have the same high opinion of it that I have.

My wish is that your company may prosper and continue to manufacture the renowned Edgeworth, and that I and my fellow smokers of this "Fair Australia" may be spared to a good, ripe old age to enjoy your fragrant weed.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) Thos. Skellett.

For free samples of Edgeworth—generous helpings of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed—send a post-card with your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 61 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

If you will also include the name and address of your regular "tobacconist," your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

crowd of Boers should see this badly dressed Dalla who in so short a time was going to be brilliant Dalla-of-the-world. And all through the ceremony she was thinking, with a vague pain in her heart:

"This is not what should be—not what I dreamed . . . I am missing something . . . What is it?"

Suddenly came remembrance of *that man*—his cool gray eyes—his voice! Then the dull ache in her heart turned to sharp pain, and for a moment the blood went out of her face and sunlight out of the day. But it passed. Pride and resentment came to her aid. She made firm answers to the preacher. There was no shame in her bargain with Barend; it was an honest one, and she meant to keep it. He looked well able to take care of himself, too, that dark-bearded Boer standing calm by her side; black-suited, ruminative, meager of speech, grunting his responses with the economy he applied to every act.

Soon she sat by her husband's side in a first-class carriage, speeding across the Karoo, enchanted by the novelty of her first train journey, viewing the veldt from a new perspective. Sightings she had known all her life flashed by with strange unfamiliarity. Then the hour for going to the saloon carriage where dinner invited from dainty tables. More excitement then; people staring with admiring eyes; curious unknown things to eat and drink; golden bubbling stuff that transferred its sparkle from a shallow glass to her veins and made her feel as if she owned Africa. But Barend, sitting opposite, began to take upon himself a strangely flushed look; red sprang to his swarthy cheeks, his eyes gloated, and she hated the sudden fancy that seized him for pawing her and pressing his feet upon hers.

Boers, alas! have not "the fine Italian hand," the delicate touch of experience, in their wooing. There was nothing subtle about Barend's advances when they were back alone in their carriage; and when she decisively objected, he delivered himself with a gross naïveté that made her shudder. In fact, she found herself brought face to face with the brutal fact that this man owned her by law and desired to forget the bargain they had made. When she realized it she went white and something inside her turned to stone.

So! Oompie was only another man bent on smashing her dreams and robbing her of ambition! Just a nasty old cheat who wanted to play a Boer's "slim game." Oh! how treacherous, after all his promises, to say now:

"It is silly, *toch*, my *hartje*, this plan of yours. Besides, it is not right for a wife to leave her husband. I can teach you all that you need to know."

Inflamed by unaccustomed drinks and emotions, he clutched her into a greedy embrace and there followed a hideous scuffle wherein she used all her fresh young force against his sinewy strength. When that did not avail she took to teeth and clenched fists. From this inglorious struggle the man emerged with bleeding hands and a scratch from eye to chin, while she, muslins tattered and hair unbound, took refuge at the open window, ready to leap out into the night. A calamitous beginning to married life! De Beer, obliged to accept defeat, mumbled repentance then, and pleadings for forgiveness. But her eyes

blazed at him, hard and tearless in a white face.

"Are there no true people anywhere? Do all men say one thing meaning another—and behave like beasts?"

"You must not be too hard, Dallie. A man will say anything to get the wife he wants. I did not think you could be serious, expecting me to wait five years!"

"Well, I was—and you agreed," she bitterly responded, "and *never* will I change. I shall leave the train at the next station."

"No, no, Dallie! Do not talk like that. The next station is Cradock. What could you do in a town where you know nobody?"

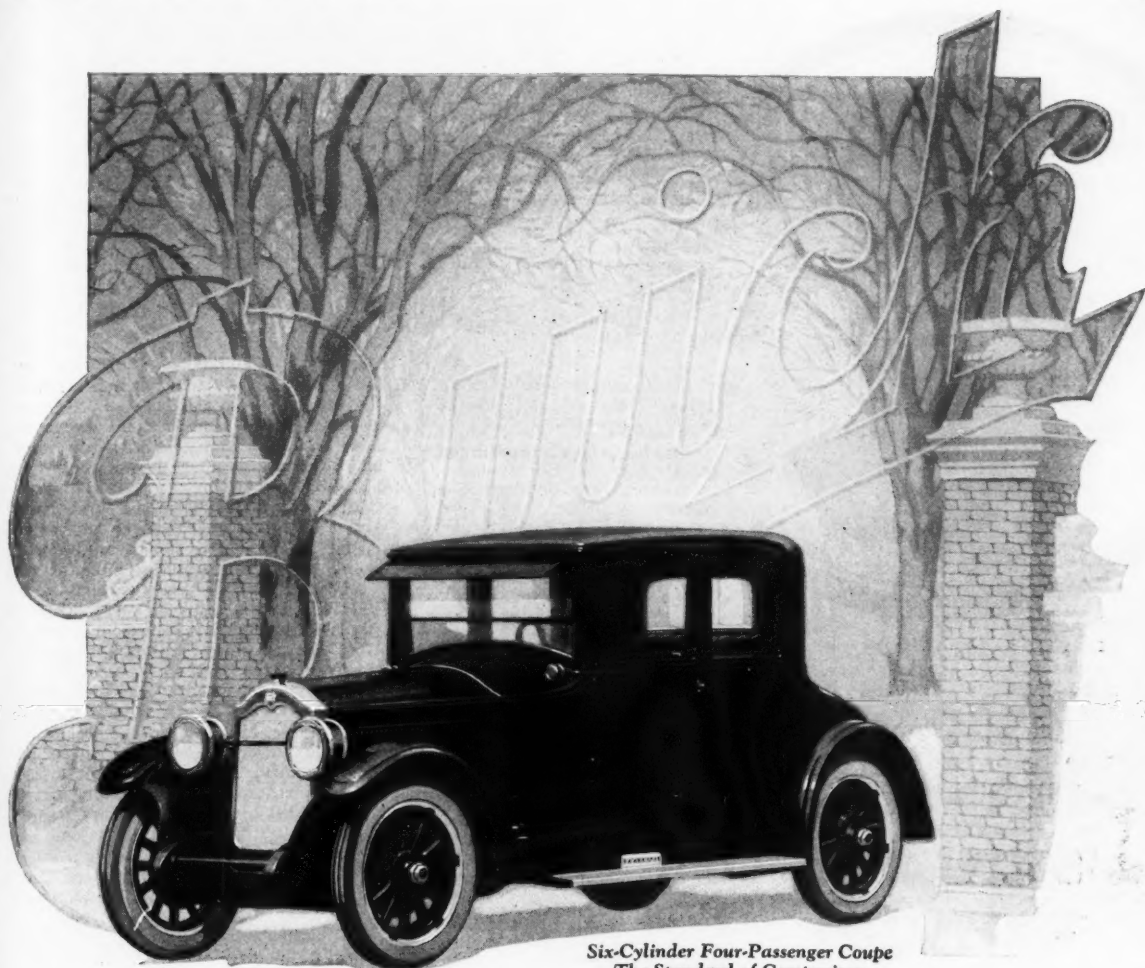
"I would do kaffir's work for the rest of my life rather than change," she answered fiercely.

But he pleaded and promised afresh. He would keep the bond, he swore. Five years was a long time to wait for happiness when one was already fifty, but he would keep the bond. So long as he could be certain that in the end . . .

"I do not break my word," was her fierce retort, and with that he had to be content. So the incident closed, the man defeated, it is true, but with a sense of pride in his wife's will. Unfortunately she had nothing of the kind to find solace in, only a lost illusion; distrust exchanged for confidence; insecurity in everything but her own courage. To realize that resolution is your only friend lays the foundation of character; but to a girl it is a sad moment. The instinct to lean trustfully on men's strength and honor is deeply rooted in every feminine heart, and parting from that sweet delusion cut the first clean hard facet in the sparkling, diamond-hard Dalla that was to be.

On arrival next day, de Beer deposited his wife at the home of Judge Vanderpool and, with many a lying tale of urgent affairs, departed in haste to the Transvaal. Dalla, though still terribly shaken, proceeded to obscure unhappy memory by new and interesting events. In this she received able assistance from the Judge's daughter, whose affair it was to accompany her to England. A lively and pretty widow, adoring clothes and bright company, Laura Acutt constituted the right woman in the right place and embraced with enthusiasm the task of replacing the "monstrosities" composing Dalla's trousseau by charming garments. A fortnight filled itself to the brim with feverish shopping and dress-making, and Dalla's trunks overflowed with delicious slinky-dinkies and fripperies.

For the first time Dalla's beauty got its right setting. She came to full realization of this the night before they sailed from Africa. The two, for greater convenience in embarking, had come in from Wynberg to stay at the Mount Nelson. This hotel is a famous dining resort for the fashionable crowd, and Laura insisted on Dalla's wearing a frock that, though fulfilling the requirements of modesty, was a veil rather than a covering for beauty. Through its filmy whiteness her loveliness glimmered with the tinted luster of a pearl. She knew when she looked in the glass that she was beautiful, and the knowledge gave her a poise that even without the golden dawn of her would have drawn every eye. It sounds fantastic to say so, but as she followed Laura down the long dining room no one at first glance could possibly have



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Have you tried Williams' Aqua Velva. The new scientific formula for after-shaving use? Sample free. Write Dept. C-2

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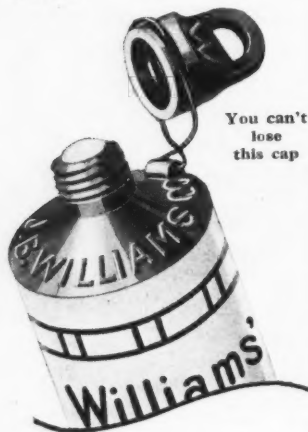
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You'll like its lather—uncannily swift in the way it softens tough beards. For years the envy of other shaving soap makers.

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And last, there's the Hinged Cap! Add to your Williams' shave this "extra dividend" of a cap that you can't lose. Then compare.



identified her with the Mustard Plaster girl of only five weeks ago.

Even Joe Valentia had to look twice, and then, though recognizing, could not believe. It seemed too impossible that the little lion-cub of furious memory should be turned into this tender vision tinged with rose and etched with gold! A miracle that she should be here at all, saving him a pilgrimage to Bloemhof next day! For, his job in German-West accomplished, there was leisure now for a certain private affair he had been obliged to delegate to two women friends, but which had a side to it that no one in the world could attend to but himself.

His dining companions were chiefs of departments and cabinet ministers whose talk of secret and significant matters held his ears, but the picture of a girl in filmy laces, shy and dewy as a mountain violet, filled his eye. Staring, staring, throwing all his will into the effort, he won reward at last. She looked, and for a brief instant color scorched her. Then she turned pale and did not look again. He of course had no means of divining the cheerful gossip Laura Acutt was murmuring in her ear:

"Yes, it is! . . . that heavenly man Valentia! I hope he'll come and talk afterwards . . . He's just back from German-West. Been hustling the Germans for their treatment of the Hottentots. Brutes, they are! But Joe Valentia can deal with Germans—there's no man in this country knows more about natives—speaks the language of every tribe—wonderful for an Englishman! . . . Meant for the army, they say, but ran off from Sandhurst . . . Africa called him . . . East, West and Central . . . Then the Boer War and his famous Rough Riders . . . You must know all about his lion adventures, of course? *Everybody* does . . . What did you say?"

"Valentia!" repeated Dalla in a dazed way. "I thought the name of that man was Valentina! I've heard my father call it so!"

"I dare say," laughed Laura carelessly, "but there's only one Valentia for lions and natives. No fool about women, either—lots have tried to bag him, but without luck. They say Clodah Kerrison is crazy about him—but you can't tell. She's so subtle—afraid of her husband, too—a bad man to disagree with, Sir Timothy Kerrison! Only Platonic on Valentia's side, they say . . . Oh! there are the Malets coming in—I must say a word to her . . . Do you mind? Suppose you go out on the terrace. I shan't be long."

So Dalla went alone to the terrace, but could not stay there. Misery overwhelmed her. Something cruel like a beast with claws had clutched her heart and seemed pressing the lifeblood from it. Creature instinct drove her to a lonely spot in the garden where she could weep and weep and hide her pain. Yet no tears came. She could only wretchedly stare at the gray bulk of Table Mountain brooding above the town, the flowering fragrance of bush and tree all round her, the great white moon that hung overhead paling the glory of the stars. The very beauty of the night seemed to mock her grief. Everything struck and wounded her—until she heard the voice of Valentia, speaking her name.

No very difficult task for that tracker of lions to find her in this winding garden! But his light firm feet had made so little

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HE found her at last!
She was sitting in the
garden—just where
she belonged.

She quickly raised
her little mask up to her
eyes as he approached.
"Oh, never mind,
Fair Stranger—I know
who you are. You are
a rose disguised as a
Beautiful Lady."

Protecting your skin with powder and rouge

By MME. JEANNETTE

OH, you lucky women of today who know—or can learn—the pleasant roads to Beauty through fragrant avenues of cosmetics that help and do not harm! It is a proven fact that good cosmetics actually *benefit* the skin.

A pure, harmless vanishing cream, powder, or rouge, such as Pompeian, performs a distinctly beneficial service to the skin, in addition to its beautifying effect.

This service is that of protection. Creams, powders, and rouges all put a soft, gossamer film over the delicate surface of the skin that guards it from sun and wind, dust and dirt.

Again, the lip stick tends to protect the lips from chapping, roughening, and cracking. It keeps them soft and mobile.

Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing), Pompeian Beauty Powder, Pompeian Bloom (the rouge), and Pompeian Lip Stick, like all Pompeian Preparations, are absolutely pure and harmless. They are formulated with a care as great as though they were intended for medicinal uses and in a laboratory always scrupulously clean.

Coupled with their purity will be found the other desired qualities of cosmetics—naturalness of effect, high adhering property, attractiveness of perfume.

Do not overlook the importance of the Day Cream in achieving the most successful effects from the use of other Pompeian "Instant Beauty" Preparations. This cream provides a foundation for powder and rouge that makes them go on more smoothly, adhere much better, and blend with each other more perfectly than when they are used without it.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

DAY CREAM (vanishing)	60c per jar
BEAUTY POWDER	60c per box
BLOOM (the rouge)	60c per box
LIP STICK	25c each
FRAGRANCE	25c a can
NIGHT CREAM	60c per jar

(cold cream)

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Also Made in Canada

Pompeian Beauty Powder

IS YOUR SKIN A GRATEFUL SKIN?

There is an intriguing loveliness about a clear skin.

Rose-petal enchantments of the skin are much more possible to attain than the average woman realizes.

Pompeian Night Cream is a necessity to this cultivation of a lovely skin. It is a remarkable cleansing cream, and at the same time it has properties that make it healing and softening to the skin.

A Cleansing Cream

A dirty skin does not always declare its uncleanness by an immediate appearance of being dirty.

Pompeian Night Cream is supremely effective as a cleanser. It is pure, and scientifically compounded, and effectively accomplishes its work in cleaning the skin.

Just before retiring, and while your skin is still warm from the pleasant exercise of your bath, apply the Night Cream to your face and neck and shoulders. Use your finger tips for the application of the cream, rubbing it in swift little circular movements. This will loosen the dirt and release the closed pores to healthy activity. Wipe off with a soft, clean cloth.

A Softening Cream

The continued use of soap and water will make the average skin very harsh, and this harshness encourages wrinkles and other skin-unsightliness. Pompeian Night Cream counteracts this tendency and softens with its healing qualities.

If your skin is very dry it will be helpful for you to use this cream every morning and night regularly. But if your skin is oily it will be sufficient to give it a thorough cream bath at night only, following it with a quick ice rub.

Mme. Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

Get 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples For Ten Cents

The newest Pompeian art panel, done in pastel by a famous artist, and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 7 1/2 in. For to cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom, and Night Cream. *Tear off the coupon now.*

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

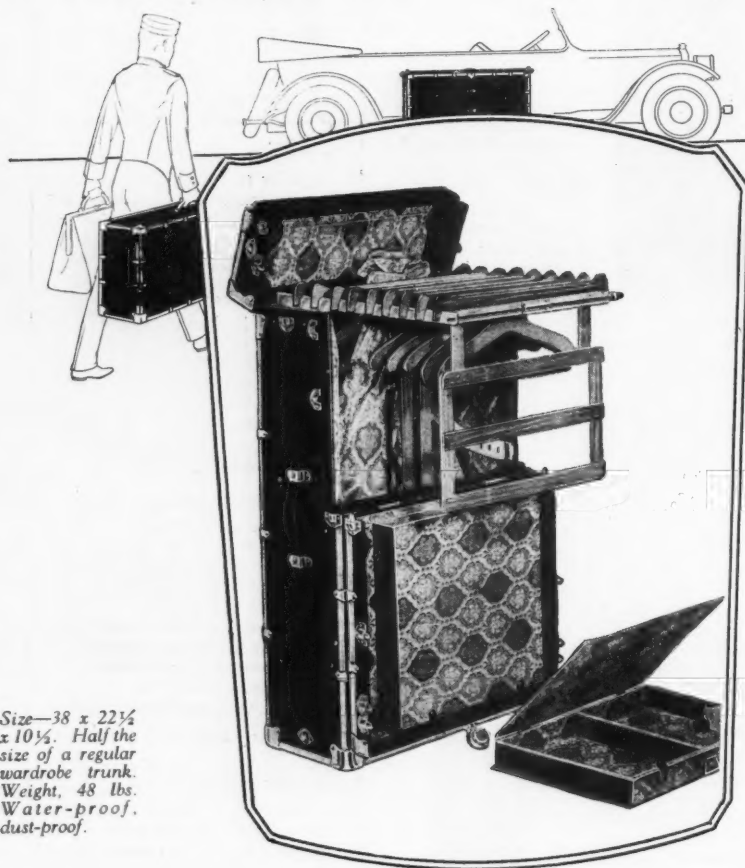
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What shade of face powder wanted?

Boudoir Comfort for Motor Trips



Size—38 x 22½ x 10½. Half the size of a regular wardrobe trunk. Weight, 48 lbs. Water-proof. dust-proof.

THE AUTOROBE Touring Wardrobe Trunk keeps the clothing of an entire family free from wrinkling, yet it is small enough to be securely bolted to the running board of your car, or carried in the hand like a suit case. It has 8 hangers for dresses or suits, ample shoe space, cleverly designed boxes for linen and small garments.

A marvel of compactness and convenience, it removes the last vestige of discomfort from motor travel.

Completely equipped with water-proof, dust-proof cover and the simple bars and bolts that clamp it securely to the car in half a minute.

From the running board it can be carried easily to your hotel room—to your Pullman or Steamer state-room.

Most good dealers are displaying the AUTOROBE Touring Wardrobe Trunks. If yours hasn't stocked them yet, write us.

Autorobe Trunk Co., Petersburg, Va.

Brooks Rogers

Alfred Friend

AUTOROBE

The Touring Wardrobe Trunk

sound that he seemed almost an apparition. Except for his voice—healing her pain with the magic of tender words.

"Quite untrue, of course, that I asked you to dance for any reason but that I wanted to . . . and an honor to me that you should . . . the sweetest, loveliest, most natural creature I had ever met. Someone I had been seeking a long while. Do you know what I thought when first I heard the story of the little lion-cub?"

She could only look at him dumbly, all the lion gone out of her eyes, a lovely appeal come into them. The castle gates were down, and the keys in the hand of the conqueror. It was as if her eyes invited him to walk in the *jardin bleu* of her soul; and words found themselves on his lips that it was early to speak, but that would not be denied.

"I thought: *That is the girl for me—I must find her!* And when you said that about spending your life with me—the only fellow kicking about Africa with that sort of a name—can you tell what it meant to me—Dalla?"

He spoke her name with infinite tenderness. Yet still she did not answer. Only trembled and in her wide eyes tears began to form, and fall. Passionate desire seized him to find out what was in those eyes for him. But at the power of his gaze hers wavered, the lids fell, she forgot the world, forgot life itself; unconscious of what she did, her lips shaped themselves into the image of a kiss and lifted towards his.

One moment of the well of life to taste . . .

So exquisitely precious that moment of first ardent possession of lips that are loved—so bitter to have careless hands laid upon it—broken by intrusion! Laura Acutt with "coo-ees" and lively calls of "Dalla" came rustling down the paths of their enchanted garden, and they had just time to step apart. She exclaimed joyfully at sight of Valentia.

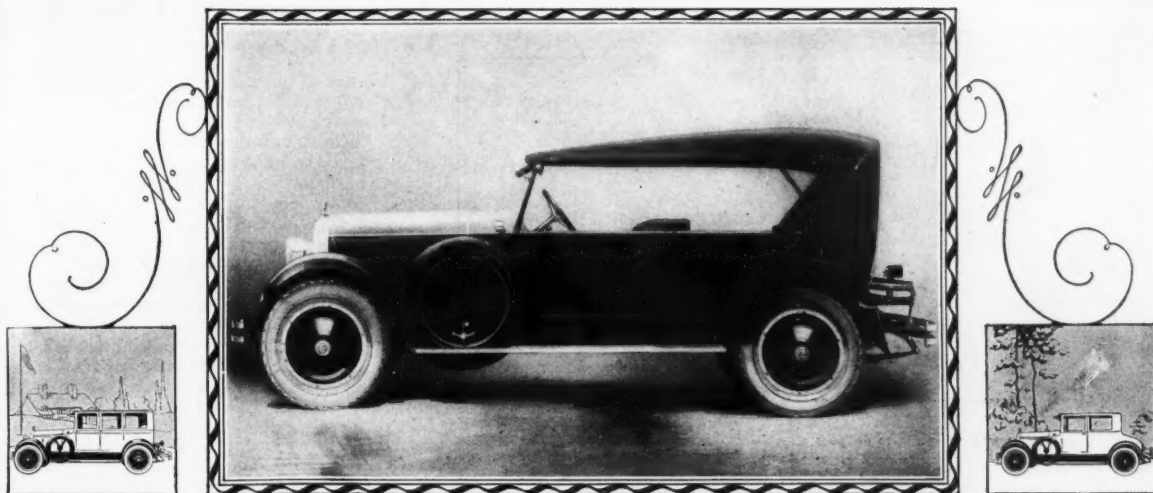
"So glad to see you. I was afraid we shouldn't have a chance to say good-by . . . and we sail tomorrow . . . I didn't know you knew Mrs. de Beer!"

The last words were naturally incomprehensible to him, his state of mind at the moment—chaotic joy mingled with a desire to commit bloody murder—being unfavorable to the solution of conundrums; but to Dalla they were as bombs crashing upon the palace of life. Suddenly, violently awake to love, her forgotten marriage, the tragic hopelessness of it all, she could think of nothing but to escape from the sight of Valentia's eyes when he too should realize. And on a swift impulse she fled. They stood staring, astonished, at her disappearing form, fleet as a thing of the wilds. Then Laura Acutt, puzzled and disturbed, repeated:

"I did not know you knew Mrs. de Beer. What is wrong? Why has she left us like that?"

The truth reached Valentia's brain at last. He stood very still, a strange paleness showing under his tan, and with a sensation as if someone had placed an iron nail against his left breast and was driving it home with a hammer.

In an instalment that will enthrall you next month, Dalla returns to Africa, and the strange prophecy made by the little bones of Destiny works out its course



The New Paige

Try to Match Its Performance or Its New Price

HERE'S the New Paige—unmatchable in performance and value. Pay what you please, you cannot buy more sure ability on the road or delightful docility in traffic. So flexible is the big 70 h.p. Paige motor.

More money will not buy a roomier car. Nor will it buy a more comfortable car, for Paige has the 131-inch wheelbase, the 5-foot-spring suspension, the balance, that give utmost comfort.

Never Before So Fine a Paige

You know Paige as a large, able, comfortable, well-built car. Finer each year, say those who know it best. And the New Paige goes a step further. It is not only finer—but immensely greater value.

The big 70 h.p. Paige motor, with its silent, automatically adjusted timing chain, is the motor of the New Paige. Refined for even greater service. The clutch and transmission which made Paige so famously easy to handle are retained with added smoothness and efficiency.

Paige-Timken axles; sealed-in-lubrication universal joints of steel; ball-bearing steering spindles; the tremendous, unyielding frame—all of which added to Paige reputation for ruggedness—are retained with improvements.

Here's What the New Paige Will Do

Think of what it means to have a car that will do 70 miles an hour. Such a reserve of power means you can climb hills in high when others shift and stall—means you can dash ahead of the crowd whenever you want—means a motor you can't hurt by over-taxing.

Think of what it means to have a car with 11 feet of wheelbase, and rear springs more than 5 feet long. It means a car that laughs at rough detours—that takes you in unjolted comfort at good speed over roads which other cars hesitate to travel. The luxury of Paige motoring is very real to all who know it.

Think of having a motor so silent that you sometimes wonder whether it is running until the pressure of your foot brings instant response in smooth, quiet speed. And so flexible that you can drive from 2 to 70 miles an hour in high gear.

New Low Prices Create New Value

Last year the Paige Phaeton cost \$2450 factory. Today the New Paige—still the same big, powerful quality car refined in

many ways, improved in style, bettered in performance—costs many hundreds of dollars less. You will be astonished when you inspect the car and learn its price to find that you may now possess so fine a car so economically.

How Can We Do It?

Now you know what it means when we say—"Try to match its performance or its new price!"

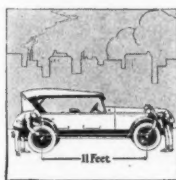
How can we offer so much at such a price? The answer is simple:

Three years ago our business was 15,000 cars a year. Now with the Paige-built Jewett, our capacity is 500 cars a day. The saving in overhead is important as you can see. And it is responsible for the remarkably low price.

An Exclusive Car

Remember, there is only one Paige—the best we know how to build. Known the world over as a fine, wonderfully performing car—a car all covet. There are no smaller, cheaper Paige models. You need never explain which Paige you own.

Your local Paige dealer will be glad to let you drive a Paige at your convenience. Find out the price. (500-C)



PAIGE



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA



The soft modern food that tastes so delicious does not give to the gums the stimulation that rougher, coarser food once gave.



Hasty eating reduces the mechanical stimulation which food gives to the gums. Hasty eating is an enemy; proper mastication is a friend.

Soft foods and hasty eating are weakening gums and ruining teeth

THE GREATEST DANGERS with which teeth are threatened today are the dangers which follow in the train of a weakened gum structure. The records of the clinics

and the daily experience of the dental profession show an alarming increase in tooth troubles which have their source in the *gingiva* (the gum structure) of the human mouth.

How soft foods cause the toothbrush to "show pink"

And the causes of this condition are not difficult to discover. Undoubtedly, the greater nervous tension under which we live, and lack of exercise, are contributing factors, but the source of most tooth troubles today is the modern diet.

Rough, coarse foods once gave work to the teeth and stimulation to the gums; but the soft, creamy products of modern cookery—in nine cases out of ten all too hastily eaten—do neither. As a result, gums get little or no exercise. They become congested, soft and flabby; and pyorrhea, infected roots, diseased sockets and gingivitis are just the normal effects from the given causes.

How Ipana helps soft gums become healthy

Ipana is a tooth paste comparatively new. Yet in the short time it has been before the profession, thousands of dentists have written us that they have adopted it in their practice and prescribe it to patients, especially when those patients show signs of congested, soft or bleeding gums.

In stubborn cases they prescribe a gum

massage with Ipana after the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush, thus helping to restore the circulation, to relieve the congestion, and to provide the gums with that exercise they need so badly.

For in strengthening soft gums and in healing bleeding gums, Ipana has a very specific virtue. It contains ziralol, a positive antiseptic, and a preparation with a recognized hemostatic value. Dentists throughout the country use it after extraction to allay the bleeding of the wound and to heal infected tissue.

Send for a trial tube of Ipana Tooth Paste

You can judge from the generous sample tube, not only the healing effect of Ipana, not only its fine free-from-grit consistency, not only its remarkable cleaning power, but you can judge, too, its fine flavor and clean taste. For Ipana is a perfect proof that a tooth paste need not have an unpleasant taste in order to be a beneficial agent.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO.

65 Rector St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

The Great Snow

(Continued from page 89)

it was as immutably a part of him as the beating of his heart and his own flesh and blood.

The stars faded and day broke swiftly above the walls of the inlet. He returned and found his father on his hands and knees groping in the sand. He was gathering sticks and placing them with the remnants of last night's fire, and when he heard Peter's footsteps he paused in his labor and raised a face out of which once more the years of grief and hopelessness seemed to have gone.

"Are you hungry, Peter?" he asked.

And Peter, as he knelt beside him, knew that he was speaking to Peter the boy and not to Peter the man.

Together they built the fire.

Nine days Peter and his father spent in their hiding-place under the walls of the lagoon. At the end of that time Donald's burns were healed and his strength had returned. He had taken on flesh and his shoulders were straighter. His eyes were clear again but their vision was strangely shadowed and at a hundred yards the wall of the lagoon was like a dark curtain. For a time it was impossible for Peter to believe that his father's mind was not keeping pace with his physical revivment. Yet with the passing of each day Donald's mental grip concentrated itself more and more on the past until he seemed not to have lived at all beyond those years when Peter was a boy. Together they picked up old threads as if they had never been broken or lost, and in those occasional dark and brooding intervals when Donald's mind dragged itself back into the haunting tragedy of the present Peter found himself praying for the return of that partial amnesia which at first had terrified him.

On the evening of the ninth day Peter once more set out to sea. Fifty miles westward he ran ashore in the illusive gray dusk of morning and burned Simon's boat.

Now that their flight northward had actually begun there were moments when his father's attitude almost frightened him. At first Donald's mind was keenly alive to the nearness of danger and in his half blindness he became even more watchful and alert than Peter. But it was the peril of years ago that haunted him—the menace of the men who had driven them from their cabin home and who had nearly killed them when Peter was a boy.

After the third day Peter began to mark the beginning of the final change in his father. Donald became less watchful and sounds no longer seemed to disturb him. Instincts which warned him of peril became ghosts and at last faded away entirely. By the end of the seventh day there remained only one consciousness of living in Donald's soul; Peter was his little boy, and he was with Peter. Physically he betrayed no sign that his mind had crumbled. His scarred eyes, in which vision had grown even dimmer, held in them a deep and abiding clearness and a strange gentleness grew in his face. And Peter, holding tight to keep his own heart from breaking, knew what it meant. His father was forgetful of all things now but his boy, and was happy.

This change more than anything else killed in Peter's breast his last hope of

Do You Envy the Health of Others?

Read these remarkable statements of what
one simple food can do

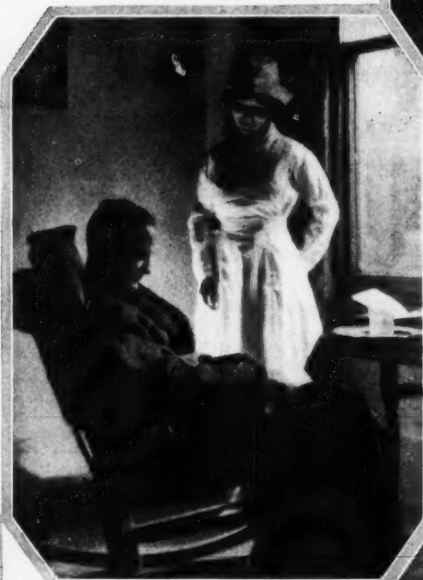
There is nothing mysterious about the action of Fleischmann's Yeast. It is not a "cure-all"—not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—in-igorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion and assimilation, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. *Health* is yours once more.



"A YEAR ago found me morose and irritable, with a nervous, rundown body and . . . an exceptionally bad complexion. Horrid pimples on my face were the bane of my existence. One day while sitting at a soda fountain I read a Fleischmann Yeast ad and concluded to give it a trial. . . . Within a week I slept better. Today I am a picture of health, have a wonderful complexion, and everyone says I look five years younger."

(A letter from Miss Jane Branch of Houston, Texas)



"I AM a graduate nurse. Back in 1911 while in charge of an operating room, I was afflicted with boils. I tried many remedies—still boils came, and I got run down and unable to carry on. Finally a physician told me to take Yeast. . . . That was twelve years ago, and I have never had a boil since. I have used Fleischmann's for hundreds of patients and for any number of different ailments. I am glad to say that twelve years have not dimmed my enthusiasm for Fleischmann's Yeast, or staled my appreciation of what it has done for me and for others in the course of my professional life."

(Miss Ann Batchelder of New York)



"IRREGULAR hours, eating in snatches, desperate hurry . . . nervous, little or no appetite, slept poorly, and worst of all suffered from constipation. Then I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. Almost at once, 'evacuation was easier, no stomach pains, no heartburn.' Today—practically complete elimination of bowel trouble, clearer skin, sounder sleep, better health."

(Extract from letter of a New York reporter, Mr. A. Kandel)



EAT 2 OR 3 CAKES A DAY REGULARLY

—before or between meals—plain, dissolved in water or milk or spread on crackers or bread. A cake dissolved in a glass of warm water before breakfast and at bedtime is especially beneficial in overcoming or preventing constipation. Fleischmann's Yeast comes in the

tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today. And write us for further information or our free booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. K 1. The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York



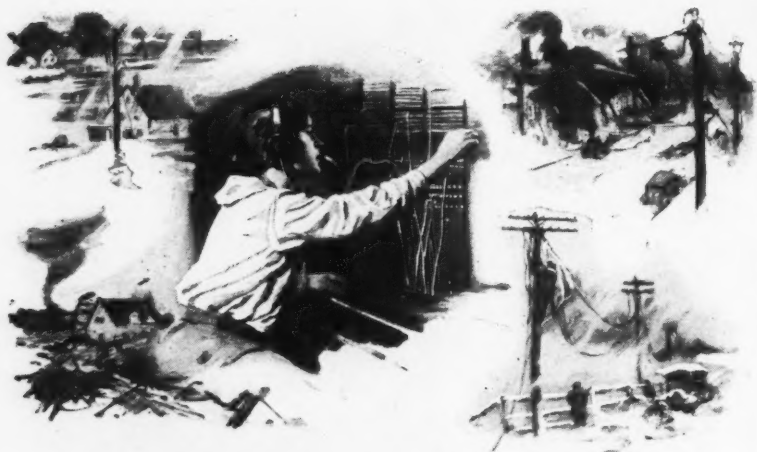
"UP to a couple of years ago I never have had regular intestinal action. I worked on this defect in many ways—abdominal exercises, vegetarianism, occasional medicine, Dr. Coué . . . Fleischmann's Yeast has been the only agent that, with me, ever produced normal movement continuously. And as a natural consequence, I now feel finer in other ways—enjoy everything more: food, work, play. Even my pipe seems to smoke better!"

(A letter from Mr. Henry J. Carroll of St. Louis)



"Run-down and ill from overwork, I had local neuritis, stomach acidity and insomnia; a formidable array of enemies for the brave little yeast cake to tackle! Yet in two weeks friends began to take notice. . . . In a month my complexion was clear and lovely, stomach in perfect condition, nerves 'unjangled,' gone the 'All worn out' feeling, and I was able to sleep like a top."

(Extract from letter of a Chicago business girl, Miss Dorothy Deene)



Priceless Service

Despite fire or storm or flood, a telephone operator sticks to her switchboard. A lineman risks life and limb that his wires may continue to vibrate with messages of business or social life. Other telephone employees forego comfort and even sacrifice health that the job may not be slighted.

True, the opportunity for these extremes of service has come to comparatively few; but they indicate the devotion to duty that prevails among the quarter-million telephone workers.

The mass of people called the public has come to take this type of service for granted and use the telephone in its daily business and in emergencies, seldom realizing what it receives in human devotion to duty, and what vast resources are drawn upon to restore service.

It is right that the public should receive this type of telephone service, that it should expect the employment of every practical improvement in the art, and should insist upon progress that keeps ahead of demand. Telephone users realize that dollars can never measure the value of many of their telephone calls. The public wants the service and, if it stops to think, cheerfully pays the moderate cost.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

"BELL SYSTEM"

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

INVENTORS

Write for our book, "HOW TO GET YOUR PATENT" and Evidence of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch of your invention for our prompt opinion of its patentable nature.

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Both Together—Only \$2.75.

A distinct saving to you—an unusual opportunity. A splendid combination when worn together.

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returning to Five Fingers. Sheer madness with its darkness and its misery might have driven him back to Simon and Father Albanel, taking Donald McRae to asylum doors instead of to the hangman. But this which he saw growing in his father was to him a quietly working miracle of God instead of a breaking down of body and soul and brain.

As day followed day and one cool, dark night added itself to another, a warmth and thrill came to replace with new emotions the gloom and desolation in his heart. Not for an hour did he stop thinking of Mona; her face was with him, her voice, the touch of her lips and hands; she walked with him in the thick aisles of the forest, slept near his side at night, awakened with him in the morning and became in each increasing hour of their separation more completely a part of him. But with this thought of her returned also the old passion of his childhood—his love for his father. His heart stirred strangely to the gentle caress of Donald's hand as it had thrilled when he was a boy. The old chumship rose out of its ashes, smoldered for a while and then burned steadily as if the broken years had never been. Home, mother, father, all the joys and dreams of childhood and early boyhood crept upon him a little at a time, until at last he knew that to sacrifice his father was as unthinkable as to surrender that part of his heart which Mona filled.

Between these two loves, encouraged on one side by duty and on the other by desire, lay his grief. Until the end of the third week he did not give up fully his resolution to send word back to Mona. By that time the hazard of such an act had fully impressed itself upon him. He no longer feared Aleck Curry, whose stupidity he had fully measured, but almost as frequently as Mona filled his mind came also the dread of Carter. A cold and abiding fear of this man entered into him and he was confident it would not be long before this human ferret of the forests would in some way find their trail. At times he was oppressed by the feeling that Carter was close behind them and he tried to establish in his mind the certainty of his action if his father's enemy should suddenly appear. Thought of what might happen—what probably would happen—made him shudder. For there could be no half-way measures with Carter now.

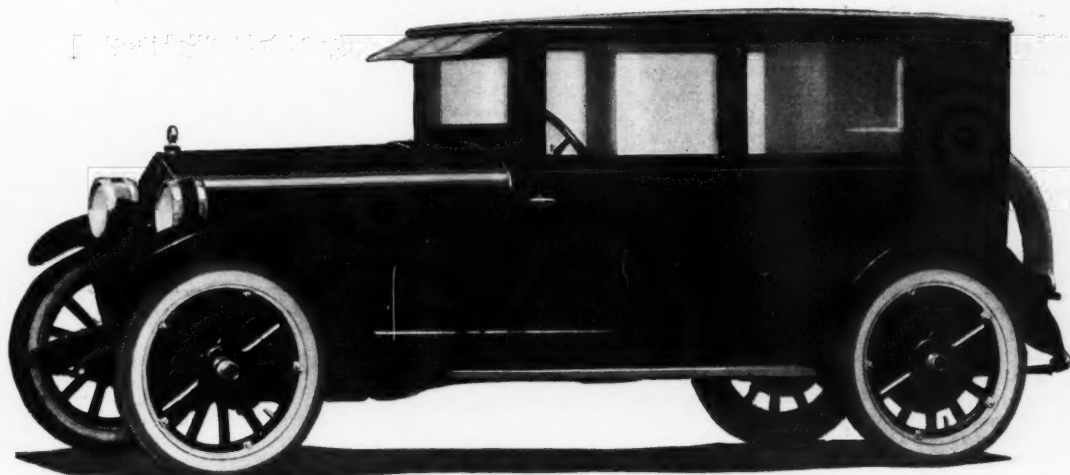
Always on the alert, with his rifle never far from the reach of his hands, he swung still farther north and west. Autumn found him in the Dubawnt River country, and the beginning of winter on the Thelon. Here he traded his watch in a Dog Rib camp for a score of traps, blankets and new moccasins, invested the last of his money in flour, sugar, salt and tea, and took possession of an abandoned cabin in the neighborhood of Hinde Lake. All through the winter he trapped and set deadfalls and snares.

A hundred times during the long winter he fought against his desire to send a word to Mona. Months had not dulled his caution and as soon as the spring break-up made it possible to travel he led his father into the Artillery Lake Country. Through the spring and early summer they were constantly on the move, always making a little southward. By the time August came they had completed two-thirds of an immense circle and south of the Athabasca country found themselves in the unmapped

The New ESSEX

A SIX

Built by Hudson under Hudson Patents



A 30 Minute Ride Will Win You

Essex closed car comforts now cost \$170 less than ever before. Also with this lower price you get an even more attractive Coach body and a six cylinder motor built on the principle of the famous Hudson Super-Six.

It continues Essex qualities of economy and reliability, known to 135,000 owners. It adds a smoothness of performance which heretofore was exclusively Hudson's. Both cars are alike in all details that count for long satisfactory service at small operating cost.

You will like the new Essex in the nimble ease of its operation. Gears shift quietly. Steering is like guiding a bicycle, and care of the car calls for little more than keeping it lubricated. That, for the most part, is done with an oil can.

The chassis design lowers the center of gravity, giving greater comfort and safety, at all speeds, on all roads. You will be interested in seeing how this is accomplished.

Greater fuel economy is obtained. The car is lighter, longer and roomier. You will agree that from the standpoint of appearance, delightful performance, cost and reliability, the new Essex provides ideal transportation.

The
Coach
\$975

Touring Model - \$850

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ESSEX MOTORS

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

regions between the Cree River and the McFarlane. Here, in a country of ridges and swamps and deep forests, Peter made up his mind that at last they were safely hidden from Carter and all the rest of the world.

He breathed easier and began the building of a cabin. This was on a dark watered, silent little stream, with a vast swamp at their back door, ridge country to right and left of them and an illimitable forest reaching out in front. The nearest point of habitation that Peter knew of was a Hudson's Bay Company's post sixty miles away.

And this cabin with each log that went into it became a closer and more inseparable part of Donald McRae. Out of that forgetfulness which could scarcely be called madness began to creep memories so warm and vivid that they seemed to breathe with life itself. For Donald was building the old home again, the home of Peter's mother, where the moon had looked in through the window on the night he was born—a home sweet and whispering with the presence of a woman one had worshiped in the flesh and the other had visioned as an angel in his dreams. After a little it was Donald and not Peter who was building the cabin, and by the time it was finished it seemed to Peter that a strange and unseen spirit of life, gentle as prayer itself, had come to dwell in it with them.

Autumn came again with its paradise of color. The cedars, spruce and balsams took on a deeper, richer green; each sunrise bathed the ridges of poplar and birch in new splendor of red and yellow and gold; the nights grew colder, the days were filled more and more with the autumn tang that made blood run red and warm. God was with them here. Donald said that, as in the days of old. And Peter began to believe—and as faith rose in him hope and dreams returned. *Mona's prayer was answered*—the prayer they had said together for years asking that his father might be returned to him, and that they might all find refuge together somewhere in the wilderness world which they loved. And this was the refuge, given to them through the sweet and charitable guidance of God. All that was needed to complete it was Mona.

He began to thrill with a greater excitement as the first snows came. Would it be safe to return for Mona now? There were times when his whole soul cried out in the affirmative and he was almost ready to begin the long journey. But his caution never quite died and he always pulled himself back in time. Sixteen months had seemed an eternity to him but prudence warned him not to hurry. He would wait until spring. By that time, if Carter was on their trail, the climax would surely come. If the winter passed safely he would go to Five Fingers and bring Mona back with him. Not for a moment did he doubt she would come and he continued to add to the glorious castles he built in his mind, shadowed only now and then by oppressing thoughts of the many things which might have happened at Five Fingers in almost two years of absence.

Late in February he left for the trading post with two Indian dogs and a light toboggan to sell his furs. It was not unusual now for Donald to remain alone for several days at a time, for Peter knew the home they had built had become a part of his heart and soul and that nothing short of

actual force or his own wishes and plans could drag his father from it. On this trip to the post he expected to be gone five days and possibly six if he found difficulties in the way.

It was very cold. Trees cracked and snapped with the piercing bite of the frost and the snow crackled underfoot. For a long time after Peter had disappeared Donald stood in the little clearing staring over the trail where his boy had gone.

Something unknown to Peter was finding its way in Donald's brain. Through the night it had worked, gnawing its way slowly and stealthily, and now that Peter was gone it grew bolder. Even as he turned the cabin took on a new aspect for Donald. Though the sun was shining and the sky was clear a shadow seemed to have fallen over it and the welcoming spirit which had always clasped him closely to its heart was missing when he entered through the door. As the day passed a change came in Donald's face. He was restless and uneasy. Sounds startled him again. In the dusk of evening he did not light a candle but sat quietly in a corner, staring into darkness with his half blind eyes, and all that night he did not go to bed.

The next day there was no sun; the sky was heavy with gloom, the air thick and difficult for Donald to breathe. Mysterious shadows crept about him and at times he tried futilely to seize these with his hands. As the hours passed his mind became more and more like a broken limb from which the last prop had been taken. A hundred times he whispered Peter's name. Then came the beginning of storm. It broke in mid-afternoon and by night was a howling blizzard. In darkness the cabin shook and the wind screamed overhead and the snow beat like shot against the window. It would be a long time before the forest people would forget this storm because of its ferocity and the tragedy which it left in its wake, but to Donald it was more than storm—it was a personal thing. In it was the cumulative chaos of all the evils from which he had been a fugitive through the years, and now, cornering him at last, they were fighting to break through the log walls of the cabin.

He built up the fire until it roared in the chimney and lighted candles until the cabin was aflame with light. And then, suddenly as a bolt of lightning, something came to him. It was *voice*—voice screaming at the window, voice howling over the roof logs, voice moaning and wailing and dying away in the sweepings of the wind. "*Peter! Peter! Peter!*" it was crying—nothing but Peter's name, repeating it a thousand times in its laughing, taunting, moaning efforts to make him understand.

A half savage cry rose out of his breast. He was not afraid, not when his boy needed him—and hatless and coatless he flung up the birchwood bar to the door and faced the storm.

"*Peter!*" he called. "*Peter! Peter!*"

It all had but one meaning for Donald now. The storm had Peter. It was playing with him, killing him, and these devils in the wind had come to tell him about it in their glee. He could feel them clawing and striking at his breast and face; the snow struck his eyes like tiny spear points and he found it difficult to get his breath in the face of the blast which tried to overwhelm him. He called again as he fought his way out into the blackness and snow.

His words drifted away in shreds, whipped to pieces by the wind. Creatures seemed picking up handfuls of snow and hurling it in his face—he could hear their swift movement, the hissing of their breath, their evasion as he struck out at them, and he called Peter's name louder than before to give his boy courage and let him know he was coming.

That Peter was near the cabin, that he had turned back and was making a desperate fight to reach its shelter was as firmly a part of Donald's mind as the conviction that all the forces of darkness and evil were trying to keep him away from his boy.

His head was bare and his woolen shirt was unbuttoned at the throat, but he did not sense the terrible cold that came with the blizzard. Among the trees his feet found instinctively the beginning of the trail that was blazed through the forest and he reached out his naked hands and plunged knee-deep through windrows of snow that lay in his way. The thickets whipped and beat at him and branches ambushed in darkness reached out from twisting trees to strike him, but he did not feel sting or pain.

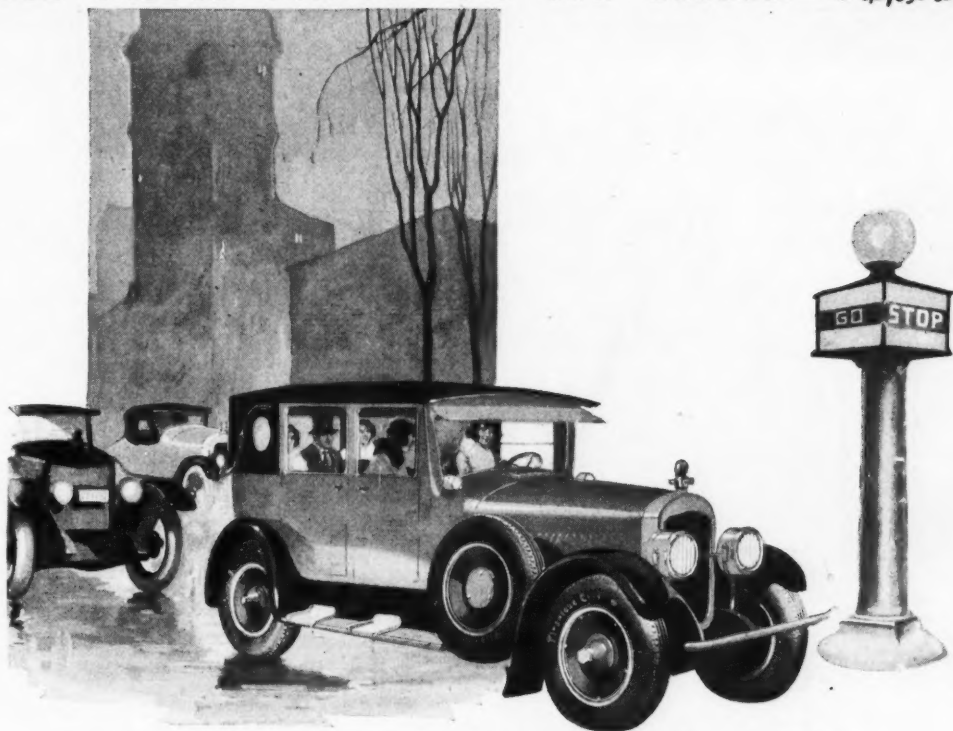
At last he was sure he heard an answer to his calling but the wind came and roared in his ears and the snow beat so fiercely in his face that he could not locate the quarter from which it came. Then he tricked the wind. He stumbled in the snow behind a tree and lay there until a brief lull followed in the wake of it, when he called again as loudly as he could. But he had the direction of it now and a hundred paces brought him to the edge of a rocky ravine which ran near the trail. Down this he clambered and in the pit-like darkness at the bottom found what he was seeking. Beside a figure crumpled and twisted in the snow he fell upon his knees, moaning Peter's name.

Half an hour later Donald came back to the light in the clearing, staggering under the weight of his burden. He opened the door and together the two crashed in upon the floor. On his hands and knees Donald turned and shut the door against the storm. Then he crept to the younger man whose wide open eyes were staring at him from a thin, white, strangely contorted face, and put his arms about him, holding his head closely against his breast.

"You're all right now, Peter," he comforted in a broken, gasping voice. "You're all right—" He tried to laugh as his frozen fingers wiped the snow from the other's hair. "We're home and it's warm and I'll get something to eat—"

He crawled to the stove, almost crooning in his joy, and opened the iron door to thrust in more wood. The flames lighted up his face, bloodless from the cold and wet with snow that had already begun to melt and trickle down his cheeks to his bare neck and chest. His hair glistened white—whiter, it seemed, than an hour ago; his breath came huskily as if driven through a sieve; he was a crumpled, frozen, wind-broken wreck, and yet as he turned from the flaming door of the stove to look at the man on the floor there was a strange miracle of triumph and happiness riding over the torture in his face and a smile was on his lips. The storm might beat and howl outside and all the evils of darkness might scream and rage to get in for all he cared now. He had saved his boy!

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He rose to his feet and stood swaying for a moment, smiling as he reached out his arms and tried to speak. Then he fell upon a cot.

The man on the floor had pulled himself to his elbow. He put a mittened hand to his throat as if to free himself from fingers that were gripping him there. His face too was bloodless. It was a thin face, driven white and hard by exhaustion and pain. He was a man who had been close to death and the shadow of it was still in his eyes.

He drew off his mittens and a foot at a time dragged himself across the floor. When he reached the cot he pulled himself up to it and put his arms over the stricken form of the one who had saved him.

Donald felt his nearness and raised a hand weakly to the other's face.

"You—Peter?" he asked.

"Yes, it's me."

Donald's blue lips smiled.

"They didn't get us, did they, boy? We got away from them—"

"Yes, we got away."

"And you're warm now—good and warm?"

The head over him bowed itself slowly until almost reverently it touched Donald's breast. It was not Peter's head. It was not Peter's voice that answered. But Donald gave a deep sigh of contentment as his fingers found a hand which he thought was Peter's and for a time neither one nor the other spoke again, while near them the fire crackled merrily in the stove and the candles sputtered and flared as if laughing at the storm which was lashing itself into a wailing madness outside the cabin walls.

For three days and nights no living creature could stand against the storm which swept the Athabasca country, nor could they travel in the intense cold which followed in its wake.

It was the fifth of March, twelve days after he had left the cabin, before Peter crossed the Pipestone on his return into the region where he and his father had made their home.

His mind was a torment of unrest as he visioned a hundred tragic happenings any one of which might have visited his father during his absence. The last twenty-four hours he traveled without an hour of sleep.

It was midday when he came to a high ridge from which he could look down into a cup of the forest where the cabin stood, a mile away. For the first time he breathed easily when he saw a spiral of blue smoke rising straight up into the clear sunshine of the day.

He laughed in his gladness as he came to the trail which led past the spring near their home. He would stop and drink there and then give the old-time halloo for his father. He could see Donald hurrying through the sunshine to welcome him after he heard that cry.

As he came round the last turn in the trail he stopped suddenly. Someone was at the spring. The bent figure was less than a hundred yards from him and he could see it rising slowly, lifting a pail filled with water. He shifted his rifle and made a megaphone of his mittened hands at his mouth. It would be a rousing surprise for his dad!

But the cry died before it reached his lips. The man at the spring was not his father. Tall and thin and hooded, and

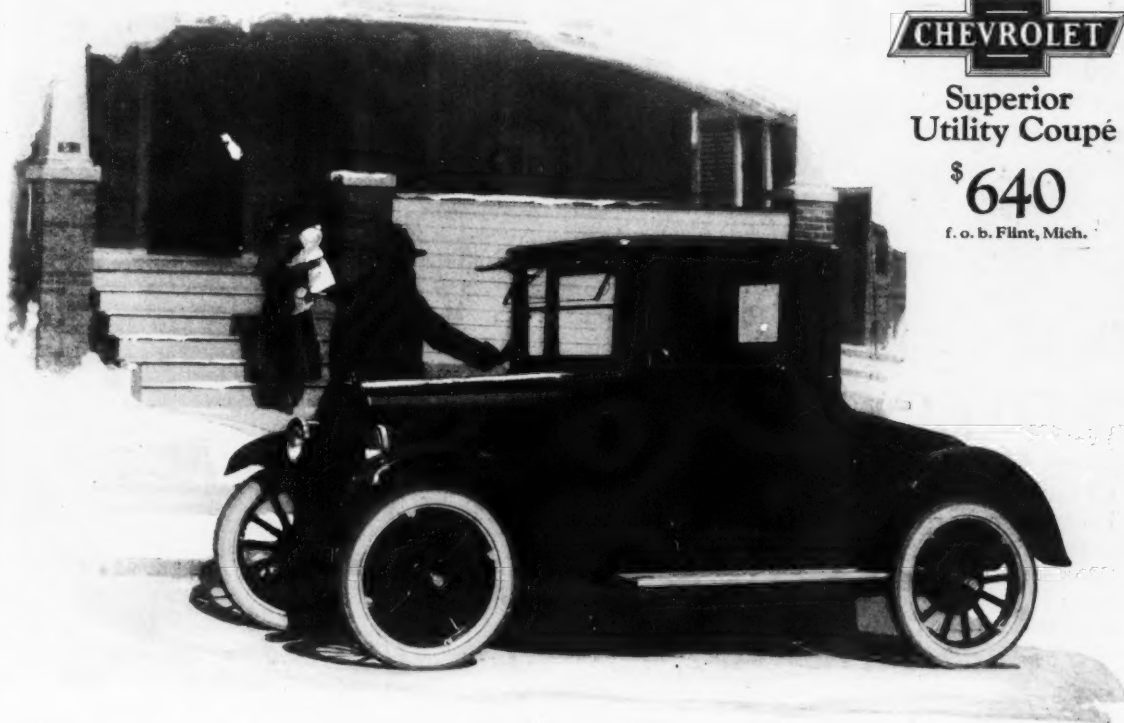
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walking with a stick as he advanced, the stranger came toward Peter. He progressed slowly and with difficulty, limping with each step he took. His head was bowed and not until they had approached within a few paces of each other did he raise it so that his face was clearly revealed. And then Peter gave a startled cry and swift as a flash swung the muzzle of his rifle upon the other.

"Carter!" he gasped.

A wan smile played over the Ferret's face as he raised a hand and thrust back his hood.

"My name is not Carter," he replied. "Since twelve days ago I have been Peter McRae—Donald McRae's son."

Something in his thin face and strangely sunken eyes sent a cold chill to Peter's heart.

Carter had stopped with the muzzle of the rifle touching the pit of his stomach. He made no effort to thrust it aside but stood looking calmly into the other's eyes.

"It happened just that long ago," he said. "I was trailing you when I slipped over a ledge and almost broke a leg among the rocks. The storm came and I was about done for when your father wandered out into the night calling your name, and I answered. He got me into the cabin and I've been there ever since. From the beginning he thought I was you. I understand now, McRae. I know what I've done—and I wish you would pull that trigger. I deserve it."

Peter lowered the gun.

"You have not harmed him?"

"Harmed him?" A dull look of agony filled Carter's eyes as he turned slowly toward the cabin. "No, I haven't harmed him—not since twelve days ago. It was all done before that. Only God will ever know how gentle and good he was to me, thinking I was you—and if by dying I could return what I've taken away from him I'd kill myself. And if I were in your place, Peter—standing where you are—I'd shoot!"

He gave a stifled cry as Peter hurried past him. In it was a note of appeal that choked and died in his throat. But Peter did not hear it nor did he see fully the look of dread that was in Carter's eyes. He unshouldered his pack at the cabin door, laid his rifle beside it and went in. He was no longer afraid of Carter. Something tighter and more terrible was gripping at his heart.

Carter came limping up the trail and when he reached the door he bared his head and quietly followed Peter into the cabin.

Peter was on his knees beside the bunk in which Donald was lying. His arms were spread out and his head was bowed upon Donald's breast.

White-faced, Carter knelt beside him and put both his hands about his shoulders. "Until he brought me into this cabin twelve days ago I never believed in God," he said huskily. "But I do now, Peter. For twelve days *your father was my father*. I loved him. And I know, if he could have understood, that from the beginning he would have forgiven me—the man who hunted him to his death. If by any merciful chance you can do that, Peter—if you can find it in your heart to let him remain my father and my brother—" One of his hands found Peter's, clasping it tightly, and the other crept to Donald's



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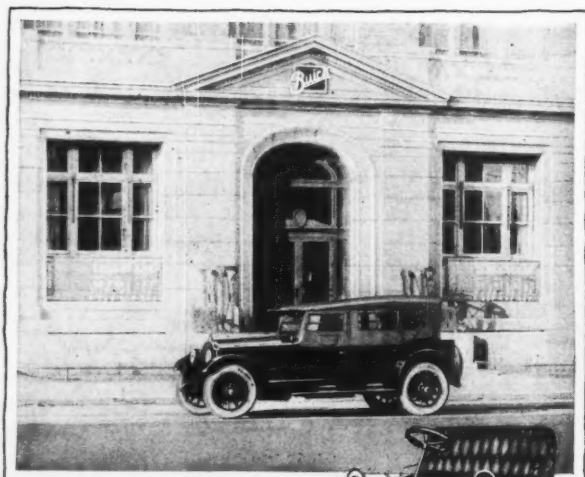
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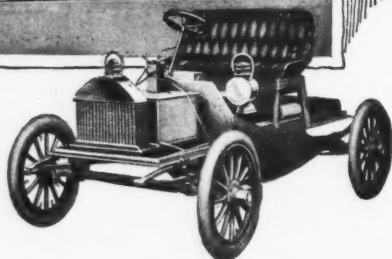
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face where it lay cold and lifeless on its pillow. "In God's name say you forgive me!" he whispered.

In answer Peter's fingers returned the pressure of Carter's hand and a sob broke on the man-hunter's lips.

After a moment of silence he said: "It was the terrible cold and exposure of that night in which he was hunting for you. It reached his lungs. Until yesterday I was not afraid. Then the change came—swiftly. He died this morning, Peter, in your arms, and the last word on his lips was your name—and Mona's."

A long time there was stillness in the cabin as the two knelt beside their dead.

In "The Man Four-Square" next month James Oliver Curwood writes just the kind of a dramatic and soul-satisfying conclusion you would want to see for the Gentleman of Courage stories

Lit-tle Sweet-heart

(Continued from page 64)

observed Ida Virginia. "The train isn't due for a good long time yet."

"Pardon me. I didn't realize." Perry slowed down.

Maybe Ma'y was right. But the die was cast now. Heaven help them—neither of them could turn back. Each of them had to see it through.

Both of Perry's feet went down suddenly. The car screeched to a straining halt to avoid running down a hurrying negro youth who seemed bent on suicide. The darky dodged, then jumped back toward the automobile.

"Mist' Perry! Mist' Perry!" he shouted. "Wait a minute, suh!"

Perry spoke shortly and colloquially. "What you want, Eph? 'S matter with you?"

"It ain't me, Mist' Perry. It's Catfish Bill, down on de shanty-boat. He say f'r me to get you—*quick*; f'r to tell you come f'r Lawd's sake. He cain' get no doctor—ain' nobody on earth he kin look to but you."

"What's the matter, Eph? What has happened?"

"His wife, Mist' Perry. She dyin'."

"Where's the boat tied up, Eph? Quick—tell me."

"Right at de boat landin', suh. You kin git right there in de car . . ." The rest was lost behind in the spume of dust from the rear wheels.

"I'll drop you the first place I can find," Perry snapped to the girl; then: "I'm sorry."

"No need to. I'll go with you. There's plenty of time."

"Can't. No place for you"—taking a corner on two wheels.

"This isn't a time to think of things like that. There's a woman sick, your colored boy said."

"Can't take you, Ida Virginia. She's—the other sort. You don't know what sort of place they live in. It—they're—dregs."

"What does that matter, Perry? She's a woman, and sick. Besides, it would slow you up to try to find some place to leave me. I'm going with you, Perry."



"What do you suppose he carries all those for—ballast?"

"No, excess of caution. Someone ought to tell him about Kellys."

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He protested no more, but gave himself up to the business of driving. It was a scant five minutes before he roared the motor to a standstill and shoved open the rickety door of the shanty-boat.

"What's the matter, Bill? Seliny sick?"

Barefooted, in undershirt open at the throat, unshaved, Bill nodded dumbly. His hands were shaking. Plainly he had lost his head.

"She—I—dunno. I'm afeart she's dyin'."

"What's the matter? What's wrong with her?"

"She wuz all right till a little while ago. Then she begin groanin' an' achin'—she ain't herself a-tall—who's that? I begs yo' pardon, ma'am."

"Miss Lea was with me when Eph found me, Bill."

Perry paused. The trim-cut girl, as out of place in the dingy, kerosene-lighted shanty-boat as a rose petal in a pigsty, strode over to the tumbled, unkempt bed and dropped to her knees for closer observation.

"Bring that lamp close, Perry," she ordered. "There! Where you have it."

Her hand fell upon the sallow, work-worn forehead of the shanty-boatwoman. Together, the contrast was almost shocking.

"She has fever," Ida Virginia announced. "And a whole lot of it. She hasn't been eating much lately, has she?" turning swiftly on Catfish Bill.

"Why—yas'm. She et cawnbread, 'n' greens, 'n' fish—"

"Fish? How long had you kept it?"

"I dunno'm. Day'r so, I reckon."

"In this hot weather? I thought so. Get me some hot water and mustard—plenty of hot water."

Catfish Bill sped for the first time in years.

Ida Virginia dumped a rough chair clean and dragged it to the bedside.

"Ptomaine," she flung succinctly over her shoulder to Perry. "I've been through this three times with my kid brother. Here—hold this."

Busy moments followed in the bed-ragged, dirty shanty-boat. Perry suddenly realized that this was a side he had not even known was Ida Virginia's. She knew what she was doing. Almost before he knew, she straightened. "She's all right now," she said.

Seliny groaned, her thin, work-worn hand fumbling out. Weak, miserable, she tried to sit up.

"Bill—air you there, Bill? Air you all right?"

He covered her hand with his own. Of a sudden the whole tempo of the scene had changed.

Catfish Bill, self-admitted scum of the earth, had plainly forgotten everyone else. His rough, unshaved face was twisted with emotion. He knelt at the side of the tousled bed, his gnarled fingers twisting at the covers.

"Seliny," he said softly. "Seliny . . . gal . . ." and he choked up.

Perry turned. He could remember nearly a score of years that he had known intimately Seliny and Catfish Bill. He could count on the fingers of one hand the

tender expressions he had heard them use to each other.

Yet here were sounded wells of emotion of which he had never dreamed. Catfish Bill the uncaring, Catfish Bill the selfish, Catfish Bill who apparently had never had a thought in his life outside of himself—was on the point of breaking down.

Perry leaned over and touched Bill on the shoulder. "We're going, Bill," he said. "And I'm—glad we came down here. I'm glad to know you—feel—like that."

The other rose to his feet. Gone was the self-deprecation, the cringing, the bending of the knee of this confessed sweeping of the earth. Catfish Bill, man, looked Perry Morton, man, straight in the eye. His shoulders went back as he spoke with quiet dignity:

"She's my woman. Don' nothin' else count."

The words still rang in Perry's ears as he steered Ida Virginia in the semi-gloom across the shaky gangplank to the shore. They were both very quiet.

Without a word they found their seats in the deserted car. Perry bent over to snap on the switch. Then, abruptly, he turned.

"Ida Virginia," he began, "I—I've—well, I'm sorry. I've been hurting you—when I cared. I'd take it all back if I could. But I want you to know I'm sorry." Hands clenched tight on the wheel, he stared ahead into the darkness as he went on.

"I'd been regarding myself as of finer clay than—him"—jerking his head toward the shanty-boat. "But tonight—he stripped all the pretense from what I was doing—made me see. I've been acting, honey, like a spoiled kid that says 'tis—'tain't,' and won't play. He made me see what I was about to do."

"I've cared, Ida Virginia, since those kid days when they used to tease me. That was why it mattered so much to me. That's why they could tease me about it. I didn't know. It's just—just that always, somehow, you've been 'my woman.' Don' nothin' else count."

His voice died away in the darkness. Hands tight, he stared straight ahead.

Came, soft as rose leaves, two little hands upon his arm. Came, soft and sweet as the note of the wood-thrush, a little voice.

"I'm—sorry, too, Perry. It made me see, too, Perry. I've been just as wrong as you have—all that you have been."

She paused, then went on bravely:

"I was ready to go on with it, Perry. If you had taken me to the train, I'd have married Charlie Oakley. When"—the sweet voice faltered, then went on steadfastly—"when you're always been my boy, Perry—dear. I think I've loved you even before you used to run away from me down to the river. I came over on this visit just to see you. Why—why, Perry, I've always been your 'little sweetheart.'"

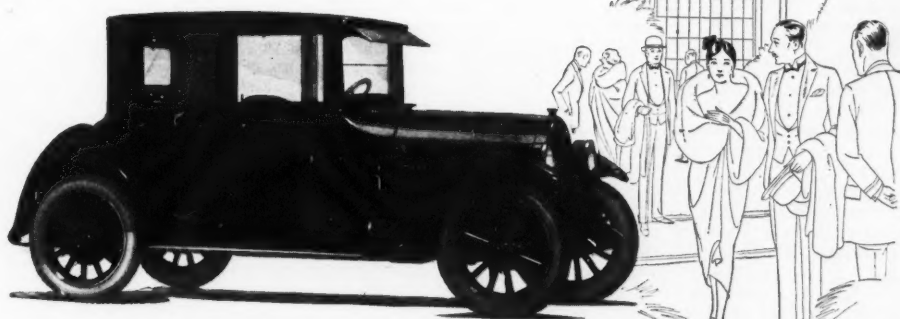
The recital was cut short.

Perry Morton suddenly realized that he was sitting, like a wooden man, with his arms rigidly outstretched upon the steering wheel of his car.

And young arms are not made for that.

"As Good as New"—a love story of an antique shop and a desk with a secret drawer—told with all the wizardry and charm of Frank R. Adams—in March COSMOPOLITAN

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The Worst Woman in Hollywood

(Continued from page 58)

"At five o'clock. But please, please, listen to me. You must. Everything is—"

"If I listen to you, you lying, double-crossing, sniveling—," Inez Laranetta said, "I'll choke you with my two hands. I know what I'm doing. Get out—get out. There's a car. Go, and go hiking!"

When the Frenchwoman came down her eyes were red with weeping. She tried once, with supreme courage, to speak. "I will tell you," she said, her whole body trembling with the effort. "He is—"

But her words were smothered in a torrent of blasphemy, of invective, of awful, primitive rage such as she had never seen before. She fled before it as a woman must flee before a cyclone.

Inez Laranetta went upstairs into the front bedroom that faced the gate and sat there through the long afternoon hours, motionless. She wasn't thinking, she was only feeling. A great fever burned upon her, and the hand that rested on her knee trembled. The force of her passion had eaten her up because she had never in all her life controlled a passion. Now it had its will with her, and it was horrible.

When the beautiful dark roadster slid noiselessly to the gate, she steadied herself. Her mouth had the ruthless cruelty, her eyes the cold, reasonless rage of the killer.

And then she saw Fay, Fay in a little frock of blue and a soft blue hat over her golden hair. Fay, with a happy, trustful smile, who made such a graceful curtsy to the tall, good-looking young chap who helped her from the car, and then ran toward the house with light steps.

And the gun clattered to the floor and Laranetta buried her face in her hands and gave that one great, dry sob that was all her soul could give her to ease the pain.

She couldn't. She couldn't. Little Fay—why, that one shot would tear away every mask from the hideous features of the world. It would tell her the story in headlines. Headlines.

What should she do? What could she do?

It was very terrible because self-discipline was new to her. The necessity to keep Fay from knowing was like a cruel bit in her mouth, jerking her back from the primitive method of revenge that boiled within her.

Downstairs she heard the pure, light voice calling. Heard the hum of other voices as the French couple answered.

Well, she must go down. She'd go to this man, this young Stewart Greene Cuyler II, and tell him to keep away from her sister. At once, she'd go. And what she'd say to him would be plenty.

And then the sickening realization came to her of the weapon she would put into his hands. Suppose, wanting Fay as he must want her to spend his time in pursuit in this quiet village, suppose he went to Fay and told her who and what her sister was. The worst woman in Hollywood. Suppose he fought her, wouldn't that be just as bad as the shot she had almost fired? For Fay to know—and ghosts rose before Inez Laranetta's eyes that she had thought laid forever.

She'd take her away. Back to Paris, back to the convent.

It was the hardest moment of her life when she faced her sister. The wretched, dog-like pleading of her heart, the sick fear of her soul, could hardly be crushed from her eyes.

When the first moment of surprised greeting was over, she said, "I—I see you've been riding." Her throat was dry. "Have you been out often—with that young man?"

"Oh yes!" said Fay softly. "He has been so kind to me. He is very estimable. Yesterday we went to visit a poor woman who is sick, and he gave her much money. He makes me laugh, too. Do you know, dear, I have never laughed much? We have had—oh, such merry times!"

"Where'd you meet him?" Laranetta asked, choking back the oath in her throat.

"Oh, he knew Aunt Marie's brother in France during the war, and he came to bring her news from him and her family in Paris. After that he came every day, to sit in the garden. And the cats climbed on him, and once he brought his dog, such a beautiful big creature."

Laranetta's color was gone. She looked very old and helpless.

"Fay," she said, "wouldn't you like to go back to Paris now for a little while, to Sister Rosario and the nuns? Wouldn't you love to visit them awhile? I could take you—or send you."

Fay Charleston laughed. "Oh no! I want to stay here, please. I like it here. My garden needs me and my cats need me and I am giving lessons on the harp to the little girl next door. No, I do not want to go back to Paris. It would make me very unhappy. I like it much better here."

Her eyes were full of pleading, a pleading that her sister felt would not have been there two months ago. She did not want to leave him.

Laranetta put one hand across her eyes, but Fay had gone to open the blinds and let in the twilight, so she did not see. She could not send her back then, without some explanation. And she could say nothing to this girl before her about men. She just couldn't. Nothing that she, Inez Laranetta, knew about men was fit for her ears to hear. A strange embarrassment choked her. She could not defame and defile this man without defaming Fay. She could not warn without shattering the faith she herself had fostered.

"You—you tell me everything—everything, Fay?" she said piteously. "I'm—I'm your sister, you know"

"Of course I tell you everything. You are the one I love best."

"Yes, I am, I am, am I not?" said Laranetta, and she kissed the white hand.

"And—do you love this man, Fay? Would you feel bad if he—never came back?"

"I do not think I love him," said Fay with a quick laugh, but the color had bloomed under the clear, pale skin. "Perhaps—some day. And he will come back. He will come back tomorrow."

Laranetta walked to the door and stood, her back to the little room. The passions that rode her face were not good to see. Oh yes, he would come back again, and again, and again, until he despoiled this garden of all its flowers! Didn't she know?

Didn't she know? He'd come back until his kisses had wiped the smile from those wistful lips, and his words had replaced the purity and trust in those blue eyes with some of her own wicked knowledge. Then he would come back no more.

And she was helpless. Helpless. Nothing that she could do, nothing that she knew, would help.

And then suddenly there came the one thought that would come to Inez Laranetta in that moment.

There was always one thing she could do.

Their hands groped together in the darkness for the switch that would flash on the light. And met, hers smooth and yielding, his hot and dry.

In the darkness there was a breathless moment, breathless and charged with passion.

Then the woman swayed against him heavily and he felt her lips an instant against his cheek. The scent of them was thick and sweet. There was something maddening about her, something intoxicating, that was different from other women.

Then, in the darkness, she laughed, challengingly.

It was more than he could stand in that darkness that seemed to press about them, crushing them closer against each other. He took her brutally in his arms and he almost hated her as he kissed her. She was so tall that none of him was free of the close consciousness of that magnificent enticement of hers. What a sort of Olympian fulfillment for the pagan god in man it would be to have her as a mate!

Oh, he was a fool! A fool! Why hadn't he known from the first moment that it would lead him back to this? Back to this common, earthy lure of woman for man? Well, he had known. What else could there be with a woman like Inez Laranetta?

But she had done it all so cleverly. She had made it impossible for him to avoid her without being rude. There had been a casual air about her at first. A perfection of intriguing that had made things happen so naturally. And all the time, by every little trick and device known to such a woman, she had been leading him to this.

Why had she done it? Why had she selected him? Why had she played with such consummate skill to win him? Even his masculine vanity did not answer to his entire satisfaction. Sometimes there was the merest flash of purpose in her eyes, a purpose mysterious to him.

He knew that she had played for this moment. Stewart Greene Cuyler II was a man, and young. His life had been perhaps a shade cleaner than that of most young New Yorkers of his set, because he cared tremendously about winning amateur tennis championships, and condition is an important thing in tennis. Besides, his family was horribly conservative, and he was devoted to his mother, a saintly lady with a gracious mind and heart.

Nevertheless, Stew Cuyler was a man of much attraction for women. He had a tall, clean-limbed strength, a coolness of eye and a twinkling smile that had aided

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How famous Movie Stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking, full of life and lustre.

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If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp

thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

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THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

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Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, represented as made of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

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him to win rather easily such contests of the heart as he had cared to enter. Women intrigued him and he had a rather cynical curiosity about them, but he had kept hidden away somewhere a desire and a belief in the one woman who would ultimately change the face of the universe.

From the very first night when Jack Hawley had invited him to dinner to meet Inez Laranetta, he had known that he should run. When a woman like Laranetta is soft and sweet and beguiling, it is time for any man to run. He knew her reputation as the worst woman in Hollywood. But he found her with the dignified sadness that is the mark always of the misunderstood woman.

Why did they call her the worst woman in Hollywood?

Stewart Greene Cuyler II was still under thirty and the opportunity to solve that riddle was irresistible. He was quite young enough to be dazzled a bit by the tale of her wickedness.

Also, it was impossible to ignore her beauty. Inez Laranetta, in a procession of such gowns and jewels and furs as he had never dreamed possible, with her great black eyes flashing and the color flaming in her cheeks, simply overwhelmed the senses.

Oh, of course Stew Cuyler could not dream of the desperate game she was playing, nor of the cold panic that drove her, nor of the great necessity that spurred her every thought.

But it was an unequal game for any man. Oh, he had struggled, he had fought against it! In a way, it had been a desperate struggle between them from the first moment. All the new resolves, the new vision of his soul, trembled before her, utterly afraid.

But Inez Laranetta was playing in life the game she had played so often on the screen. It was the weapon she had seized that day when the gun clattered from her hand useless. The greatest screen "vamp" of the day, the official home-wrecker of the films, was using at last every ounce of the thing that made her a great box-office attraction. Using it to save a slender girl with pale gold hair from the monster that was man.

In her time she had taken men from their wives, from their sweethearts, even from themselves. Now she was taking a man away from her own sister. It was the only way she knew.

It wasn't very subtle stuff. There may have been men who would have withstood the siege. There are probably many men who will say that they could have. But Stewart Cuyler was there, in the room with her, her lips melting beneath his.

"Don't you love me—a little bit?" she said in her rich, soft voice that purred as a tiger purrs so that in the darkness men become confused and run directly into the mouth of the beast. "Please love me—a little."

He stopped her mouth with kisses.

And, amazingly enough, in that desperate moment there was present to both of them in that room a slender girl with pale gold hair and a questioning little smile, a girl whose eyes asked to be made happy. They were both clinging to, fighting for, the thought of her.

He broke away and switched on the lights.

With difficulty Laranetta smothered an oath.

"Oh, it can't be," he said, "it mustn't be! I'm a dog, a rotten dog. But it just mustn't be."

Laranetta had steadied herself and she went over and sat down close to him, where he had dropped on the bigdavenport. "Why mustn't it be?" she said fiercely. "There isn't any harm in love."

"No, never," said Stewart Cuyler, "but this isn't love. Let's not commit the sacrilege of pretending we think it's love. Oh, I know! I've accepted it like other men. But—not now. I know what love is—now. You see, I really love someone else." He looked at her, and for all his poise and distinction he had the look of a small boy who is afraid. "I really love a girl. A good girl. I can't bring her the purity she brings me, Heaven forgive me, but if I couldn't go to her clean since I've loved her I could never ask her to marry me."

Laranetta turned to him a face that had gone positively hideous in the intensity of her amazement.

"To marry you? You mean—you want to marry Fay? To—marry her?"

"Fay? How dare you! What do you know about Fay?"

"She's my sister," said Laranetta, and she began to weep violently.

"Your sister? Oh no! She can't be!" said the man brutally. "You're crazy!"

"Is that so?" said Inez Laranetta. "I suppose you thought I fell for your manly charms, didn't you, baby? Wait a minute now. I got to think."

At last she stopped him as he walked back and forth across the luxurious room. Her face was like a stone mask, and there had descended upon it the awful disintegration of a wicked old age.

"Get me, baby," she said slowly. "I never thought you might want to marry her. No one ever wanted to marry me. Lord, since I was fourteen I been fighting men that—didn't want to marry me. I thought it was the same with you and Fay. I couldn't bear it. I couldn't. So I tried to get you so you'd let her alone." Bitterness flooded her voice. "What's one morganatic husband more or less to me?" "But didn't you know any man would want to marry Fay?"

"I suppose so," said Laranetta, suddenly humble, "but I guess things come to you that belong to you, do you know what I mean? What you expect and look for and understand is what you get out of life. Unless you're looking up, climbing, pretty soon you forget there's anything except what's around you. I—I heard once about a kid that was kept shut up in a dark dungeon all his life and when he was pretty near grown and they took him out in the beautiful sunshine it scared him almost to death."

"I see. Then—you—you're the sister she talks so much about?"

"I'm the only sister she's got, baby, get that straight," said Laranetta coldly.

"But—"

"Yeh, I know. But she don't even know who I am."

The man wall ed the length of the room and her eyes followed him, unfathomable with pain.

"I want to marry Fay," he said quietly.

Like a pendulum Laranetta swung to a fit of wild giggling. The ice of her face broke beneath it. "Then—say, I'll give that kid the grandest wedding that any-

body ever saw. Say, Stew, won't Fay be the cutest bride, with a wedding dress and a real lace veil and a bouquet? Like the pictures in the magazines. I just love wedding dresses. We'll have a wedding in a church, with lots of flowers, and I'll buy her the swellest trousseau in Paris, and I'll be the bridesmaid. Say, d'you know, I've never been to a wedding in my life, baby?"

It might have been her own wedding she was planning, from the simple, almost childish delight in her face.

When his silence had lasted too long she shot him a look full of new suspicion. "You changed your mind?"

Stewart Greene Cuyler gathered himself together. When he spoke his voice was determined and even.

"No, I love her, Inez, and I know what she is. I can give Fay a good home, a devoted family, fine friends, an honored name, but—"

"Shoot."

"They'd never stand for you."

"Is that so? They're too good for me, eh? Then you don't get my sister. Those mealy-mouthed, sneaking, simpering—" Stewart Cuyler winced at the words that followed but he could not stem them. Laranetta was mad with fear and rage. "You're a fine guy, you are, afraid to marry a girl because—"

"Wait a minute. I'm thinking of her. She'd be Inez Laranetta's sister. My friends, my family, would label my wife as the sister of the worst woman in Hollywood."

"Then she stays with me. She's my sister. I've always taken good care of her. I can still."

"No, you can't. You can't rob her of her womanhood, her right to decent wifehood and motherhood, a home and a clean, normal life. What's her future going to be with you? Whom can she marry as your sister?"

Laranetta shook her head dumbly, her breast rising and falling madly under the storm. That look of a very old woman had come back, with pinched lines about the nose and mouth, and dim, veiled eyes.

He smashed at her again. "You've made her the lovely thing she is. The only thing you can do for her happiness is to get out."

"Give her up—altogether?"

"There's no other safe way."

"But she'd be miserable." Laranetta's voice rose to a wail. "She loves me."

"She's never seen much of you. And it won't be anything to the misery if she—found out."

"What—what could I do? Go out to India or China, I suppose, and you'd tell her I—I died there."

Stewart Cuyler bowed his head. It was a hard, bitter misery, but oh, it was misery!

"It's funny, isn't it?" said Laranetta.

"I made Fay too good for me. I—I loved her goodness. D'you think I'll get any credit for that? And I've got to give her up. I've got to give her up. My—my little sister. She's all I've got. I can't—I can't. Oh God—please—for God's sake—don't take her away—" She was pleading in unrestrained agony.

"You'll be doing the biggest thing you've ever done," said Stewart Cuyler steadily. "It'll be one white mark for the Recording Angel to set down. You made one mistake, Inez. You forgot—that all you can really

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do for other people in this world is to be right yourself."

"But—I can go to the wedding? That's all right, isn't it? Nobody'd notice me."

"Everybody'd notice you. If you really want her to have a church wedding—"

"I do. I do. So—it'll be right. With a veil. I'd be—"

"Fay would hear—"

"All right." She settled back, her face hard as flint. "I won't come. Say, will you do me one favor? If she has a baby, will you send me its picture? Fay was such a good baby."

The wedding of young Stewart Greene Cuyler II to a beautiful orphan of old Southern stock educated abroad was a social event.

The church was half filled with a fashionable and aristocratic throng. They all agreed that there had never been a lovelier bride, with the wreath of lilies in her hair and the lace veil. It was such a beautiful wedding, and the bridegroom was

so handsome and so obviously devoted that they all agreed it was too bad the pretty young thing in her wedding dress didn't have anyone of her own to see her begin that sweetest, that most fearsome journey of a woman's life.

No one paid any attention to the dark, muffled figure kneeling at a distant shrine who glanced now and then at the bridal ceremony. A poor woman, evidently, in a heavy brown coat and an old felt hat.

But long after the gay party had left the church and the laughter had died on the doorstep the woman knelt there at the feet of the Mother of Sorrows, her head bowed on the rail.

It was not until a priest mounted the pulpit for a vesper's sermon and the words of his text sounded sonorously through the dim places—"For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting"—that she got up, shivering a little, and hurried to the waiting limousine.

The Boy Who Was Born To Be Hanged

(Continued from page 52)

abandoned one but not the resolution to attempt a rescue, however half-hearted. The black magic of Banty Gearin's influence was heavy upon them. By luck they were out of his malign clutches; they would stay out of them.

Presently, having reached Locust Street, with its familiar aspects, they parted by mutual but unspoken consent. Each of them desired to be alone or anyhow to be free of the companionship of his equally guilty partner in the recent ignoble flight. Each was vaguely uneasy and mortified. True enough, Gander Neck Hecht was no bonded ally of theirs, no accepted team mate. Still, they had deserted him; more, they had shown nimble heels to a single enemy. They couldn't get away from that.

Speaking for Juney Custer, he didn't try to get away from it. It suited his present mood to turn the rankling thought in his soul. A broody, regretful figure, he mooned about the empty yard until the shadows had begun to stretch themselves across the grass, tired out after a hard day of shrinking and expanding under orders from their white-hot taskmaster up in the heavens. Then, still visiting self-punishment upon himself, he hunched upon a lowermost step of the porch. He was there when Mr. Custer came home and his mother in a cool white gown issued forth from the house to join him. Supper ought to be ready pretty soon now and after supper he could go to bed and take his remorse with him. The knowledge that until after the long twilight had thickened into darkness a noisy crew would be playing "How Many Miles?" around the square had for once no attraction for him. Maybe when he woke up in the morning the worrying would be gone.

"What appears to be ailing you, young man?" asked his father presently. "Anything mournful pressing on your mind?"

"No, suh." He spoke with listlessness.

"There must be," said Mrs. Custer.

"I can't seem to remember when he's stayed quiet for so long and not tried to argue about something. Maybe he's got

a touch of malaria." Anxiety quickened her voice. "He seems languid—come to think about it. Maybe if I gave him a dose of quinine now and some calomel at bedtime and followed that up tomorrow early with some—"

"Oh, shuckins, mom!"

"Don't 'shuckins' me. I don't need a doctor to tell me when any of you children aren't well. Get up from there, Junior, and come here and let me have a look at your tongue."

"Oh, please'm, mom, there ain't anything the matter with me, honest."

"Not with his appetite there's not—I'm prepared to swear to that," said Mr. Custer. "And leave his tongue alone, Helena. Probably"—he added this unsympathetically—"probably it enjoys getting a little rest from wagging all the time. What I can't understand is—"

The dolorous one straightened to his feet, being-minded to depart out of earshot of such uncongenial comments.

"Oh, shuckins!" he bewailed once more, and then, as he passed beyond their hearing: "Seems like a feller can't do nothin' without somebody starts in botherin' him ha'f to death." Creation seemed to be leagued against him.

At the corner of the house he stopped. The latch of the front gate had clicked and Mr. Oscar Purcell, owner of the hub and spoke works and superintendent of the Sunday School which he attended, had entered and was hurrying up the walk. When possible to do so Juney avoided Mr. Purcell's social attentions. Mr. Purcell insisted on calling him a lad, which was a word nobody else ever used excepting in story books and which made him feel self-conscious; and Mr. Purcell had a patronizing, uncomfortable way of patting him on the shoulder when they met and inquiring regarding his health and general well-being. But now his interest was caught by Mr. Purcell's air of evident deep concern. The latter's swift gait and the distress on his face also had the effect mildly of startling Mr. and Mrs. Custer. Both of them were on their feet as the visitor came up the

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Why your engine carbonizes rapidly, and how to prevent it; The effects of the carbon; Why the engine knocks when it is carbonized; The different methods for removing carbon; Cost of removing carbon for all popular makes of car. A chapter on different types of fuels with anti-knock properties.

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Why brakes fail to hold. Why they squeak. Different types of brake construction. How brakes are relined.

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How to cure the condition. The causes and their correction.

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steps. He pulled off his hat but he forgot
to wish them good evening.

"A lamentable thing has just occurred,"
he began without preamble. "Most la-
mentable and most tragic. I stopped in to
tell you about it."

"What?" "Whereabouts?" The sharp
questions of husband and wife overlapped.

"Down at the river, between my plant
and Langstock's mill. A drowning—al-
most a double drowning. One boy lost
and one nearly lost."

He had spoken the words which in that
town drove fright into the bosom of every
mother of growing sons.

"Oh, how awful!" cried Mrs. Custer
pitily; then relief lifted her tone. "But,
thank heavens, our boy never goes swim-
ming unless some older person is with him.
Oh, who was it that was drowned, Mr.
Purcell?"

"A boy named Walter Gearin. 'Banty'
Gearin they called him, though. You-all
must have heard of him? Nobody seemed
to know what his real name was until I
found it out a few minutes ago. He was
the one who was lost—I helped get his body
out. And the other boy—the one who
barely was saved—he was this little shaver
Arthur Hecht, the son of those Hechts that
live three squares from here, over toward
the river front."

"Yes, I know. When did it happen?"
"Yes, and how?" supplemented Mr.
Custer.

None of them for the moment took note
that Juney, moving with stiff steps like an
automaton suddenly galvanized into action
and with eyes widely distended, had
joined their group.

"Just a moment, please—I'm about out
of breath," said Mr. Purcell. "Well, it
seems from the best accounts available
that this little Arthur Hecht must have
slipped away from his home about half-
past three or four o'clock this evening, and
he went down to the sawlogs—"

"Oh, those terrible sawlogs! I might
have guessed that's where it would be."

"Yes ma'am; that's where he went.
And presumably this Gearin boy must have
gone along with him or else met up with
him soon after he got there. Nobody
knows for certain, though, about this point,
because the Hecht boy after he came to
seemed to go out of his head from fright or
shock, and nobody's been able to get any-
thing coherent or connected out of him.
All we do know is that one of the hands up
at the planer remembers having seen him
splashing about in the water just outside
the gunwales and the bigger boy squatting
down on one of the logs apparently playing
with him. Possibly they were chums—
although they say the Gearin boy never
seemed to have a chum before this. Well,
anyhow, not five minutes later the same
man happened to look that way again just
in time to hear the Hecht boy cry out and
to see his head bob under. With that,
young Gearin, who still had his clothes on,
jumped right in—he could swim beauti-
fully, they tell me—and he swam out and
caught the Hecht boy by the hair as he
came up again. It was a most gallant
thing he did—poor, misunderstood, heroic
little chap—and he sacrificed himself
doing it, too."

"Did you say 'misunderstood,' Mr.
Purcell?"

"Yes, I did—misunderstood and mis-
judged, too—I'll come to that in a minute.

The mill-hand—Farnum is his name—he
called out to some of the other hands and
they ran down the bank to the water. But
before they got there—the whole thing
must have happened very quickly—the
two boys, clamped together, had been
carried downstream some sixty or seventy
feet and were well out from shore. By main
force and grit, though, the Gearin boy
worked his way back to the bank, still
holding fast to the Hecht boy and drag-
ging him along after him. He actually
brought him right up to the bank along-
side a sort of skiff landing that's moored
below my factory just as these men got
there. And he said to them, 'I'm all right
—lift him out first.' They dropped down
on their stomachs, two or three of them,
and stretched out their arms, and he sort of
shoved and jerked the Hecht boy around in
front of him so they could reach with their
hands, and then they hauled little Hecht
out and stretched him on the planks. He
was unconscious from the water he'd
swallowed.

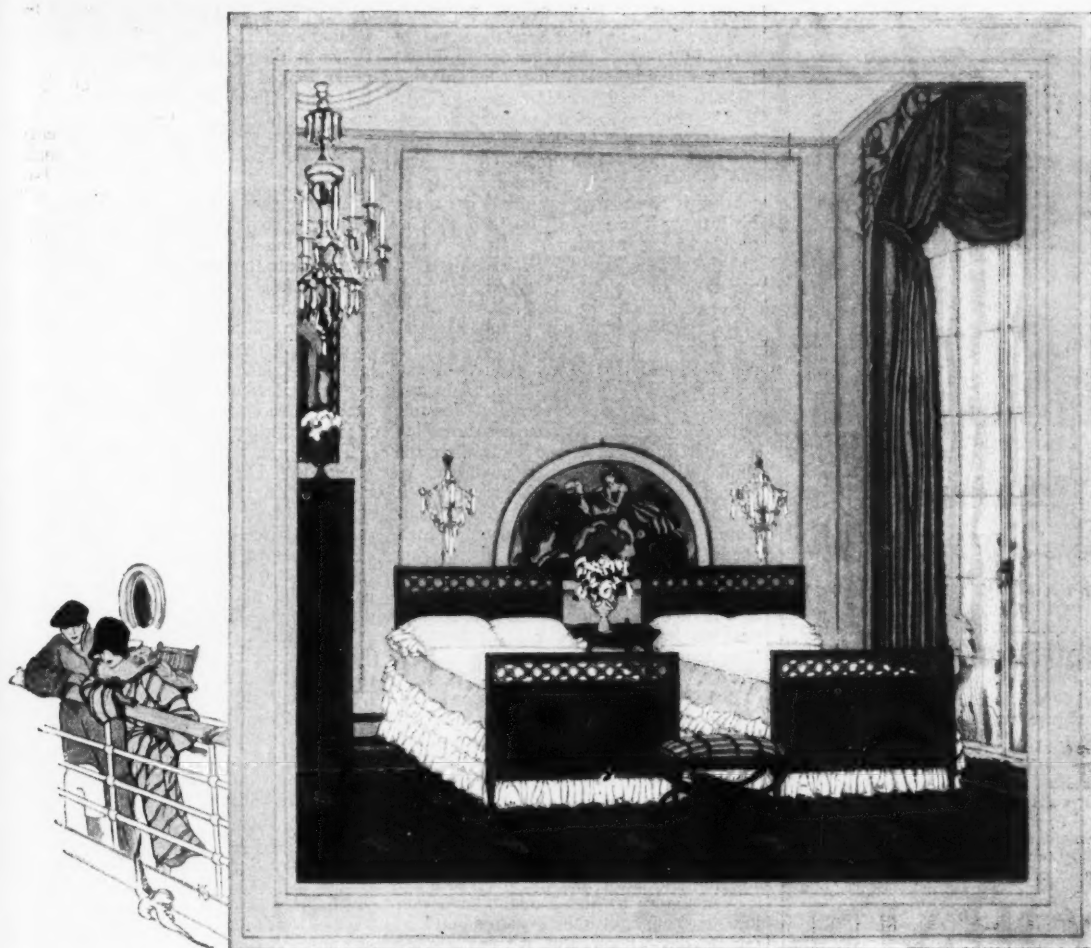
"And then as they looked up again ex-
pecting to see the Gearin boy climbing out
by himself they realized that he'd dis-
appeared. In that same second or two
he'd gone out of sight and he never did
come up any more, either. Some of 'em
think cramps must have seized him, but a
very swift current makes in right at that
point and my own theory is that he was
so played out from his efforts in saving his
comrade that his own strength gave out on
him all of a sudden and then the current
caught him and swept him under the float
and held him there.

"The first I knew of it was when some-
one came running up to my place in a great
state of excitement to borrow some
grappling-irons that we keep there for just
such emergencies. And my foreman went
down with me and we got in a skiff and
rowed around the spot, dragging the bot-
tom, and in about half an hour the hooks
caught in his clothes and we brought him
up. But by that time it was too late—he
was dead. We worked over him; no use.

"Then I had another hard job on my
hands. I had to go up to Island Creek and
break the word to the people he lived with
—his aunt and uncle. And they turned
out to be typical Creekers—you know—
semi-savages; and they live in one of the
toughest looking shanties along the creek,
which is saying a good deal. I don't want
to be unjust but it struck me that neither
of them was exactly grief-stricken over
hearing the news; they almost behaved as
though they were saying to themselves
'Good riddance.' But I did find out a
thing which helped to explain certain
other things—for one, why this urchin
went about like a sort of half wild, forlorn,
lonely little Ishmaelite, with a chip forever
on his shoulder, and also why he made that
scene down at Thad Postelwaite's here
more than a month back. You remember
hearing about that, I presume, both of you?
I laughed at it at the time; it struck me as
humorous when all the time if only I had
known the truth—"

"But what was the truth?" Mr. Custer
broke in. His son crept nearer until he
stood, breathless and stunned, in his
mother's shadow.

"I'll tell you. Does the name of Gearin
mean anything to you particularly? No?
Well, it didn't mean anything to me either
until after I'd talked with those untamed



Will your sleep tonight restore the energy you use up today?

The law of sleep admits of no exceptions. If deep and tranquil, it is man's best medicine. If light or troubled, it inflicts a penalty, making further drains on your reserves of strength and energy.

Yet thousands select their sleep equipment without giving it more than a passing thought—and pay for this neglect in impaired health, vigor and personal success.

Your choice, perhaps, was more intelligently made. But even you may know less about your spring

and mattress than you do about any other real necessity you use.

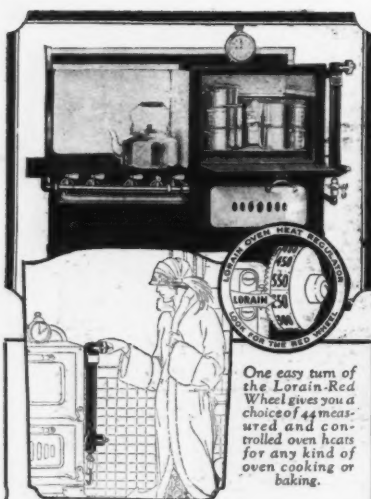
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1924

people up there on the Creek. But don't you recall, Custer, that here about two or three years ago, down yonder in Bland County near the State line, a man named Joab Gearin was lynched by a mob for committing an atrocious murder? You do remember it now, eh?—I thought you would.

"Well, that same Joab Gearin was this boy's own father. And as he had no mother it seems that eventually he made his way up here to live with the only kin-people he had anywhere. And ever since he'd been going about nursing his dreadful secret—of course to him it was very dreadful—and figuring the whole world to be in a plot against him and, boylike, resenting it in the only way he knew—with his fists. At least that's my deduction, and logically I don't see how there can be any other. And here was this townful of people branding him as a hardened little rufian and a bully when all the while what the child really needed—what, no doubt, he craved for without being able to express it and without knowing how to go about winning it—was a little friendship, a little companionship—yes, and a little pity. And with good stuff in him too—it only needed today to bring that out and prove it—courage and manliness and the willingness to lay down his life for another. 'Greater love hath no man'—eh, Mrs. Custer!"

But Mrs. Custer made no answer. She was sobbing quietly and between sobs saying under her breath "Oh, the poor pitiful little thing!"—over and over again.

"I only wish somebody had interested themselves in him—he might have been redeemed," Mr. Purcell went on. "I only wish I had. I used to see him wandering around my place, always alone and always so glum and sulky looking. Maybe if I'd spoken kindly to him I might have won him over; might even have gotten him into our Sunday-school. But it's too late for that now. There's just one thing we can do, Custer, and I look to you and a few others to help out there.

"His own people aren't able to give him decent burial. I doubt if they know where their breakfast is coming from tomorrow morning. So it's my idea that we ought to take up a subscription to give that little hero a funeral such as he deserves—a public funeral. We'll give everybody a chance to make some sort of amends for their neglect of him while he was alive. I thought we'd hold it at our church and ask some of the other ministers to assist Doctor Glade in the service there and also out at the cemetery. What do you think of it?"

"I think well of it," said Mr. Custer huskily. "Put me down for as much as anybody else gives. And for flowers besides, Purcell."

"I knew you would. Oh yes, I had another plan—I was going to suggest that the sons of, say, six representative citizens—boys of approximately his own age—should act as the pall-bearers. That would help to express popular sentiment about as well as anything I can think of—a tribute and a symbol as well. I thought of choosing your fine son here, for one. How about it, lad?"

He looked toward the smallest of his listeners and that one, with his face hidden

on his breast, nodded assent. Blindly his mother reached out one arm and drew him to her in a hard, shuddering embrace. He never looked up, though. Utter misery held him. He felt as though he must choke on a hard, bitter lump that had come into his throat. If only he hadn't run away perhaps it never would have happened!

They rather specialized in funerals in this town; some persons prided themselves on never missing one. Certain individuals even went to the funerals of total strangers. Still, this in no wise distinguished the town from a thousand others of like size, or less, or greater. Especially before the movies came along the populace in the average smallish inland community lacked for gentle excitement. But for this particular funeral none who conveniently could get to it failed of attendance.

The church service was ended; the conclusion would be at the grave. The lid had been fitted to the small white box with its silver handles. But before this all who cared to do so—and nearly all present did care, it seemed—passed where it rested at the head of the center aisle, with flowers banked high about it, and looked solemnly down upon the face of the dead boy.

The special pall-bearers looked, too. They wore their garb for Sundays and high days—starched white wide collars turned flat on their shoulders and big ties under their chins; coats buttoned; black stockings and stiff newly blacked shoes on their cramped feet; likewise, upon the left sleeve of each was a wide crape band and on their hands were white cotton gloves. Almost fearfully they had looked and had seen Banty lying there—the same Banty they knew, and yet a different one. His hair seemed redder, but perhaps that was because his face now was so white. His freckles were faded to little pale specks and his nose was pinched in curiously. Of course his eyes were closed; that made a difference too—and his jaw had dropped just the least bit so that the tips of his lower teeth showed between his lips. But his mouth still was set in its old square shape. It was the set of the mouth more than any other thing which made them realize death had not really altered him.

There was a rustle of rising bodies. Minding a signal from Mr. Purcell the pall-bearers left the front pew where they sat and ranged themselves in a double row, three on either side of the white box.

Under cover of the small subdued noises about them Earwigs Erwin spoke in a low mumble to the boy just ahead of him. Earwigs couldn't hold in any longer.

"It's awful funny," he said, "ain't it, Banty goin' and gittin' drowned after what Mr. Postelwaite said that time about him bein' born to be—"

"Sh-h," hissed Juney Custer reproachfully. "Don't you know any better'n to be sayin' that when you're right here alongside of him, where he maybe might hear you sayin' it?"

"That's right," whispered the warned Earwigs contritely; "he might so, mightn't he?"

They both felt the presence of Banty's spirit, implacable as ever, unbreakable as ever.

Ever, when you were a boy (or a girl, for that matter), go hunting buried treasure? Remember that old thrill? You will get it again when you read "The Young Treasure Seekers," Irvin Cobb's story next month

The Lennox Divorce Case

(Continued from page 98)

a second's silence. "Just as you'd ask a doctor for a headache powder, without feeling particularly humiliated! We'd not need much once we got going! Men ask us for things fast enough! A man doesn't feel humiliated when he asks you for his breakfast."

"Yes, but darling—darling," Adela protested with an air of tolerant enlightenment, "money can buy anything. Breakfasts can't."

"I don't know," Carter rather hummed than said, his lips pursed, his eyes half closed and twinkling. "You women have your own—legal tender, you know. We have to have it at any cost! Put us out of your Paradise of babies and flowers and meals and—and your arms, and our money wouldn't buy us much! Your stock would go up with a rush."

"You know, I was thinking that," Lew Lennox said suddenly in a dreamy voice and as if out of a dream. "I know a woman—by golly, in some ways she's the most remarkable woman I ever knew. She leaves you all behind—at least she does in that she is absolutely happy—full up with happiness. She never walks—she dances. She throws a baby up in the air and gives it a kiss and rolls it on the grass—she sticks roses in her hair—"

Adela at the first sentence had had a somewhat odd, self-conscious expression as if she suspected that the object of the homily was herself. But now there was a scornful little line about her mouth and her eyes were quizzical.

"Who is this paragon?" she asked quickly. And I think a second later she could have bitten her tongue out.

"It's Mrs. Rossi," Lew answered simply. "You remember? The janitor's wife at the studio. They have the lower floor, you know, and that long back garden. I go down there now and then, hot nights. Her mother lives with her and an unmarried sister who is as pretty as a picture, and she has two kids and a new baby. Yesterday she was sitting out there nursing the baby—they'd got a baby goat and a few chickens and of course a cat and they've set up various arbors and statues—it's really lovely out there after the heat of the day. I never heard such gales of laughter, the youngsters chasing about in their night-gowns and the baby looking up so innocently into his mother's face with his little mouth gurgling blue milk he is too excited to swallow—"

"Rossi was delivering late packages, I suppose?" Sam grinned.

"I guess so. He merely plays the part of an admiring onlooker to the women's fun."

"But Lew—Lew—Lew, would you have us go back three hundred years!" Adela's voice was whimsically pleading, but we all heard the sharp annoyance that was in it too. "That's harem stuff! Let's be advanced—not hopelessly old-fashioned."

"I think your type of woman is really the old-fashioned one, Adela," Lew said quietly, looking her straight in the face and then looking down his pipe again.

"Mine?" she echoed in quick surprise and protest. "Come, this is interesting! May one ask why?"



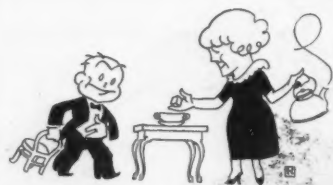
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"One may ask anything," said Carter. "But when it comes to one's being answered—"

"Oh, Carter, I can't help it!" Adela apologized, laughing. "You think it's an affectation, but I assure you—"

"It seems to me old-fashioned," Lew was saying slowly but steadily, "to think so much of men. For a woman, I mean. Not to be able to get along without them. To have no life of your own apart from men—and what they think of you, and your looks and your wits. It's come to seem that way to me. I wouldn't think much of any fellow—would you, Sam?" Lew went on in a somewhat sulphurous silence—"I wouldn't think much of any man who only lived—for women. I suppose there are men like that, but not many. To divorce one woman because you want another and spend your whole time writing letters to and thinking about and talking about that other. That wouldn't be much of a man, would it, Sam? Can you imagine what the other fellows would think of him?"

"No," Lew added as if he were thinking aloud, "no, it's a pretty queer man, no matter how deeply in love he is, who hasn't other interests. He's got his club and his business and his boat or his golf or his side-line of some sort. But by golly," finished Lew in an innocent, surprised sort of tone that was somehow very youthful and oddly laughable, "the world's getting full of these detached women who have no lives of their own—every one of them anxious to hook onto some man's life. She's got absolutely nothing of her own except a few clothes—no duties, no interests, no kids, no home, no association with other women—by golly, it's funny!"

There was a frightful silence. Then Adela laughed.

"You're funny, if you like, Lew!" she said indulgently.

"I don't think you can generalize about it anyway," Dolly objected. Dolly said later that she felt suddenly sorry for Adela. "There are lots of splendid women whose lives are full to the brim; they have their clubs and golf and children and homes and books and summer trips and—servants—and the children's schooling," Dolly rushed on eagerly. "They have lives quite as full—fuller!—than men's lives! I'd rather have my four youngsters—"

"Certainly, certainly! But you're missing Lew's point, Dolly," Carter interrupted. "Certainly the women who have just quietly fitted a man into their scheme—husband, father, tax-payer, provider—have full lives. The point is whether they don't think less about sex in the long run than the women who aren't established—the women who are always restlessly banking upon that one element, the male, and trying to get everything out of that one relationship, as it were."

"On the theory that a whole finger bothers you less than a sore one," Sam suggested, grinning.

Jane, her hand still in Streeter's, blinked her beautiful eyes thoughtfully at Lewis.

"Because after all," she said slowly, "women can't get along without men."

"Or men without women," George added promptly.

"But if their husbands and fathers don't give them money voluntarily for things that count—" Jane went on, and paused.

"Then their employers give them money for things that don't!" Lew finished it unexpectedly, and there was a laugh.

"But men have all the money!" Dolly announced a little blankly.

"Then we must somehow obtain control of it, put a higher price on ourselves," Etelka's deep voice, through which generations of suffering and oppressed European women spoke, said suddenly.

"Or see how far, with chickens and vegetables and wheat fields and cows and orchards, we can get without money," I suggested.

"You're all very amusing and delightfully impractical and reactionary and domestic and dutiful," Adela Lennox said in a mellow silence and in a profoundly bored tone. "But I'm going to bed!"

There was a general scattering; it was eleven o'clock.

"If we had stayed Adela would have fancied that we were talking about her," Etelka said upstairs.

"We would have been, too!" Dolly said simply, yawning.

"Well," Jane said cautiously, watching the opposite bedroom door that Adela might not emerge suddenly and catch us in this conversation, "she knows where she stands with Lew now!"

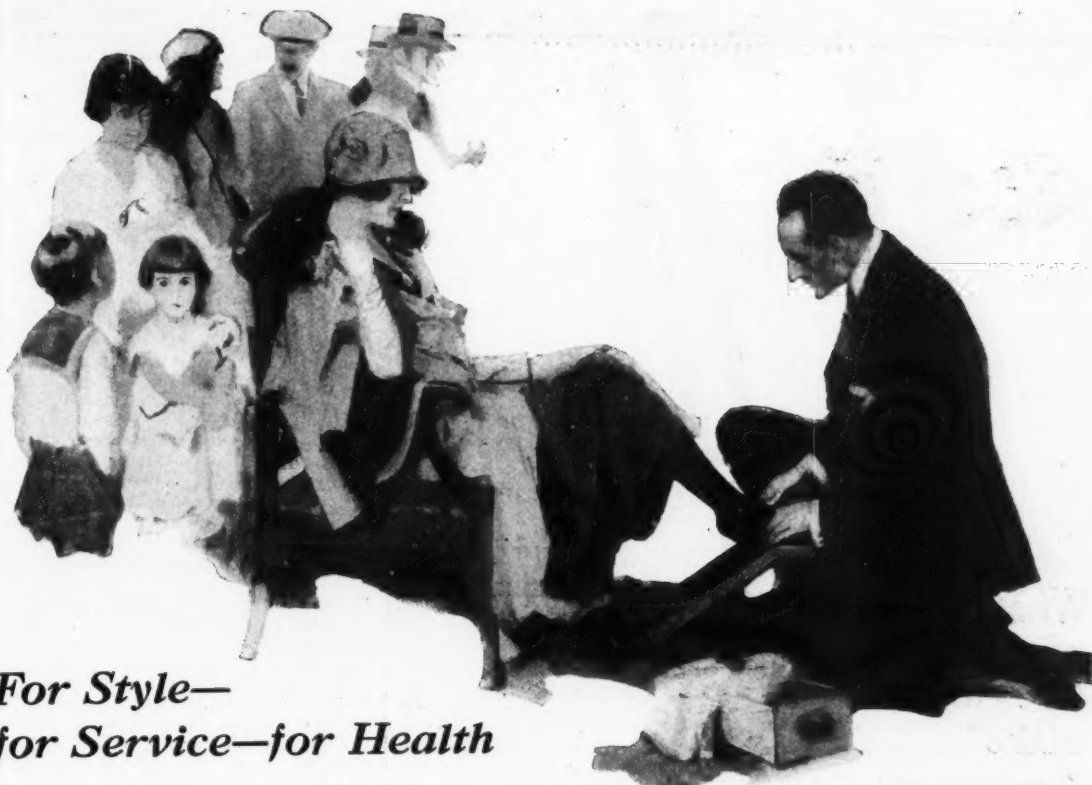
And perhaps this was one of many painful discoveries that Adela was to make in the course of the next year.

She tried her writing, of course. But not as a hungry, eager, courageous, honest beginner. There was a languidness, an arrogance about Adela's start that predestined it to failure. She truly felt that she could begin where other women had stopped; that there was some mysterious merit in the traveling she had done, the distinguished friends she had, the books and pictures she knew, that would carry her over all the hard, rough commencement.

Then she lived for six months with an intimate woman friend who was also divorced and enormously rich. Adela was always her most superior self in the references she made to this experiment but she and the intimate friend never even bowed to each other again after it was over. Then Adela had a tiny but charming apartment, got her own breakfasts, lunched downtown, dined out seven nights a week. She was much with our group, because the elasticity of our domestic arrangements allowed for her, perhaps. We never felt we had to get an extra man because of her. If he was there, if five or six of him were there, all the better; if not, nobody cared. Nobody but Adela, that is. She got quite an old-maidy fashion of laughing about her solitary state.

She never mentioned the Vicomte. Lew was again in Europe, picking up tapestries and candlesticks and rugs—just the sort of thing she loved to do! He was doing seven houses this winter; not much when you look about at the thousands and thousands of homes that somebody decorates, but most profitable for Lew. We began to hear on all sides that the madcap little Fifi Richards, a mop-headed seventeen-year-old whose escapades and millions and riding-breeches and smothering furs were served up at our breakfast tables every alternate Sunday, was mad about Lew. "Serve Adela right!" said everyone with relish.

Perhaps that was as far as the pendulum



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"Are shoes as good as they used to be when I made them? Now that's embarrassing! Let us tell you though—they are better shoes. The leather that's in shoes to-day is a sight better than the leather that used to go into them in my shoemaking days.

"Why, it stands to reason. In the 'good old days,' as you call them, no two tanners worked alike. One made good leather, another made better and one made the best—just because their methods of tanning were different.

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could go one way. Presently it began slowly to swing back again. For one thing Adela really did change; adversity developed her.

Her mother died and she looked lovely in plain black and inherited just enough of an income besides to relieve us of actual worry about her. She was grave, rather quiet; of course she had always had a lovely voice, nice speech, keen appreciation. There was not one of us this winter who was not glad to come in out of early darkness and cold and perhaps the first flutter of snow and see her waiting with a book beside the fire or at the piano; her tall, graceful figure a little stooped, her white hands feeling for idle chords.

After all, whatever else she was or wasn't, she was an old friend, an intimate. We were all Sam, and Mary, and Dolly and Jane to her; we knew each other's histories back and forth; conversation could progress easily, animatedly between us without explanations and apologies. Carter or Sam would say "Good girl, Adela!" when they saw her; one could ask her to make the salad dressing in quite the old way.

In more than the old way, indeed, for she was quite changed. She was newly and somewhat pathetically appreciative this winter. Dolly looked actually awed when she told me that Adela had asked to take the children to the marionettes. As for me, I wanted to cry when she brought me three bureau runners in peasant white and blue, with "Perugia" repeated as a border all about them. "You're all so wonderful to me!" she said briefly, smiling, but blinking suspiciously too.

"The truth is," said Adela to me suddenly one March day, "the truth is, I'm all woman, Mary. I need—a man. I doubt if I could ever get one and bully him and use him and forget him as you and Dolly do. I wish I could—I believe the creatures like that. Perhaps they're a little like children—it's bad for them to have too much attention, good or bad. It makes them feel too important. They're not important to women—men; or at least we don't need them as much as they think we do. With—with even an average husband, or one a little below the average, a woman is better off than without any man at all, just because having him frees her in some peculiar way—that is," said Adela in the newly hesitating manner that was so infinitely becoming, "he takes her over all the preliminaries, the things that don't interest her and that never will interest her—food and rent and bills—and she can develop—with him as a background, as it were—"

"You'll marry again, Adela, and the first time the coffee is weak," I said, laughing over a real heartache, "the 'twelve-pound-look' will come back into your eyes."

She did not answer. There was a sweet erratic breeze blowing in gay little puffs and gales, but in the sheltered places the sun was really hot.

"I shall never marry again," she said after a while.

After that Lew came home, and the little Richards girl ran off with a chauffeur, and Adela got prettier and more silent and more humble every day. And then it appeared that Lew was a little seedv, and

his marvelous janitor's family went back to Italy, and he was uncomfortable and got a heavy cold. And then came the last act—or perhaps it was the first—of a new drama. Anyway, Dolly and Adela and I were down-town shopping and lunching and we met Isobel Ashford, whose husband had a studio in the same studio building as Lew. Isobel is a lovely leathery-looking person, who hates streets and walls, and shoes and hats for all I know, and whose heart is in Davao, where they live two-thirds of the year.

She said that Lew had been quite ill and had been taken to the hospital, she didn't know which—he'd had an operation. The new janitor would know all about it anyway. This was so like Lew! To crawl into a corner like a sick snake. Indignant, sympathetic, horrified, we flew to the studio at once. Why hadn't he let us know—why hadn't he sent for one of us?

Of course Isobel's story had been grossly exaggerated. Lew had indeed been to the hospital, but it was only some ear trouble and the ensuing deafness on that side had annoyed him and humiliated him so thoroughly that he didn't want to talk about it. He was coming up to Sam's this week-end anyway, he said impatiently.

The studio smelled of paints and oils and turpentine and wet rugs—there had been a heavy spring storm. Everything was in a hopeless mess—dust on tables and on the thick folds of various draperies; books and papers cascading together; the tall candles burned low and wound in wax; dry, long-dead flowers in a sheaf on the high mantel. There was a disgustingly congealed breakfast tray set casually at a tipsy angle on the table. There were two medicine bottles. And Lew, for all his protestations, looked sick. Adela quickly, quite naturally caught at his hands, looked anxiously into his face.

"You're sick!" she pronounced firmly.

Oh no, he wasn't sick! He hadn't time to be sick, he said fretfully. He rumbled his hair, in which I saw the first touch of gray. He was going up to the club to get some real chicken broth at noon—this woman only served him swill.

"How do you make milk toast, Mary?" he said restlessly. "I suppose this idiot downstairs could be taught."

"Carter likes it thickened and baked," I was beginning when Lew put his head despairingly in his hands.

"Oh Lord, I don't mean bread pudding!" he said rudely.

"Tell him very thin and dry toast, buttered," Adela said soothingly; "and salted hot milk with butter in, in a pitcher. Don't you remember—"

She was looking especially stunning that morning; slender and yet vitally alive, with color whipped into her cheeks and a plain black hat shadowing her eyes, broad or-gandy cuffs and collar making her black taffeta picturesque. Her eyes looked kindly, pleasantly at Lew, and tousled and uncomfortable and lonely, he returned the look like a wistful little boy.

"Say, I got you something in Italy, Adela," he said suddenly. And he went to get it.

It was only an old onyx and pearl pin, not valuable. But it was just—Adela. She held it a long time in her slender palm, staring down at it. Her voice was rather low, not quite steady, as she thanked him in two words.



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And when we got out to the hall—for there was nothing else to do but go—Dolly and I exchanged awed looks. Adela was crying. Down in the sunshiny hot street she seemed dazed, wiped her eyes quite openly. Were we going back to Connecticut?—of course we were! Certainly. Surely. Of course.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'd do!" Dolly suddenly burst out vehemently. She was not far from tears herself. "Go back there—clean up that place, Adela—and make him his milk toast—and tell him you're an idiot—but that if he reminds you of it you'll talk on his deaf side for a week! And patch it all up, for the sake of your forties and fifties and sixties, and forget it!"

I heard my own hysterical laugh, checked abruptly by a look of quiet determination upon Adela's pale face. I knew that look of old.

In a moment Dolly and I were staring at each other blankly, alone. Then we began

If you're among those who await a story by Kathleen Norris as they await dessert at dinner—watch for another in COSMOPOLITAN very soon

Persons Unknown

(Continued from page 81)

because she thinks he's a fat old fool to have your husband arrested."

"Is she at home now?" asked Ruth.

Agnes nodded. "She's worn to a frazzle, Mrs. Reverly." Ruth murmured a sympathetic word. "Will you come? And bring Mr. Doyle?"

Ruth glanced at her watch. It was more than two hours since she had parted from Doyle in the Armstrong cottage, but there was a chance that he might still be there. Accompanied by Agnes she walked over to the house. She unlocked the front door and entered. But Doyle made no reply to her repeated calls. She had evidently come too late. Then, as she started to go, an idea came to her.

Gerlach and Sanderson and Lacy had entered this house last night in search of something. This morning Patrick H. Doyle had sought for the same thing which had inspired the visits of the others. Doyle had not known the nature of the thing he sought. Yet it must have been something discovery of which would show its own relation to these tangled events. Reasoning, then, as Doyle himself would have done, she decided that whatever the thing was, it was something whose nature it was unnecessary to know in advance of the search.

She was not a detective genius like Doyle, but she had common sense. She decided to search the house.

By the time she left she was convinced, however, that her powers of observation had not revealed to her anything which could have a possible bearing upon the events of the past few days. Beds and tables and chairs and desks were just beds and tables and chairs and desks to her. If Patrick H. Doyle could make letters out of these objects, form the letters into words and the words into sentences, then the little detective was a genius.

CHAPTER XX

SHE felt a thrill of excitement as, with Agnes beside her, she drove along the pike to Southfield.

to laugh—to keep from crying, I suppose.

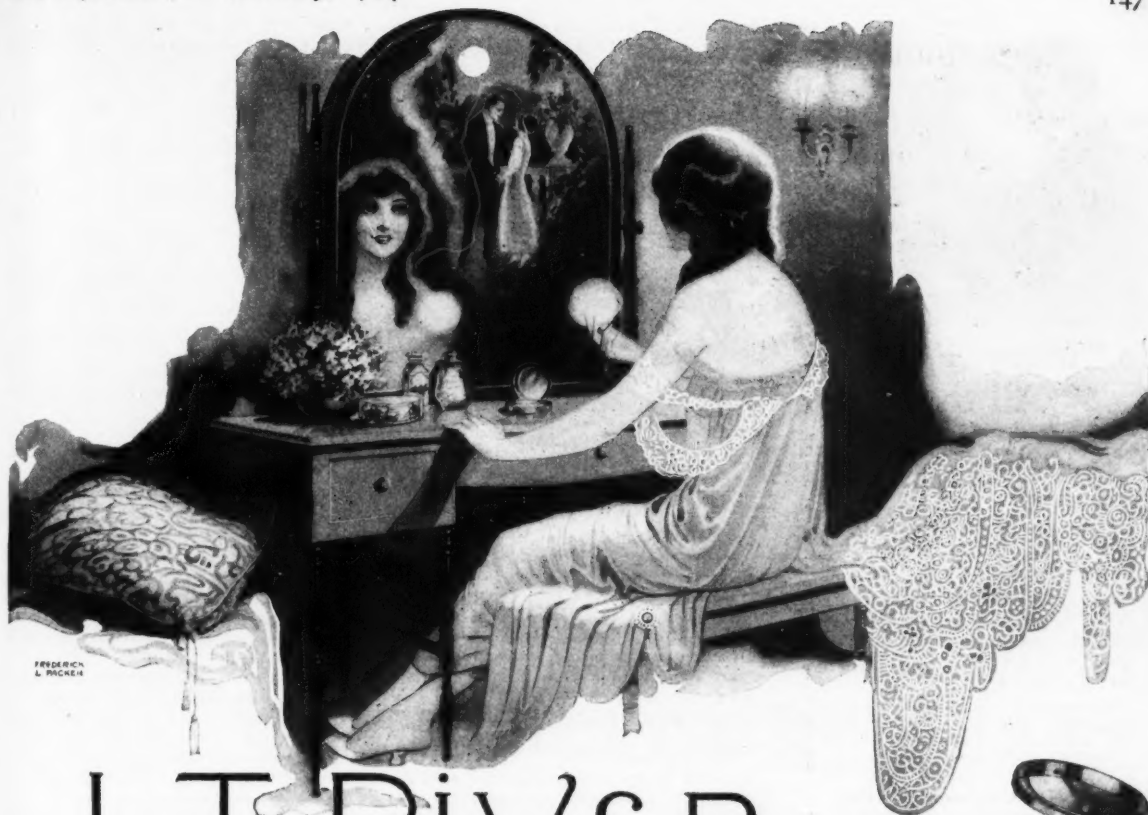
Well, that was a year ago. And appropriately enough it was Dolly who telephoned me only today—and so set the whole story moving through my head—to say that the Lennoxes were back from a long trip to California and Hawaii and the Orient. They had tons of marvelous stuff, Dolly said; they had had simply a heavenly time.

"So that's the end of that!" I said contentedly.

"Mary, I don't know." Dolly's voice lowered. "Mary, how old is Adela?" she asked abruptly.

"Oh, thirty-seven. A little less, perhaps. Why?"

"Well, I told you that they rushed in while George and I were at breakfast?" Dolly's voice, over the wire, said in a puzzled tone. "Well—it may be still the sea trip; they only got in last night. But you should have seen Adela's expression when I offered her some coffee—"



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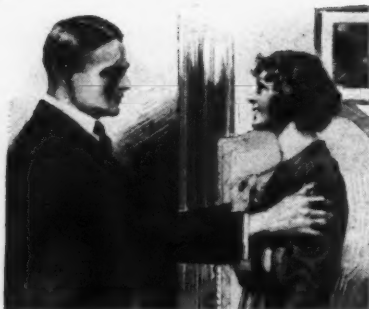
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hundreds of thousands of dollars of dishonest money were involved, and that he must take every precaution he could think of. He told us that he had talked with you."

"He had," said Mrs. Lesœur. "He come home and I told him of your visit. I told him what you said about detectives investigating Mr. Armstrong's death, and I told him about the letter I'd received and that I'd given to you. I asked him what it all meant, but he wouldn't tell me. But he said that he was going right over to see your detective. He was pretty excited for him. Francis had a lot of nerve, you know." There was a pathetic pride as she mentioned possibly that only virtue her husband had possessed. "He said that he'd been quiet too long, and that now he was going to talk and when he got through talking there'd be some big people in Southfield and Beaulieu too that would be mighty sorry they ever crossed him."

"And that was all?" asked Ruth.

"He wouldn't even tell me where he'd been the last few days. And I didn't want to rile him by telling him that I suspected what he'd been doing."

"What do you mean?" inquired Ruth.

Mrs. Lesœur's sunken cheeks colored. "It ain't ever nice to talk about your own husband, and when he's dead it's wicked. I wasn't the kind to gab about my troubles much. Besides, I loved Francis." Her eyes were defiant.

"Of course you did," murmured Ruth sympathetically.

"I know people might have laughed at the idea of my loving Francis," said the widow. "He done about everything that might make a woman quit caring. For five years he just drank up my money as fast as he could get his hands on it. And the last year he was away a lot, and never told me anything. But you don't love people because of things so much as in spite of things. I guess if you knew why you loved anybody you'd quit loving them. Maybe it's the mystery of why you do it that makes you do it."

"But dead or alive, I wouldn't be disloyal to Francis. Only, a body has got to be loyal to herself first. I ain't much to talk about my own feelings, but I guess you understand."

"I'm sure that I do," said Ruth. She was slightly bewildered.

"Well, when you came to see me before I told you that about a year ago Francis had begun to make money. He was generous with it, too. But he wouldn't tell me how he made it and got sore when I asked him questions. I told you that I suspected he made it gambling, because he slept most of the day and stayed out half the night. So it couldn't be a regular job he had. And when I told you that I thought he was a gambler I meant it. But I've changed my mind."

Ruth leaned forward. "What do you think he did?"

"It was something worse than gambling," replied Mrs. Lesœur. "It was something criminal. At least that's what I think."

"Why do you think that?" asked Ruth.

Mrs. Lesœur turned to her niece, who had been silent all through the interview. "Agnes," she said, "take a look around outside. I don't want anyone listening. And while nobody's bothered me yet, you can't tell when someone will come snooping around."

Obediently the girl went to the door of the living room and opened it. There was no one in the hall or on the stairs, she reported. Her aunt told her to come in and lock the door. Then, her manner secretive, Mrs. Lesœur brought an envelope from its hiding-place in the bosom of her gown.

"Soon's I recovered yesterday from the first shock, I realized that the best thing for me to do was to go through all of Francis's things. Even if your husband had been caught in the very act it would still be my duty. And knowing, as I did, that it was ridiculous thinking your husband had anything to do with Francis's death, it became more than ever my duty to find out everything that I could. And I didn't feel inclined to tell John Gerlach what I was doing."

"Well, Francis didn't get so very many letters, and most of those he destroyed. But this morning in an old coat of his I found this letter." She still held the envelope in her hand, and Ruth restrained her eager desire to seize it. It was better to let Mrs. Lesœur proceed in her own fashion. "You remember my telling you the other day that Francis had only stayed away for a long time, without telling me, once before?"

"Yes," murmured Ruth.

"Well, that was last December. I think I told you, too, that I was on my way to the police station when he come home and bawled me out for thinking of going to the police. Well, this envelope is postmarked December fourteenth. Now I couldn't swear to it, but it seems to me that Francis was away from home on that particular day. I know that it was in the middle of the month. Well, look at that envelope."

She finally handed the paper to Ruth, who looked at it eagerly.

"But it isn't addressed to your husband. It's addressed to John B. Smith, room two twenty-one, the Overlook Hotel, Third Avenue, New York."

Mrs. Lesœur smiled faintly. "John Smith is a pretty common name, just the sort of name that a man would take if he didn't want to use his own. He'd stick the B in to make it sound a little more real. And someone that was writing to him and wanted to make it sure that the letter didn't go to the wrong John Smith would put the number of his room on the envelope, wouldn't he?"

Ruth's eyes danced. What an amazing fascination detection had for everyone! Here was another person who prided herself on her ability to reason from fact to conclusion.

"That sounds logical," she admitted.

"It is logical," asserted Mrs. Lesœur. "Now open the envelope and look at what's inside."

Ruth did so, expecting to find a letter. Instead her fingers drew forth a newspaper clipping, already slightly faded, although it bore on the top line the date, December thirteenth. The name of the paper had been cut or torn away but its type identified it to her.

She unfolded the clipping. It was two columns wide and gave an account of a minstrel performance given at Sing Sing by the prisoners. A photograph the width of the clipping illustrated the story. On the margin of the clipping a sentence was written in pencil. It read, "You learn a lot of things in jail."



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That was all. Reading the printed matter beneath the photograph, Ruth gathered nothing from it. It was simply a more or less clumsily facetious description of the entertainment.

What bearing, if any, it could have on yesterday's tragedy she could not imagine. Nor could she imagine what particular significance the clipping had held for Lesœur. Then, staring at the photograph, she saw that above one figure had been penciled a cross. The marking had been almost obliterated by the chafing caused by folding the paper. But it was there, and suddenly she recognized the face below the mark. Despite the cropped hair and the absence of eyeglasses and the poor quality of the reproduction, the face was the face of Lacy.

And now she understood definitely the pallor of Lacy's countenance. The bird-like little man was a convict, perhaps recently released when he came to see her, and the paleness of his skin was due to confinement in prison.

"What do you make of that?" demanded Mrs. Lesœur.

Ruth hesitated. She wasn't sure just how much she ought to tell the woman. Mrs. Lesœur's intentions were evidently well meant, but she or Agnes might, under provocation, talk to the wrong people. She forebore telling of her recognition of one of the faces in the picture.

"I don't make a great deal of it," she said. "Someone mailed a clipping from Sing Sing to the address written on the envelope."

"And wrote something on the clipping. Don't forget that," said Mrs. Lesœur.

"But it doesn't seem to mean anything. Moreover, the clipping might not have been sent to your husband."

Mrs. Lesœur shook her head. "When my husband was away last December he was in New York. I know because he had a couple of new shirts and they had the stamp of a New York store. And why should my husband have carried this envelope unless it was his? And he wouldn't carry it unless it meant something."

"That sounds reasonable," conceded Ruth. "Only—what did it mean?"

"There's a mark over one of the figures in the picture. Did you notice that?"

Ruth confessed that she had.

"You don't know who the man is, but I do," asserted Mrs. Lesœur. "At least I don't know his name. But one night about a year ago, at just about the time that Francis began making some money, he came home one night and a man came with him. The man didn't come in, but I was watching them from the window. It was dark and the man lighted his cigar and I saw his face. And I recognized him. He was a man that I'd seen once on the street with Pete Curlew. Curlew ran the biggest saloon in Southfield before Prohibition. His place still sells liquor, they say. Also, he's called the worst man in Southfield. He's been in jail for fights and once, I know, for robbery. He's a real criminal."

"At the time I supposed that the man Francis was talking with was just a casual acquaintance. But now, knowing that Francis got this clipping—well, what can I think except that they were sort of pals? And if Francis was pals with a man in jail, it meant something more than just friendliness. Francis was a pretty cold proposition when he wasn't drinking and he never

chummed around with a jailbird unless there was something in it for him. I'd take my Bible oath that this man in the photograph is the same man that came home with Francis that night. Find out who that man is, talk to him at Sing Sing if he's still there, and you're going to learn something. That's certain."

Ruth stifled an inclination to hysterical laughter. By devious ways Mrs. Lesœur had arrived at the startling conclusion that Lacy could throw some light upon the mystery. Her journey to Southfield had given her no additional information.

Yes it had, though. With Lacy changing his mind and failing to divulge information held by him, it was invaluable to learn something about Lacy's past. Doyle would check up on that past. She thanked Mrs. Lesœur, told her that the clipping would be given to Doyle at the earliest possible moment, and left. She had done something, she hoped, toward the solution of the mystery. Only Doyle could tell how much.

CHAPTER XXI

RUTH drove home rather slowly, for her wandering mind roamed so swiftly from one thing to another that she was unable to concentrate on the wheel for long at a time. But as she neared home there was more assurance in the way she drove. After all this morning had marked a certain definite gain. Something had been learned of Lacy's career. And she knew that puzzles are not solved without some sort of a beginning. This marked the first beginning so far as she was concerned. Of course Doyle might know a great deal more. As a matter of fact he had told her extremely little.

From Clara she learned that neither Doyle nor Dick had called during her absence, so she telephoned her aunt. Mrs. Balfour told her that Dick had telephoned from Southfield that he was on his way to New York and probably would not be back until tomorrow. Mrs. Balfour did not know why he had gone.

She was about to sit down to a lonely luncheon when Doyle arrived. He accepted her invitation to join her at the table and because he declared that he was famished she asked him no questions during the meal. At its conclusion Doyle asked permission to smoke, which was granted, and they moved into the living room.

"You certainly are a remarkable woman, Mrs. Reverly," he said. "You've been aching to ask me questions."

She smiled at him. "Perhaps I've been aching to tell you something," she retorted. "Well, luncheon is over. What is it?"

"Lacy is an ex-convict." She handed him the envelope and clipping.

Doyle stared at it. The furrows in his forehead deepened. "I wish that you had got in touch with me as soon as you received this. I've sent your cousin to New York to go through the Rogues' Gallery and find out if Lacy's picture is there. We've wasted time."

Before she had come to know Doyle so well Ruth would have yielded to indignation at his injustice. Now she had begun to realize that his irritation was a pose assumed to hide his real character. She had begun to suspect even that part of the little man's vanity was due to the fact that he

"They Are Always Trying to Hire Me Away"

"You asked me about selling, Bob, and I'm going to tell you a little of my experience."—It was a well-dressed man of thirty-eight or forty who was speaking. He and a younger man were seated in a quiet corner of the big reception room.

"Eighteen years I've been at it now—sold goods for a dozen different concerns—and in all that time I've never been out of work so much as a day.

"You see, here's one way selling is different from every other occupation. You might be ever so good as an inside routine man, and hardly anyone outside the firm would ever know it; but just the minute you go out and make good as a *salesman*, the news gets 'round mighty quick, and before you know it two or three big companies are on your trail—all trying to hire you away.

"Maybe they don't come right out and say so, first thing, but they snoop around and find out how much you're making and whether you're perfectly happy where you are—and then they let it be gently known that you could do better with the Miller outfit."

"Last year, for instance, the head of the firm I started with came after me with a contract I really wouldn't know how to beat. Looks like it will net me fifty thousand in the next three years.

"But, as he told me, he doesn't care two cents how much I make so long as I deliver the business. It may be ten thousand, or it may be twenty-five thousand a year, but just so long as I make it by *producing business*, every dollar I get means bigger profits for the company."

The Testimony of Successful Salesmen

—Something to THINK about—that bit of conversation!

For there's not a statement made by the older man regarding opportunities in salesmanship which will not be borne out by any man who has won his spurs as a salesman.

Is selling only for the man with unusual gifts? Take a look at the men now selling goods and making a handsome living. Do you see any evidence that they are specially gifted? On the contrary, they are just as tall and short, as pleasant and crabbed, as quick and slow, as any other group of business men.

And the men who *hire* them, without exception, will tell you that they rarely have much luck with the "born salesman." It's the *trained* salesman that they're after, and they will point to dozens of men who never had any experience at all in selling, but who made a *serious study* of the business, and who today are cutting circles around the good-looking

chap with the glib tongue who relies on good looks and "natural ability" to get him by.

Training Is the Thing

—and You Can Get It

Do you have an ambition to become a really successful salesman?

Does a first-hand acquaintance with the big cities, the better clubs, the fine hotels, appeal to you—and would you like to increase your earnings within the next few years—quite possibly within the next few months—to a point where you could tell the architects to go ahead with those plans for a "home of your own," could step into an automobile sales room and put down the money for that better car you would like to drive—in short, could

For a number of years the selling methods of these men were observed and analyzed, and during this period these men—comprising many different sales crews—were personally coached in the principles and processes now set forth in the LaSalle course in Modern Salesmanship.

The sales-increases which resulted were referred to by the heads of the companies under whom these men were enlisted as "extraordinary"—ranging in many instances as high as 300 and even 500 per cent. The fact that such gains were made not merely by "cub salesmen" who still had their spurs to win, but also by seasoned veterans, proved that every step of the training was absolutely sound and practical—the straight, sure path to the greatest success in selling.

It is the truths established in this practical way and reduced to plain, straightforward talks, that form the basis of LaSalle training—and so clearly and forcefully are they presented that not a day goes by but what LaSalle is in receipt of such enthusiastic comments as the following:

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—C. J. JONES, Canada.

"From a salesman in the ranks, in two short months my sales have shot up nearly 150 per cent, and I have received a promotion from a company I had been with only six months. I am now a district manager, with eleven men working under me. Not only have my immediate sales shown an increase—and right in the middle of the summer months—but I have had a keener grasp of the principles of selling. I know the meaning of fundamentals now: I know that by the application

of certain definite truths, certain definite results can be attained. My effort, formerly more or less of an uncertainty, is now a certainty. Getting down to brass tacks, I know what I am doing now."

—C. RUTHERFORD, Ontario.

Supplementing these basic texts are a wide variety of practical selling problems—furnished in full detail by some of the most aggressive sales organizations in the country. This feature alone marks the greatest forward step yet taken in imparting sales instruction.

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The man who is alert to opportunities will mark and sign and mail the coupon NOW.



"Just the minute you make good as a SALESMAN, the news gets 'round mighty quick, and two or three big companies are on your trail—all trying to hire you away."

begin to realize those dreams for a prosperous future which up to now you have hardly dared to entertain?

There is no magic about successful selling.

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was naturally shrinking and self-effacing and fought to hide these traits.

"I tried to get in touch with you," she told him. "I went to the Armstrong house but you were gone."

"Well, what have *you* learned?"

She told him of her visit to Mrs. Lesœur. He made no comment, but as soon as she had finished walked to the telephone and called up his New York office.

"This is Patrick H. Doyle," he told whoever answered the telephone. "I have sent Richard Balfour of Beaulieu to New York on the train that should arrive from Southfield at four-fifteen. I wanted him to look up a picture in the Rogues' Gallery. It is unnecessary. Turn to the New York newspaper files in our office. Morning papers, date December fourteenth. I'm practically certain that the Courier is the one, judging from the type. You'll find an account of a minstrel show at Sing Sing. Second row of figures, third from the right, in two-column photograph. I want that man's complete record. I'll telephone some time tonight. I want Balfour to come back here. I may need him. Telegraph him at once on board train, and for fear of accidents have men at train. Description: five feet ten, curly brown hair, blue eyes, tanned, straight nose, wide mouth, slight cleft in chin. Wearing straw hat with blue band, tan suit, white shirt and brown tie. That's all."

He hung up abruptly. Ruth marveled at him. He must have an efficient force if his quiet confidence meant anything. Also she decided that on occasion Patrick H. Doyle could be as taciturn as he thought himself to be at all times.

"Now you may ask me the questions that are burning your tongue," he said.

"What did you find out at the Armstrong cottage?" she asked.

"Nothing definite," he replied. "I didn't stay there very long. Instead I went to see your husband, arriving just after you'd left. I had a talk with him and gave him my word that even if the coroner's jury brought in a verdict against him tomorrow and even if that verdict were followed by a grand jury indictment, the case would never come to trial. I told him that I'd have the real murderer by that time."

She stared at him. "Do you know who he is?"

"I think so," he told her.

"Who?" she demanded.

He shook his head. "Not until I'm ready to put him in jail," he answered.

"But there were two murders—"

"And one murderer," he retorted. "And now, no more of this. I wish you to take a walk with me."

Her anxiety to know the name of the man whom he suspected was feverish. She employed cunning.

"I don't believe you really know; you're only saying so to cheer me up."

He frowned at her. "I am never theatrical, Mrs. Reverly. However, just this once, to convince you, I will descend to theatricalism." He rose and walked to the open door of the little study which she called her office. From the threshold he spoke to her. "May I use your desk a moment?"

She nodded assent. She saw him walk into the room, take a sheet of paper, with a pencil write something. He folded the paper and placed it in an envelope, which he sealed. He emerged from the

room and handed her the envelope and pencil.

"Write your name across the flap, Mrs. Reverly," he ordered. She did so. "That guards against my opening the envelope and substituting another name." He put the envelope in his pocket. "Within a day or two I shall hand you this envelope, Mrs. Reverly. You will then know whether or not I boast."

She was disappointed. When he had said that he would be theatrical she thought he meant to disclose the murderer's name at once. Nevertheless, although disappointed, she felt a wave of confidence sweep over her. She had never really doubted that Bent would be cleared but now she knew that his clearance was only a matter of a brief time. For when Patrick H. Doyle chose to be convincing there was no one more capable of inspiring faith.

"Enough of this nonsense," he said brusquely. "Now will you walk with me to Dyce's Head?"

"Of course," she replied. "Why?"

He frowned at her. "Will you please ask me no more questions, Mrs. Reverly? You have made me do something of which I am already ashamed. Placing a name in an envelope is unworthy of me. I have gratified your desire for romantic intrigue. Let that suffice you. Shall we go?"

She laughed at him. "Your bark is much worse than your bite."

"Inasmuch as I never bark but am the most silent man you have ever met, I do not understand you, Mrs. Reverly. But I do not try to understand women. They have no place in my life."

They had left the house and were on their way toward the golf course.

"You whistle to keep up your courage," she told him. "I think you fall in love with every girl you meet."

"How dare you say such a ridiculous thing?" he cried.

"Because you're an arrant sentimentalist."

"My heavens, I think you're insane," said Doyle. "Why, I—I hate women."

"Now you have proved my case," she laughed. "Only sentimental men make remarks like that. I think that I will pick out a good wife for you—"

Doyle stopped abruptly. "Mrs. Reverly, unless you give me your word never to introduce any designing woman to me, I will drop this case instantly."

She smothered her mirth. "I promise," she said meekly. And although he eyed her with suspicion, he said no more until they emerged from the grove that bordered the seventh fairway and stood upon the wind-swept space which was Dyce's Head.

"Your cousin Dick has told me, as you know, about Lacy's climb up and down the cliff," he said. "He pointed out to me the exact spots, as nearly as he could remember, where Lacy began and ended his ascent and descent. Now last night Lacy went over the edge of the cliff and stayed there a very long time, according to what he told you."

They were now standing by the bench placed almost at the verge of the cliff. Doyle stopped and rested a hand upon the back of the bench.

"Mrs. Reverly, I have a confession to make to you. I cannot stand heights. I want to peer over the edge of this cliff but I can't do it. Will you lie down, look along



Why did she leave him that way?

HE felt a strange, new, emotional thrill that evening. She had been perfectly enchanting. And before him floated visions—of—well everything he had dreamed of during the lonely periods of his bachelor days.

Yet he couldn't express himself. When he pleaded for permission to call next evening, her reply was a crisp, cool "No!"; and with scarcely a good-night she darted out of his car, up to her door and was gone. . . . So hurriedly, that she forgot her gloves. He was puzzled and discouraged and—hurt.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.





Takes Off 41 Lbs In Exactly 7 Weeks!

The lady in the picture is close to an ideal weight. Yet two months ago she was far too stout—was heavier by more than forty pounds! Mrs. Ella Carpenter, 2425 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, explains how she reduced with such success:

"I had long wished for some means of reducing my 170 lbs. Being a business woman I had no time nor money to waste on fads; but two months ago I decided to try a method that somehow seemed sensible. The trial didn't cost anything, it required only a week—so I gave Wallace reducing records a chance and here is what happened.

'Easiest Thing I Ever Did'

"Fifteen minutes each evening I took the reducing movements—to music. It was uncommonly interesting; I felt better from the start. But I watched my weight, and that is what thrilled me; I lost 6½ lbs. that first week. Naturally, I went on with it. The second week I lost 8 lbs. more.

"I didn't do a thing to supplement my course with Wallace—no Turkish bath—no starving, nor patent foods or drugs—I just got thin to music as the offer said I would. It was delightfully easy. Today, my bathroom scale said 129—not bad for my 5 ft. 5 inches!"

Reduce without punishment: without any "reduced look!" Proof that you can costs nothing. The trial is really free. Coupon brings the full first lesson—record and all—without payment now or on delivery.

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Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name.....

Address.....

Sage Tea Turns Gray Hair Dark

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

Wyeth Chemical Co., New York, N. Y.

the face of the cliff and tell me if you can see any place where Lacy might have stayed during the time that you waited for him last night? Now it's incredible that he should have hung on for a long time to a mere jutting crag or a bush. That would require not merely nerves of steel but superhuman strength. I don't believe that Lacy possesses the latter. There must be some crevice large enough to hold him. See if you can find it."

"I will," agreed Ruth.

She walked to within a yard of the cliff edge; then she lay down and crawled to the verge. She herself was not entirely devoid of the fear of great heights, but she mastered her dizziness. Clutching tightly at tufts of tough grass she peered over the edge. And it did not seem to her that anyone could hang on to that cliff-side for more than a few moments.

It was possible to climb it; Lacy had demonstrated that. But the climber shifts his weight so that he never need place too great a strain upon one set of muscles for too long a time. But if a man remained motionless against the side of the cliff his sinews would give way. She said this to Doyle over her shoulder.

"And you don't see anything except rocks and occasional shrubs?" he asked eagerly.

"I see something like a rusty bit of iron; it might be the head of a large spike. It's about thirty feet down. That's all," she said.

"All right; don't look any more." She felt his hand upon her arm steadying her as she crawled away from the verge. She rose and faced him.

"What did you expect me to find?" she asked.

He shrugged. "I didn't know." He touched the bench. "This was overturned the night that Armstrong was killed, eh?"

"Yes," she said.

There's a lot to happen yet—and it makes a whale of a conclusion to Mr. Roche's novel when Ruth plays her part in the final drama of the mystery next month

Doyle measured with his eye the distance from the bench to the cliff edge. Then he sat down upon it.

"Sit down and rest, Mrs. Reverly. And tell me some things about Armstrong. How long had he lived in that cottage of his?"

"He'd been coming there summers for several years. No, he hadn't. He used to own another place. It was burned down one winter about seven years ago. The other cottage was for sale and he bought it."

"Who sold it to him?" asked Doyle.

"He bought it from the executors of the Stevens estate. You remember the Stevens scandal?"

Doyle squinted. "Thomas Jay Stevens? The engineer who died suddenly? Didn't they later discover that he was crooked?"

"That's the one," said Ruth. "He organized a company to tunnel under the Hudson. He had a great reputation as an engineer and the public subscribed heavily. Then it was discovered that he had been speculating with the company funds. Officers were sent down here to arrest him. They found him dead in his cellar. The new boring machine that he had invented was found impracticable. The stockholders had hoped to realize something from the sale of his patents. But the machine of which so much was expected would not cut its way through rock. The company went into bankruptcy."

"Stevens didn't kill himself, did he?" asked Doyle.

Ruth shook her head. "He died of apoplexy. But he had not expected to die suddenly. He had drawn all his money from the bank and suitcases were packed. It is believed that the shock of hearing officers at the door overcame him. He evidently ran downstairs to the cellar in fear."

"I'd like to see that cellar," said Doyle.

Keeping the Peace

(Continued from page 43)

came back with a funny little bald-headed man in tow. Name's Chumleigh, a lawyer. They are going to be married. Mother's all for it."

"Ruth and Bruce?"

"Ruth cuts a lot of ice in high sassiety," said Edward, "and Bruce is her husband. He does all the things he doesn't like to do and isn't interested in, or if he doesn't Ruth will have a terrible backache. He's a mess."

Edward wondered if John was going to ask about James. But John didn't, so after a silence Edward said, "James is the same old James."

"I'm not interested in James," said John. "He's a bad egg."

"He can twist mother round his little finger," said Edward. "She's always giving him money, and he saves it until he's got enough to go on a big spree. He was sick the other night. If mother'd been home I'd have let her find out."

"Oh," said John, "he'd have told her some lie and she'd have believed him."

The house in which John's wife lived with her mother and her baby was an odd

little white house covered with long hand-split shingles. There were some fine old lilac trees in the front yard, and above and beyond the roof, though growing on a near-by property, could be seen the top of the cedar of Lebanon which has made Flushing famous among botanists. Edward thought that the house and the lilacs and the cedar made a charming composition.

John, his face serious and troubled, moved up to the front door without stopping to see anything, and knocked.

His wife opened the door. She looked embarrassed and untidy. Edward noticed that John did not at once clasp her in his arms and kiss her. Instead they shook hands—John firmly and Mrs. John limply.

"This," said John, "is Edward—my kid brother."

Mrs. John gave Edward a limp hand. "Won't you come in?" she said. "Mother's out back minding baby."

"You got my telegram?" John asked.

"It didn't say when you'd come; but I've been expecting you all day."

They went into the house, John lugging his big valise. The house was not so charming inside as out. The furniture was

Day by day modern life is taking from your skin something you must put back



EVERY skin blemish and fault comes fundamentally from one cause. Neglect this cause, and no amount of treatments, however strenuous, will keep your complexion from being permanently clouded. Follow this simple method of daily care, developed thirty years ago by a well-known physician, and you will unlock a hidden beauty. Just *beneath* your skin, perhaps only one short week away, is the complexion you envy today in others.

IS your skin dull and muddy? Is it marred by blackheads and blemishes that special treatments do not seem able to remove?

Is it rough and blotchy—oily, coarse-textured, or over-sensitive?

Whatever special fault your skin may have, it is fundamentally from one underlying cause.

Thirty years ago a well-known physician made an important discovery

Continually confronted in his practice with extreme cases of skin disorder, and not content with mere patchwork treatment, a well-known physician thirty years ago set out to find the underlying cause of all complexion faults.

From the beginning one thing was clear:



Dust and soot that carry germs deep into the delicate pores of the face—

—lack of the blood-pulsing exercise so necessary to keep the tiny

glands of the skin functioning normally

—harsh, dry winds that roughen the surface that should be always soft and supple

—these are the forces in modern life that day and night are working against the complexion—the one fundamental cause of all skin blemishes and faults.

No girl can change these conditions. Yet if the skin is to have the clear, radiant glow of health, there must be put back into it the elements that daily life is stealing from it.

To stimulate the flow of blood—to soften the skin and keep it supple—to cleanse the pores of dust and germs—this was the physician's problem.

At last he achieved it—not in a complicated drug, but in a simple prescription that had within it the vital elements every normal skin needs.

Today you too can have this remarkable prescription

At first, the knowledge of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment was confined to the medical profession alone. Today, from that early prescription, these two have come into nation-wide use by thousands of women. Discouraged with the failure of many creams, drugs and preparations, women everywhere are turning to this simple, fundamental

principle in the daily care of the skin.

If your complexion is not all you want it to be, if it is dull and sallow, or marred by blemishes, begin today to use Resinol. Get a cake of Resinol Soap and a jar of Resinol Ointment. Every night before retiring, work up on the face, with warm water, a thick creamy lather of Resinol Soap. Work it gently into the pores; then rinse off, and splash on a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores. Then with special irritations, roughnesses, blemishes or rashes, apply a touch of Resinol Ointment and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. Do not rub or massage with harsh methods. If possible, leave it on over night. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

For regular toilet use, too

In thousands of homes where Resinol was first used for the special care of the skin alone, it is today the only toilet soap in use. For baby's tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath, where harsh soaps are especially irritating to sensitive surfaces—Resinol is today in widespread daily use.

Send in the coupon below for free trial sizes of both Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. They will keep your skin functioning normally—will put back into it the vital elements your daily life destroys.

Resinol Ointment also for more serious skin affections
Not only is Resinol Ointment used by women everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes—but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days. Thousands have wondered at the quickness of its action. Even a light application sinks deep into the pores, attacks the root of the disorder, and starts the skin again acting normally. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate texture of an infant's skin.

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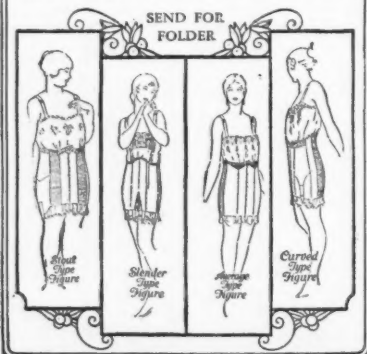
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cheap and new, and the wall-paper old and dirty. It was obvious that Mrs. John was not a good housekeeper. Edward felt shocked and disillusioned. This was not the kind of wife for brother John. She was common and she didn't look clean.

They sat down in three chairs and made conversation. There were so many awkward silences that Edward could not keep track of them. His sister-in-law was dull and colorless and ill at ease. John tried to behave like the head of a house.

One gathered mostly that the cost of living was steadily mounting, that the doctor had advised Mrs. John to stop nursing her baby and that it was hard to get milk that agreed with him.

"I wouldn't want to live in Flushing at all," said Mrs. John, "if it wasn't for mommer. She was raised here. But I was raised in Westchester."

John, remembering how anxious she had been to get away from Westchester, was troubled. "But I wouldn't want to live in Westchester," said he.

"You wouldn't have to, only between voyages. I wouldn't think a sailor would care much where his family lived. He ain't hardly ever with them."

At this point there was a knocking on the front door. Mrs. John went so quickly and alertly to answer it that it almost seemed as if she had been expecting it. As she left the sitting room she closed the door. John looked at Edward in a helpless kind of way and then lowered his eyes.

Mrs. John's voice could be heard, and a man's voice. The man might have been the milkman, or a book agent. The only thing that could have led one to believe him something else was the fact that when one first heard his voice it was loud and confident, but that immediately after Mrs. John had spoken it was greatly lowered.

Presently Mrs. John returned. She had a queer look in her eyes. They looked at once pleased and defiant.

More conversation; more awkward silences. Edward was miserably uncomfortable. Then mommer called from "out back" that she wanted to come in. And everybody went to help the blind woman get baby's carriage up the back steps. Baby was asleep. There were two dirty white veils over his face.

Edward dramatized the situation. A father who had never seen his child . . . Mrs. John lifted the veils. And both John and Edward, looking into the carriage at the sleeping child, were immeasurably shocked. Edward was shocked into speech.

"He doesn't look one bit like either of you," he said. "He looks exactly like his Uncle James."

Edward seemed to be busy looking at the child. Mrs. John took the opportunity to give John a questioning stare. John took the opportunity to frown at Mrs. John and shake his head.

But Edward, looking up suddenly, saw not only the questioning stare but the frown and the shaken head. It was just as if they had confessed everything to him . . . So that was it . . . He remembered what the boys had said about James and the Jackson girl.

To leave behind them Mrs. John and her mother and the baby who so resembled James was a great relief to both John and Edward. As their train neared Bartow, Edward, who had been worrying, said,

"Where shall we say we've been?"

"If we don't say anything," said John, "mother will think that you've been on the Aurora with me. But I think I'll have to tell father about my marriage. If anything happened to me, my wife would have to come to him for help, and it would be better if he were prepared."

"Nothing's going to happen to you."

"I don't want to tell father—if that's what you mean, Eddie."

"If you are going to tell him, I think you ought to tell him everything. I think you ought to tell him why you married her" Edward was painfully embarrassed. "I think," he went on, "that I know why you married her. And it was dandy of you."

"It wasn't," said John. "I had to. The baby was our own flesh and blood. If there'd been an open scandal it would have just about finished father. But I can't tell father why I married her. It would sound too much like whining. Eddie, this business has made me feel very close to you, and I'm grateful to you for standing by me. I'll do the same for you to the limit of my ability."

But Edward did not see how John with his small pay and a wife and a baby and a mother-in-law on his hands was going to be able to give him the help that he had promised. And he said so.

There was no hack at the station and they took turns lugging John's big valise.

"About me going to Paris to study," said Edward, "I've been thinking it over. And I don't see how you can spare the money."

"We'll have to figure close," said John simply, "but you're going to have your chance. And maybe you can help yourself out a little. Some of those sketches you made for us last night were funny as the dickens. Why don't you make up a bundle of them and send them to Puck or Judge or the Age? Perhaps it would be better to take a lot of drawings under your arm and go to see the editor yourself . . . Do it tomorrow."

"It's an idea," said Edward. "I don't feel very confident. But I can try."

They reached the rectory presently. And although John was warmly enough welcomed by his mother and Sarah, their manner toward him was patronizing and condescending. Mr. Eaton, however, was unaffectedly glad. James, it developed, though just returned from a "visit to Newport," had accepted some other invitation and departed hurriedly. He had left word, however, that he would return in time to see John. John smiled grimly. He did not think that James would be back in time to see him. And he was right.

When he was at home John made a point of doing everything that Dear Mother asked him to do without question. To have crossed her will in the matter of his career had been enough. The afternoon of his arrival she had the carriage out to make a round of her private charities, and she insisted on John's accompanying her.

Dear Mother and John having driven off toward Westchester, Edward lost no time in starting out at a trot in the opposite direction. He felt sure that by now the Ruggleses must have returned from their holiday in the White Mountains, and he ran all the way to their house in New Rochelle. He was very damp and red when he reached the gate in the wall.

Mr. Ruggles himself opened the gate,

and Edward had a distant glimpse of Alice and her mother, dressed in white, with broad sun hats, busy among the flowers. "Well, well, Edward," exclaimed Mr. Ruggles, "I am glad that you have come in person. I've stood up for you; now make your peace in your own way."

Edward's jaw dropped. "What have I done?"

Mr. Ruggles merely turned and called to Alice. "Alice, come here a moment. Come here and tell this young man what it is that he has done."

Alice came, but she came very slowly. She came as one who takes no interest whatever in any young man. Edward, his face quite abject with mortification and worry, went forward to meet her. He held out both hands to her, but her own were full of flowers.

"Oh, Alice!" exclaimed Edward. "What have I done?"

His distress was so obvious, and obviously so sincere, that Alice softened to him. "You might have written," she said.

"I did. I wrote many times. And you—you might have written to me."

Alice was frankly puzzled and taken aback and distressed. She dropped the flowers to the ground, made a swift step forward and caught both Edward's hands in hers. "You know that I wrote to you," she said. "Don't you know that I did?"

"And don't you know I wrote to you?"

Here Mr. Ruggles, smiling in his kindly cynical way, joined them. "Tampering with the U. S. mails," he said, "is a prison offense. Now who, I wonder, has been tampering? I can assure you, Edward, that it isn't any of the Ruggles family."

"I wrote to you twice," said Alice.

"I wrote to you five times," said Edward. "I would have written six times but I couldn't lay my hands on a sixth stamp. As a matter of fact I did write six times, but I only mailed five."

"Did you mail those letters yourself?" asked Mr. Ruggles. "Or did you lay them on the hall table?"

At this moment Mrs. Ruggles joined them and they told her about the letters. She merely smiled.

Both she and her husband as well as Alice and Edward knew who had taken the letters. But Edward found it difficult to name his own mother as the criminal, and the Ruggles family did not do so.

"Next time anybody goes away," said Alice, "we'll be more careful . . . And I thought you didn't like me any more."

"And I thought you didn't like me any more," said Edward.

Then they both laughed at the absurdity of any such supposition. And then they stood and looked at each other until Edward became suddenly self-conscious.

"John's home," he said. "I met him in Brooklyn and we came home together. He's fine. There's worse things than being a sailor."

"That's true too," said Mr. Ruggles. "But speaking of sailors, how's art?"

"John says I ought to send some drawings to the comic magazines and see what happens."

"Don't send them," said Mr. Ruggles, "take them. We met one of the editors of the Age in the mountains and we told him all about the talent which we think you have, and he said, 'Put a roll of the boy's drawings under his arm and send him to see us.'"



You wouldn't acknowledge Wedding Gifts by telephone

No well-bred girl would think of doing such an outrageous thing. It would be like writing your invitations on a typewriter or sending your maid to make a call. But are you quite sure you are not doing other things that detract from the smart correctness you so strongly desire? Are you using stationery, for instance, that has no social standing?

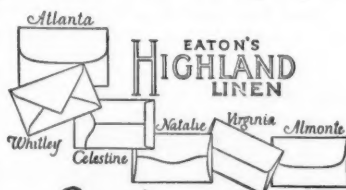
The letters you write are all part of your social life. If they do not show that you know what is correct, they handicap your other efforts. The effect of the smart new gown you wear to a reception may be spoiled by a dowdy letter of acceptance. The impression you make at a house party or

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Milder Musterole for Small Children

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without *Children's Musterole*, the new and milder form of good old Musterole especially prepared for use on babies and small children.

In the dead of night, when they are awakened by the warning, croupy cough, they rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest and then go back to bed.

Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes quickly to the seat of the trouble.

It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds. In jars, 35c.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



MILD
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

"I told you that in one of my letters," said Alice.

"Oh, but that's wonderful!" Edward said. "Did he really say for me to come and see him?"

"He really did," said Mr. Ruggles. "We are all witnesses. But we want to warn you not to be disappointed if he can't use the pretty pictures. If he likes anything, he'll like the comic pictures of insects and bugs and caterpillars . . . You know, my boy, it would really be a fearfully good joke if you could start right in and earn your own living. A man who earns his own living honestly can tell anybody else in the world to go to blazes."

There was a short silence. "Wouldn't it be wonderful!" exclaimed Edward.

"Let's go into the house," said Mr. Ruggles, "and compel Mrs. Ruggles to make a pitcher of lemonade and furnish cookies. We'll have a good talk."

Edward and Alice lingered behind to pick up the flowers which Alice had dropped. It was wonderful being together again. "When are you going to tell your mother about the divinity school?" Alice asked.

"I don't know. I was planning to run away. But now I think I'd better wait until I've seen the editor. I hate to run away. Perhaps if mother knew that I could actually earn money by drawing pictures, she'd be more reasonable . . . What did you say in your letters?"

"Nothing. What did you say in yours?"

"The same."

Then they both laughed, and each carrying about half of the flowers followed Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles into the house.

On his way home from the Ruggleses' Edward planned just exactly what he should say to Dear Mother about the letters, about the ministry and about the career of art which he intended to pursue. John might have run away, and so might Mark, but Edward wasn't going to do any such thing. He was going to have it out with Dear Mother and let her know what he thought about people who diverted and perhaps read other people's letters and caused misunderstandings among friends. Why shouldn't he defy her? Why be afraid? She couldn't hurt him in any way—neither physically nor mentally.

And when he reached the rectory he was a militant youth inflamed by the justice of his cause. But when he marched boldly into the library and found Dear Mother alone and knew that the hour of his opportunity to play the man had struck, his spirit weakened. He was not able to say any of the things that he had planned—not a single one of them.

"Where have you been, Edward?" she asked. "Not to New Rochelle, I feel sure, after all that I have told you about that dreadful Ruggles family."

She eyed him from under bent brows. Her shelf of upper teeth seemed to stick out at him more than ever. He wondered why he should be so dreadfully afraid of her, and only knew that he was. And he loved her, too. That was the queer thing. Why should he love her? She was a tyrant, she was unjust, she was untruthful in the cause of truth, crooked in the cause of straight dealing, a spy and a bigot, a snob and an egomaniac. She was without any lovely or lovable quality of either the body or the spirit. And yet he loved her.

That perhaps is why he turned coward and evaded the issue. If he had treated her as indeed she soundly deserved, her power over him would have crumbled into dust.

"I believe that I asked you where you have been," said Dear Mother, "and if I did ask you, why then I am waiting for an answer—am I not?"

"I followed the beach all the way to the City Island bridge," said Edward glibly. "It was very interesting—all the marine life in the pools. Then I found how late it was getting to be and I came home by the road. I ran nearly all the way."

He wasn't in the least ashamed of lying to her. Every other possible way of keeping the peace with her had been tried by the various members of the family. James, who was the family's most successful and accomplished liar, got along better with her than anybody else.

"You look very messy," said Dear Mother. "I think you had better have a bath and change before dinner."

When he had bathed Edward carried his clothes into John's room to dress. Opportunities for private conversations were rare in the Eaton household and he wished very much to tell his brother what Mr. Ruggles had said about the editor.

John's was the most interesting room in the house. It had an old stone fireplace with an iron crane, and above the mantel hung a pair of Revolutionary sabers which John when he was a small boy had bought—immediately after Christmas, when he was in funds—from the blacksmith in City Island. John had spent several weeks of his boyhood in working upon these relics with emery powder and oil. Of late years Edward had occasionally taken them down and given them a cleaning.

When Edward entered the room with his armload of clothes, John had taken down one of the sabers and was making cuts and passes at the air.

"You've been cleaning these old boys?" he asked. "I'm obliged to you. They're the only things that I ever really wanted when I was a boy that I finally got. You could put up an awful scrap with this thing if you knew how."

"I guess," said Edward as he exchanged his dressing gown for an undershirt, "that you could put up an awful fight with it if you were mad and didn't know how."

"The best way to fight a man," said John, "is to hit him first and to hit him in the pit of the stomach. But you want to be sure that you put everything you've got into that first blow." He replaced the sabers. Then he turned to Edward with a mischievous smile. "Was she home?" he asked.

"Who?"

"Mother told me a long song and dance about you and some fair Alice whom you have been forbidden to see. Mother added that she and her infidel family were just back from the White Mountains. And that she hoped and trusted that you would not go near them."

"Being forbidden to do something isn't promising not to, is it?" said Edward. "They were home all right . . . Their house seems more like home to me than this house does. There isn't a finer man in the world than Mr. Ruggles or a kinder one. Mother hates him because he doesn't believe that the whale swallowed Jonah."

"You know, Eddie," said John, "you're



*"It hardly seems possible
I've worked all day
in the office"*

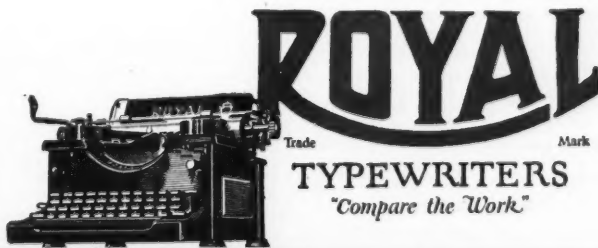
SO your thoughts run as you find yourself, fresh and eager, within the rhythmic influence of the evening's dance-music.

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getting old enough to take things pretty seriously. Are you in love?"

To the shy and modest Edward there was something terribly rough and brutal about this sudden direct question. He had always loved Alice. Everybody knew that. As for being in love with her, that was a new idea. He had never thought about it in just that way. Their relationship had been a warm and happy drifting, an inarticulate strengthening of bonds. His first instinct was to laugh—as normally as possible—and to be surprised and say "What! Me? Me in love?" And laugh some more. But that seemed disloyal to Alice. So he said:

"We've always been pretty close, John. But we're just kids. I didn't know anybody took us seriously until I found that mother was hooking my letters to her and hers to me."

"It wouldn't make you unhappy to go to Paris for a few years and leave her?"

Edward considered this and then said: "No—not unhappy. We'd find out mighty quick just how we did feel about each other. And if we found that we did want to be married—why, I'd be learning how to take care of her, wouldn't I? . . . Say, John—Mr. Ruggles knows one of the editors of the Age and told him about me, and he says for me to bring him a lot of my drawings and paintings, all kinds, so's he can judge if I'm any good at all. I thought I'd sneak off after breakfast tomorrow and go see him. And I wish you'd give me the fare if you can spare it. I'd ask you to lend it to me if there was any chance of my paying it back."

"Gee, that's exciting!" said John. "You can have anything I've got. Let's go over all your stuff after dinner and see what you'd better show him."

The offices of the Age were in a tall narrow building on the north side of Union Square. It took all of Edward's courage to enter that building; he walked up and down in front of the door eleven times before he finally went in. He then ascended seven floors in an elevator and stood for a long time reading the words

THE AGE Editorial Offices

in gold letters on a glass door. His heart was beating much too fast, and he felt sure that he was going to stammer and make a fool of himself.

At last he pushed open the glass door and found himself confronted by a very small boy with a very much freckled face.

"Can I see Mr. Townley?"

"Don't know," said the small boy. "Got an appointment?"

"Not exactly. He said for me to bring him some drawings."

"Humph! What's your name?"

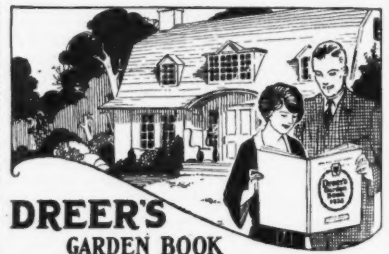
"Eaton."

"Sit down."

The small boy pointed to a chair. Edward sat down with the big package of drawings on his knees. The small boy went away and came back. "You'll have to wait a few minutes," he said.

Edward waited for three-quarters of an hour. He became very miserable and despondent. Then all of a sudden a little round face with tortoise-rim spectacles appeared and a kind, brisk voice said:

"You Eaton? Sorry you've had to wait. Come with me. I'm Townley."



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Mr. Townley's office looked out over Union Square. It was a cozy little place with some deep chairs and almost all the drawings in the world either tacked on the wall or heaped on the desks and tables. There were also photographs of celebrated people on which they had written their celebrated names.

"Our mutual friend Ruggles," said Townley, "is a whale of a good art critic. We don't always agree, but I have so much confidence in him that I've looked forward to seeing your work with real excitement."

Up to this point Edward had not been able to say anything. And he was not now able, though he made a choking sound which resembled an effort at articulate speech. He fumbled nervously at the knotted string which held the drawings.

"Here," said Townley, "let me." He cut the string.

Then he sat down and in a silence which seemed to Edward peculiarly awful began to look at the drawings. When he had looked at the first six and laid them aside, he turned to Edward and said: "I don't know what it would be wise for me to say, Eaton. So I think I'll just try to be frank and honest, even if frankness and honesty aren't good for you . . . Of all the men who have brought their work to me, old men and young men, you have far and away the biggest talent."

Edward felt as if the breath had been knocked right out of him. He tried to speak and only got out one word: "Me?"

It sounded very thin and silly and inappropriate, and he blushed to the eyes. But little Mr. Townley put back his head and laughed until he had to take off his glasses and wipe them. Then Edward got to laughing, and then all at once he felt very happy to be where he was, and as much at ease with Mr. Townley as he would have been with Mr. Ruggles.

"I'm going to look at them all," said Mr. Townley. "I hope there'll be something that we can use right off. Obviously you drew these things for the love of it and not with a view to the peculiar needs of a publication like the Age."

Twenty minutes passed, and Mr. Townley started to go through the drawings again. But this time he went quickly and sorted the comic pictures of insect and caterpillar life into one pile. There were eight of these, and Mr. Townley said that he would like to use them in the Age.

"I will use one every week," he said, "as long as you care to draw them, and probably when you have studied our requirements a little you will do other things that we can use. But my dear boy, I hope you won't get into a comic weekly rut. Mr. Ruggles has told me that you are very serious about art, that you wish to go to Paris and study. I think that with hard work you will become one of the very, very best—but not without the hard work. And just because you find that you can make a living by drawing pictures of caterpillars, don't for Heaven's sake pull up short and stop drawing pictures of the things that seem beautiful to you."

Edward touched one of the caterpillar drawings with a timid forefinger. "Can I make a living doing those?" he asked.

"We will pay you ten dollars apiece for them," said Mr. Townley, "if that is satisfactory, and if the pictures catch on and people like them, as I think they will, we will pay you more."



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"And I'm to do one every week?" Mr. Townley nodded. "Gee!" said Edward. "That's a lot of money." And his face broke into a happy smile.

"It would keep you in Paris if you went there to study. When I was a student in Paris there were plenty of young men who got along on very much less."

Edward was pretty nearly dazed with happiness.

"Whenever you come to town," said Mr. Townley, "I hope you'll look me up. Anything that I can do to help you, I'll do gladly. Before you go abroad we had better have a long talk. I know the ropes pretty well, and I could give you some useful letters. And now I wish you'd do me a favor. This little head—is it Mary?" Edward nodded. "I wish you would write your name on it and make me a present of it. It is so full of feeling and the color is so sweet and cool. I'd like to have it." In one corner of the picture Edward wrote his name. "Thank you. I'll treasure that. I believe in my heart that some day these early sketches of yours will sell for large sums of money."

Those particular ones never did so far as anybody knows. Edward went home in such a daze that he left the drawings in the elevated train, and what became of them thereafter is sheer guesswork. To Edward the loss meant absolutely nothing. He had a check for eighty dollars in his pocket, and the future looked to him as if it was entirely composed of roses.

That night he told his father and John. Dear Mother and Sarah had set aside this particular evening for a conference in which every item of Sarah's trousseau, every detail of her wedding day, and most likely the future activities and deportment of her husband, were to be decided. The ladies therefore having retired, the gentlemen had the library to themselves.

"Tell us what happened, Eddie," said Mr. Eaton the moment they had gone.

"He was dandy to me," said Edward eagerly. "He bought eight of the bug pictures and said he would buy one every week as long as I like to draw 'em. I bet I don't miss a week between now and the time I'm eighty."

"He bought them, you say?" asked John.

"Ten dollars apiece," said Edward. "Eight of 'em. Eight times ten. I can do that in my head. It's eighty." Then he showed them the check which Mr. Townley had given him and continued excitedly: "He made me promise to send him one of 'em every week, and he promised that every four weeks he'd deposit forty dollars in the bank, so that even if I were way off somewhere—even if I were in France—I'd know I had the money. And he said if I did go to France he'd give me letters to artists and people who would help me—so if I did go to France I wouldn't have to ask anyone to help me about money. He said I could live like a prince in the Latin Quarter on two hundred francs a month. A dollar, he said, was about five francs."

"Well," said Mr. Eaton, "are you going to France, or are we going to wake up some fine morning and find that you have gone?"

"If I said that I was going," said Edward, "and mother—you or mother—didn't want me to—you could stop me, couldn't you?—me not being of age?"

"Yes," nodded Mr. Eaton, "we could stop you."

"But," cried Edward, his face twinkling all over with lines of mischief, "if you woke up some fine morning and found that I'd gone, you wouldn't be able to drag me back, would you?"

"No," said Mr. Eaton.

"Then," said Edward, "I'd better not tell anybody whether I'm going or not."

But later that night he had a moment alone with John, and it was arranged between them that Edward should join him on the Aurora a few hours before she was to sail.

Edward could not go to sleep for a long time. It seemed so queer to him that he should have had such a wonderful and in all ways honorable boost to his fortune, and that he dared not tell his mother. He felt a little as if he would like to cry.

Between Edward and his great adventuring into the world there were not now many hours. Some of them, and they were the happiest, he spent with Alice. But even if these hours were the happiest they weren't perfectly happy. They weren't perfectly happy because Alice managed to make Edward feel as if it was very selfish of him to go away and leave her. She was just the least little bit cool about his haste to convert himself into a famous artist. He might, she seemed to think, have put off his going for a year or two.

Were all women alike, Edward wondered? Wasn't there even one in the whole world who could let her man pursue his destiny in his own way, without interfering with him and jeopardizing his chances?

But in his grief at telling her good-by Edward forgot that she wasn't perfect and only considered how much he loved her, and how much it was hurting him to go away from her. She went with him to the gate in the wall, and then, just when Edward was trying to nerve himself up to the point of kissing her and was failing, she said suddenly, "Aren't you going to kiss me?"

And that made it easy, and as he leaned for the kiss he heard his own voice murmuring "My darling" and felt terribly grown-up. It was a boy and girl kiss to start with, but right in the middle of it Alice suddenly clung to him very tightly and closely and changed it into a different kind of a kiss, and then just as suddenly she pushed him away from her and turned and fled.

Edward passed through the little gate and closed it behind him. His hat was still in his hand. He stood and looked at the gate and for the hundredth time read the words on it:

"They say. What say they? Let them say!"

Some of Edward's remaining hours were devoted to the composition of the following letter:

Dearest Mother:

John is going to take me to France in his ship, and I am going to study hard to be an artist. I can earn forty dollars a month right now by drawing pictures and that will be enough for me to live on. I know you will be angry and disappointed, and so I have to write this letter and leave it so that you'll get it when I am



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gone. If I saw you angry and disappointed I suppose I wouldn't go. But you ought not to want me to be a minister when I don't want to be one, and don't believe half the things they have to say, and when I love to draw and paint, and can't see any wrong in it.

I hope you will write and say you forgive me. It isn't easy for a boy even when he's far far away to have to think that his own mother is down on him. And I don't think it's right for a boy when he can earn his own living to stay at home and make just that much extra expense for his father and mother.

I am sitting at the little writing desk in my own room, right here at home, but writing this letter to you makes me feel homesick. So if I'm homesick right here at home, think how it will be when I get to Paris and don't know anybody or the language or anything. I don't like to go away from you and my father. It hurts all over. But if I stayed at home I would have to go to the divinity school and I couldn't stand that, so I've just got to go.

I don't seem to want to do very bad things, so I don't think you ought to worry about my being in Paris. A man who studied in Paris told me that all the talk about Paris being so wicked is—talk. He says it's just like any other big city, and that you can live the kind of life you want to, and that good people are admired in Paris just like anywhere else, and bad people are despised.

So good-by, Dearest Mother, and try to forgive me. Edward

This letter flung Mrs. Eaton into a terrible rage. Three times now her will and her unquestioned knowledge of what was best for her boys had been defied. To make matters worse, the two older boys had not come whining home and acknowledged how mistaken they had been. They had prospered in their chosen lines. Now here was Edward running away from her and the church, and right on top of that a letter from Mark to say that he was about to be married to the daughter of a neighboring farmer. It was bad enough to be marrying a farmer's daughter, though if George Washington had had a daughter she would have been one, but to make matters worse Mark had made no mention of the church to which his fiancée belonged. Obviously, therefore, she must be either a Roman Catholic or a creature who believed in nothing at all. The enclosed photograph showed her to be a little too plump but exquisitely pretty.

Mrs. Eaton proceeded to work herself into a series of devastating sick headaches, which caused more suffering to others than to herself, and her only comfort in the world was James. He saw his opportunity and toadied to her unmercifully and wormed his way deeper and deeper into her good graces and closer and closer to her pocketbook.

Meanwhile Edward was on the broad Atlantic, rolling over to France, and joyously and even gloriously drawing all the things which pertain to ships and the sea. He was neither seasick nor homesick. He thought a good deal about himself with the wholesome egotism of youth, and was for once in his life extraordinarily happy.

In March you will go with young Edward to Paris—and you will find it a fascinating journey with fascinating company—and a most unexpected outcome for Edward himself

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Sani-Flush removes quickly every spot and stain from the toilet bowl. It purifies and sanitizes the hidden, unhealthful trap. It makes the entire toilet clean—and safe.

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Kitchen-Company

(Continued from page 101)

his face here again," she said slowly. "If he does, there will be an accident to the rose trees," said her daughter, compressing her lips. "I've had all I can stand of Mr. Hopkins."

"And then there's Mr. Scott," said her mother plaintively. "Clara says that she thinks her young man has heard something, and if he should happen to meet them one evening—"

"It might be bad for the young man. Leonard would have a better nose if he didn't box so much. Look at father!"

Mrs. Brampton looked. "He—he seems to be examining the footmarks," she gasped.

"Time I changed your sensible low-heeled shoes for something more dressy," said her daughter, disappearing.

She was back before the Captain re-entered the house and, sitting cross-legged, displayed a pair of sharp-toed, high-heeled shoes of blameless aspect, which met his ardent gaze with a polished stare. He turned his back at last and stood gazing blankly out at his cherished garden.

It never occurred to him to accept defeat, and his daughter was therefore more annoyed than surprised to see Mr. Hopkins—a nervous, chastened Mr. Hopkins—back again after a few days. On this occasion, however, the Captain lingered in the garden, and from a deck chair beneath the window watched his faltering steps. Conscious of the scrutiny, the visitor babbled incoherencies to Miss Brampton, until in self-defense she retreated to the house on the plea of a thorn in her foot.

The sound of Mr. Scott's voice in the kitchen did not add to her comfort. A glance from her window showed her that her father had taken her place with the visitor and was pointing out the merits of a small rockery. She stole downstairs and opening the kitchen door peeped in.

"I thought you were going to the cinema," she said coldly to Mr. Scott. "Can't," was the reply. "Clara's Bill is outside and she's afraid to come."

"He's waiting for him," said Clara breathlessly. "There'll be murder done—and I shall be the cause of it."

"Cheer up," said Mr. Scott. "He'll only have a week or two in a nice hospital. You'll be able to see him on Sunday afternoons and take him grapes."

"I know who'll want the grapes," said Clara miserably. "You don't know his strength. I don't believe he knows it himself."

"Where is he?" said Miss Brampton.

"Outside the side gate, Miss," replied Clara. "Like a cat waiting for a mouse."

"A mouse!" ejaculated the startled Mr. Scott. "Now look here, Clara . . ."

"I'll go and send him away," said Miss Brampton, with decision.

She slipped into the garden and, her father's back still being towards her, opened the side gate and looked out. A bullet-headed young man, standing just outside, scowled at her.

"Do you want to see Clara?"

"I'm waiting," said Mr. Bill Jones, "waiting for a toff."

Miss Brampton stood regarding him with a puzzled air. Then she had an inspiration that almost took her breath.



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YOU'VE often seen people thumb the bristles in a tooth brush. This is a dangerous habit. For careless fingers frequently carry dirt—even infection.

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Name

Present Position

Address

away. "Do you mean the gentleman who is in the garden talking to father?"

Mr. Jones's eyes glistened. He licked his lips and stood breathing hard and short. Miss Brampton, with an encouraging smile, pushed the door open.

Mr. Jones needed no further invitation. With head erect and eyes ablaze he entered the garden and catching sight of Mr. Hopkins, strode rapidly towards him.

"Here! What do you want?" demanded the astonished Captain.

Mr. Jones ignored him, and continuing his progress, thrust his face into that of Mr. Hopkins. "Take my gal away, will yer?" he shouted. "Take 'er to the pictures, will yer? Take that!"

Mr. Hopkins took it and went down with a cry of anguish. Through a mist of pain he heard the voice of his assailant.

"Get up! Get up! else I'll jump on yer." Mr. Hopkins got up and the appearance of Mr. Jones was so terrible that he turned and fled, with the other in hot pursuit.

"Stop!" yelled the choking Captain. "Mind the flowers! Mind the il—"

Mr. Hopkins paid no heed; neither, to do him justice, did Mr. Jones. The former performed miracles of agility, while his opponent pounded doggedly behind. A bad third, owing to his keeping to the path, the Captain followed raving in the rear. Broken plants lay in the wake of Mr. Hopkins; churned up earth marked the progress of Mr. Jones. And at this juncture, Mr. Scott appeared from the kitchen shedding his coat.

"What the deuce do you think you're doing?" he shouted.

Mr. Jones pulled up suddenly and favored him with a menacing glare.

"Look at those flowers," cried Mr. Scott severely. "You chump-headed, mutton-headed son of a gun."

Mr. Jones stood irresolute. He looked longingly at Mr. Hopkins taking cover behind the Captain; then with a loud roar he threw himself upon this new arrival.

Mr. Scott sidestepped neatly and smote him heavily on the chin. Mr. Jones, turning in amazement, took three more and, being by this time acclimatized, settled down to a steady mill.

"You'd better go," said the Captain harshly to Mr. Hopkins. "This isn't a sight for you."

Mr. Hopkins went, somewhat reluctantly. He was a man of peace, but the sight of Mr. Jones's damages seemed in some way to afford him an odd feeling of satisfaction. The Captain stayed, to see fair play. It was with almost a sigh that he went at length to help Mr. Scott assist his adversary to his feet. The dazed Mr. Jones, with Clara's arm about his waist, was led indoors and his head placed under the scullery tap.

"Well, that's over," said Mr. Scott, tenderly dabbing his face with his handkerchief, as Miss Brampton came out. "I'm afraid Clara has jilted me, sir." The Captain grunted and eyed him curiously. "I was going to take her to the cinema. Now I suppose I shall have to go alone. Unless—"

"Well?" barked the Captain.

"Unless Miss Brampton comes with me." The Captain stood up and faced him, choking. "Cinema!" he roared. "Cinema! If you want to do something to pass the evening, you can help her help me help make the garden tidy."

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keeps the gums healthy



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ROOT SOCKET



Receding gums

A warning that pyorrhea may attack the root sockets

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Ministore bottles of Q-ban Tonic and Liquid Green Soap Shampoo with "Book of Beauty" mailed free. Address: **HESSIG-ELLIS, Chemists, Memphis, Tenn.**

The Sleeping-Car

(Continued from page 37)

very tired. Although I was sitting by my companion's side his voice was so light and thin, the noise of the rushing train so enveloping, that as I grew tired I sometimes heard what he was saying only with difficulty. There was a strain put upon my attention and that strain seemed to color his story. My weary mind draped it in tragic hues. Through mists, visualizing what had happened as told by him, I seemed to see him, Lili hanging on, Doctor Mossey with cold Swiss face, shallow but clever eyes and square-cut beard, the neurasthenic enemies, their pale countenances at one in hatred, otherwise various as their nationalities, grouped around, intent on the coming tragedy which was to overwhelm, they supposed, the woman they hated.

For the Greek lover—in the clinic, he told me, they always called him "the Greek"—was going away. Doctor Mossey was satisfied with his condition, had given him leave to go almost directly. But the Polish girl was still dreadfully unwell, quite unfit to go back to Warsaw. Her "cure" wasn't nearly finished. She and her insolence would soon be unaccompanied. She would fall back into her defiant solitude. And they could see, all those invalids' eyes, that already "the Greek" had finished with her. His body was there in the clinic and was still always with "the Pole." But the rest of him was away, out of Switzerland, in Paris, perhaps, or London, or in the "little Paris" called Bucharest, or in Athens among the dark-eyed Greek girls with their languid charm and their indolent, semi-Oriental manners.

Poor creature! With all her insolence she would soon be an object for pity. The clinic would soon have the exquisite luxury of pitying her.

And then, just when my friend—or shall I say my Orient express friend?—was greeting the wide world with outstretched hands and was already thinking of Lili, though he was still in the clinic and to be there for two or three more days, as "a girl I once met when I was ill in a dreadful place in Switzerland," she informed him that when he left she would leave too!

From that moment his hatred of her began. From that moment he looked upon her as one of the great misfortunes of his life. From that moment he understood her. She was one of those awful women who won't let go.

And then with tired ears I heard the account of a combat, the fight to leave, the fight against being left, and with a tired though still eager mind—for I was genuinely interested in the strange affair and he told it well—I followed the details of the struggle. That insolence of hers had meant character. That love of hatred had come not out of weakness but out of strength. That defiance had been made possible by the possession of a thick mental skin.

The under side of his character had certainly shown itself in gross cruelty. He practically told me so. But she who had fed on hatred now showed that she could love through brutality. An obsession of obstinacy had rendered her seemingly



The care of the cuticle is the basis of well groomed nails

The way Beauty Experts keep the cuticle smooth

How exquisite her hands look, the nails gleaming like jewels in the softest, smoothest rim of cuticle.

Have you wondered just what beauty experts do to get the soft, smooth nail rim that baffles you? Some of the smartest beauty shops in New York say they use Cutex. They consider the care of the cuticle with Cutex is the basis of their charming grooming of the hands, for without fresh smooth cuticle the whitest hands, the most lustrous nails, look awkward and neglected. And Cutex is so easy to use and so quick that thousands of women have learned how to give themselves this same lovely manicure.

Cutex makes everything for the manicure. Its polishes are wonderful for a lovely lustre. The new Powder Polish gives a brilliance almost instantly. For a very high polish use Cutex Liquid Polish. There are also Cake and Paste polishes. Cutex has complete manicure sets for 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Each article separately is 35c. At drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

Experts at the Terminal Salons in the Waldorf-Astoria, Pennsylvania Hotel and the Knickerbocker, say:

"Cutex is the best thing we know of for giving that rim of smooth unbroken cuticle, essential to well groomed hands. It softens and shapes the cuticle and is the safest way to remove particles of dead skin."

Miss Dorothy Gray, Fifth Avenue's famous beauty specialist says:

"Cutex is particularly invaluable to me because it is absolutely safe. American hands are the best groomed in the world. To Cutex must be given a large part of the credit. It has been teaching so steadily the loveliness of well kept nails that no one wants to be without them."

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

ashamed

It brought him untold misery; yet only he, himself, was to blame.

HE had neglected his teeth so long that he was actually ashamed to visit his dentist. And like so many people, he kept putting it off.

Finally he became so sensitive about their appearance that in conversation he habitually distorted his mouth in an effort to hide them from view.

A reasonable effort on his own part—consulting his dentist, conscientious use of his tooth brush and the right dentifrice—might have saved him this humiliation. But he even neglected these things. He was uncomfortable wherever he went.

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You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And, moreover, just as Listerine is the safe antiseptic, so Listerine Tooth Paste is the safe dentifrice. It cleans yet it cannot injure the enamel.

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invulnerable. Despite all his arguments, his insults, his attempts at evasion, she actually left the clinic not merely on the day of his departure, but with him, before the astonished glare of the invalids' eyes.

He went out, not into freedom, but companioned by an ill woman who expressed her rigid determination to remain with him. They descended the hill together in the funicular railway and at the bottom he told her to "get out." She refused. There was a scene by the statue of the Empress Elizabeth close to the English church. Territet was shocked. And eventually a Swiss official, "dressed up in uniform," interfered and my friend was forced to go with Lili to a hotel.

There the struggle was renewed with venom.

"How did it end?" I heard myself asking.

And the sound of my own voice seemed strange at that hour in the midst of the train's uproar, strange and weary and dreadfully mournful. And suddenly I knew that I was terribly tired and couldn't listen much longer.

"Have you ever met a woman who would stand anything from you—anything—and yet go on loving you?"

I shook my head.

"Then you've never met a Lili."

"But you're here and she's in Paris. You got rid of her!"

He frowned and the anxious look again made his face seem old.

"She forced me to take her to Paris. She forced me to live with her there. And she was ill—ill all the time. To live with an ill woman whom one hates in Paris!"

I realized that he had been punished. Lili had known how to punish him.

"But you got away!"

"Yes. My mother was taken desperately ill in Athens. I was telegraphed for. I had a letter too. Lili wouldn't let me go till the letter came. But then she had to. I've been away for eight weeks. That's all."

"And now you're—but you said you were going to London!"

"I am. I've fixed things up with Antoine, the fellow I told you about. At least I've practically settled things. He's to get her out of Paris. I've thought of a way. And then I can go back there and enjoy myself."

He smiled and I felt his cruelty.

"I shall see him for a few minutes at the station tomorrow morning, put the last touches to it." He laughed thinly.

"This morning!" I said.

"Is it?" He looked at the enameled watch. "Half-past two!"

"We must go to bed." I pressed the electric bell.

The *contrôleur* came and made our two beds like a desperate automaton. When they were ready my friend said:

"You go in first. But—you really meant it about number thirteen?"

"I'll prove it to you."

And presently, when he opened the door, he found me between the sheets in the lower berth.

Now this is what happened in Paris.

We ran in by the Seine in the dusk of a frozen morning. My companion was up and dressed early. As I watched him from my berth moving about in the narrow space between the bed and the wall, taking

the net off his hair, settling the black opal in his blue necktie, dropping scent from a crystal bottle upon his silk handkerchief, he still looked terribly alive. Directly he was ready he lighted a cigaret and went out into the corridor.

We were slowing down by the platform of the Gare de Lyon when I followed him into the corridor. I was to stay in Paris and I bade him good-by.

"Good-by! Good-by! *Au revoir!*" he said, giving me his long-fingered hand.

He spoke abstractedly. He looked abstracted. I realized that his interest in me had evaporated. My usefulness as a receptacle was over.

He stared out of the window on which the frost had traced delicate patterns.

"*Au revoir! Au revoir!*"

His light, bodiless voice died away as he hurried down the corridor towards the exit.

I went to look after my hand luggage.

A minute or two later I had just got down to the platform when I heard behind me a not very loud report. I turned round and saw a thin man falling backwards. As he fell his hat, a gray hat with a black band round it, dropped off, showing a small head covered with glossy dark hair. This head struck the platform and gave out an odd, sharp little tap.

As I stood by the dead body I looked into the pale moonbeam eyes of a horribly thin girl whose short fair hair stuck out from her head, as Sarah Bernhardt's hair used to stick out in disorder when she was growing old. A dark, well dressed young man was holding both her arms from behind and exclaiming, "Lili! Lili! Lili!"

Some railway officials hurried up. They pushed me away. As they did so I heard the clear, nonchalant voice of a man say:

"*Mon dieu! Some reception in Paris!*"

In his wide travels Robert Hichens has heard some of the strangest stories in the world—and none more strange than that of the lonely woman in "The Inn," which he tells next month

Cornflower Cassie's Concert

(Continued from page 29)

boy woos fortune via a faro table and is regarded as the luckiest gambler in Coolgardie, which it isn't luck at all but brains an' a thorough knowledge of faro. When his luck is runnin' strong there ain't nary a man in Coolgardie that has the nerve to crowd his hand like Modoc and as a result times is frequent when he has more money in bank than the man that owns the bank.

Well, sir, I reckon it's crowdin' close to six years since Cornflower Cassie has left Ballarat, when the telegraph operator comes into the Sluice Box one mornin', where me an' Modoc Bill an' four others is whilin' away dull care indulgin' in a five-dollar-limit game of draw poker. Modoc Bill is sittin' with his back to the door an' I'm facin' it. At my right, also facin' it, but not quite squarely, sits a gamblin' fool known to science as Silver City Harry, while at my left is a rich an' prosperous adventurer answerin' to the nom de plume of Gold Hill Cassidy.

"Cablegram for Modoc Bill Robley,"



The secret is out!

Noted Parisian perfumer finally discloses the reason why his most popular odeur has for years been the favorite of so many women—

NOW, at last, after fifteen years of international curiosity—the secret is out.

Just fifteen years ago Parfumerie Rigaud first introduced to America that ever-fascinating and most popular *Parfum Mary Garden*.

During all these years *Parfum Mary Garden* and the various other toilet accessories bearing this delightful odeur have had a persistent vogue. So continuous has been their popularity that they have caused the perfume world much wonderment and perplexity.

Other perfumes have come and gone

In the past, perfumes have come and gone; they have enjoyed a vogue for a season or for a few years—then to be supplanted in popularity by some newer scent. But Rigaud's *Parfum Mary Garden*, like the never-waning popularity of the famous opera artiste whose name it bears, has lived on and on like an ever-fragrant flower.

Why has Parfum Mary Garden survived?

Finally this year one of our representatives gained the confidence of Rigaud's master perfumer and secured from him the *real* reason why this one subtle scent has survived so long:

"The secret is a simple one," said the aged creator of Rigaud odeurs. "In formulating *Parfum Mary Garden*, we did not approach our problems as we did with previous perfumes.

"We deliberately set for our-

selves the task of achieving an odeur that would do just one thing—an odeur so seductive, so fascinating, so bewitching that it would be utterly irresistible to men.

"To create this kind of a perfume, we did not trust our own judgment entirely; we investigated most carefully; we distilled nearly 100 new odeurs and secured dozens of women to give them actual tests in their social contacts with men.

The women of many lands helped decide

"We did not rely upon the opinions alone of the beautiful women of our own country. We carried our tests into Spain, into Italy, into England, into Russia, and to America.

"And at last after eighteen months we reduced our researches and conclusions to just one odeur which we then perfected. And this became Rigaud's *Parfum Mary Garden*—a perfume with so distinct, so individual and so seductive a personality that men simply could not resist it!"

A fragrance that never dies

And so this seductive odeur will live on and on when many others that do not have this subtle fascination for men have faded away—*Parfum Mary Garden*, the odeur that like some everlasting fragrance, will never die. * * *

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Parfumerie Rigaud

16 RUE DE LA PAIX
PARIS, FRANCE



"ZIP is delightful, actually destroying the growth with the roots, simply and absolutely without any irritation. I recommend ZIP!"

IRENE BORDONI

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IT'S OFF
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IT'S OUT

Superfluous Hair GONE!

Your happiness, like every woman's, lies in your being attractively beautiful.

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Look in your mirror and ask yourself whether you can afford to ignore these objectionable hairs on your face, arms, underarms, back of neck and limbs, or shaggy brows. As you longer neglect to use a method which really lifts out the hairs, gently, quickly and painlessly and thus destroys the growth. Such is the action of ZIP, and it accomplishes its work with astounding effectiveness. So different from ordinary methods which merely burn off surface hair and leave the roots to thrive.

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says the telegraph operator, an' slid the envelope under Modoc's nose. He looked at it, smiled that compellin' smile o' his an' tossed the paper over to me. It was dated from Berlin, Germany, and said as near as I can remember:

Made dee-but last night before audience including Emperor and members royal family. Dear good kind Modoc Bill you are such a lucky gambler. You have won your bet made five years ago in Ballarat. Critics proclaim me premier mezzo-soprano of world. It is not true but on strength of it have signed wonderful contract to appear coming season in Moscow. Please be good boy until I can come back and sing for you. Your grateful Cassie

Modoc Bill went on playin' without comment until about an hour later when he looks across at me with shinin' eyes an' says: "I wonder if she means Moscow, Idaho!"

"I reckon she does, Modoc," I says.

He was silent for another hour. Then he says: "What's a dee-but? She says she made one last night."

I told him to quit askin' me riddles an' play the game—an' just about that minute the stage pulls up just outside the door. I have the deal an' I pause to gaze out the front door. All of my fellow gamblers do likewise, with the exception of Modoc Bill, who's readin' the cablegram ag'in and lookin' as joyous an' self-satisfied as a bear in a hawg-pen.

The last optimist to climb down from that stage, assisted by the stage-driver, is by long odds the king of optimists and no asset to Coolgardie. He's a person about as old as me an' Modoc Bill an' his clothes has been made by a tailor. His face is thin and yellow an' he's so far gone with consumption there ain't no possibility of tellin' whether in his prime he's the ugliest man in the world or the handsomest, although he's got a wild eye like a mean horse. When the stage-driver sets him down, the new arrival is that weak he has to cling to the driver a minute and organize himself. But the driver ain't no nurse, so he shoos this pilgrim gently up on the porch of the Sluice Box and there this party of the second part leans ag'in the door jamb an' commences to cough the kind of cough that starts in the shoes an' keeps on comin' until, if a man has a heart in his chest, he feels it his duty to shoot the patient an' put him out of his misery.

"Barkeep," says Gold Hill Cassidy, "tote out about three fingers of your oldest and best whisky to that coughin' tenderfoot or he'll die on your front stoop."

Now Cassidy isn't aimin' to be personal or make a joke of a fellow human's agony, an' the last thing he expects is that this consumptive hears him. As a matter of fact he has already tossed four bits over to the barkeep to pay for the drink he's ordered for the stranger when the recent addition glares in the door.

"Which this coughin' tenderfoot," says he, "can mighty well afford to order his own drinks an' pay for them durin' the brief spell his carcass has to encumber this mortal coil. I know exactly how much money I have, my friend, and exactly how many days I've got to live, and you can take it from the most vitally interested party that while I live I don't aim to be known in this town as an object of charity spongin' drinks an' dyin' on the front stoop of a total stranger. I'll have you



Constant powdering cannot rub off this Rouge

Pert is a rouge which stays on! It lasts all day or all evening, through wind or warmth, until you remove it yourself with cold cream or soap and water. Pert is a waterproof rouge, orange-colored in the jar, but changing to a becoming pink as soon as it touches the skin. At drug or department stores or by mail, 75c. Ask to see the new Pert Lip-stick with united mirror, 75c. Send a dime today for a generous sample of Pert rouge. Another dime will bring you a sample of WINX, for darkening the lashes.

ROSS COMPANY
74 Grand Street New York

Pert Rouge



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For Coughs

PINEX

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MR. C. E. BROOKS

Isn't it time for another honeymoon?
See page 179

know I'm particular where I die, sir." An' then he has a hemorrhage.

"Well, I do declare if our young friend isn't on the peck," says Gold Hill Cassidy. He's some embarrassed on account of havin' been called by a dyin' man, thereby deprivin' him of talkin' back. "Well, far be it from me to fracture the laws of hospitality in our thrivin' little community. Our shortly-to-be-diseased brother can yip at me all he wants without danger of a comeback, an' next week nobody will help tote him with more reverence than me over to Pansy Hedrick's cemetery."

"You're a blatherskite, sir," says the coughin' pilgrim. "The least further lease o' life the doctors expect of me is thirty days. Personally I expect to last sixty."

"I'll bet any gent present ten thousand dollars at even money you're dead in thirty days," says Gold Hill Cassidy. He don't relish bein' called a blatherskite, because that's what he is an' it ain't been five minutes since Modoc Bill has told him the same thing.

Now while this coughin' an palaver has been goin' on Modoc Bill has apparently been re-perusin' his cablegram. He hasn't taken the trouble to turn round in his chair an' size up the new arrival, but when Gold Hill Cassidy makes his ten thousand dollar bluff all them gamblin' instincts of Modoc's come to the front with a rush.

"Which the gentleman from nowhere is correct in his interpretation of your character, Gold Hill," says he. "He called you a blatherskite and a blatherskite you are. Nobody but a blatherskite would offer to bet any sum, not to mention ten thousand dollars he hasn't got, that this unfortunate gentleman kicks the bucket inside of thirty years, not to mention thirty days."

Now Gold Hill Cassidy has got the ten thousand dollars an' nobody knows this better'n Modoc Bill. In fact, Gold Hill's got nigh to half a million an' he's got it sudden an' re-ent an' it's gone to his head. He just naturally has to call Modoc Bill's bluff.

"Which I have the ten thousand and my bet goes as it lies. This peevish pilgrim is dead in thirty days and I have ten thousand dollars to back up my judgment."

"Your judgment at its best is feeble an' requires backin' up. I'll take that bet, Cassidy," says Modoc quietly.

"But," says Gold Hill Cassidy, struggling between amazement an' a sneakin' fear he's crawled out on the end of a limb an' Modoc's fixin' to saw it off on him, "you ain't even *looked* at this stranger yet! I ain't no kill-joy. Help yourself to an eye-full, Modoc, an' then if you insist on throwin' your money away folks can't set up the claim as how I took advantage of your childishness an' ignorance."

"By the holy poker," says Modoc, "I'm drowned in words! I don't have to see him. Can't I hear him? You said you'd bet ten thousand dollars. I've accepted your bet. Put up or shut up."

Gold Hill puts up, both checks is certified, the bet is set forth in writin' an' signed by both parties an' the writin' an' both checks are by common consent given to me as stakeholder. All of this time the sick party has been settin' in a chair on the stoop o' the Sluice Box where the sun can hit him; ever and anon he wipes some blood from his lips. He looks up without enthusiasm as Modoc, after cashin' in, drifts outside an' sets in alongside him, favorin' him with that winnin', kindly, human smile.

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Present Coupon



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In your breath—insure them

One of the gravest social offenses is bad breath. One of the commonest, too. Yet the offender is usually unaware.

Cigars or cigarettes may cause it.

Or decaying food between the teeth.

Or affected teeth or gums.

Or a stomach disorder. Or certain foods and drinks.

That offensive breath, however caused, kills nearly every charm.

A mere breath perfume suggests concealment. You seek to hide an odor, and everybody knows it.

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It is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form—a purifier. It brings the odor of spring to the breath. In the stomach it also acts as an aid to digestion.

This method successfully overcomes bad breath. It combats it because it is a complete deodorant.

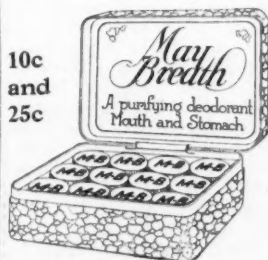
Carry May Breath with you—in your pocket or your bag. Before any close contact, eat one and you are safe.

Dainty, careful people do that everywhere today. They never risk offense.

Let us buy you a box to show what May Breath means to you. Cut out the coupon and present it—now. This is something you need and want.

May Breath is candy tablets designed to deodorize both the mouth and stomach. Not a mere perfume, but an antiseptic purifier.

Carry it with you.



10c
and
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Present this coupon to any druggist or drug department for a 10c box of May Breath free. He will charge to us.

All leading druggists now have May Breath. If your druggist fails you, send coupon to us. Only one box to a family.

TO DRUGGISTS: These coupons will continue to appear. Redeem as per our offer, send to us as they accumulate, and we will pay you 10 cents each in cash.

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This 5-8-3-32 Ct. diamond solitaire (absolutely genuine) of snappy, fiery brilliancy at \$24 is just one of hundreds of equally amazing offers in recent diamond bargain list. Never throughout three-quarters of a century have we been able to offer more startling values. Yet the reason should be clear. This 75-year-old firm through its soundest of policies has an ever growing business. This largest and oldest diamond banking institution of its kind in all the world has the highest rating and over \$1,000,000.00 capital. We have made loans on diamonds, jewels, etc., in excess of \$25,000.00, and still doing an ever-increasing loan business.

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A household remedy avoiding drugs. Cresolene is vaporized at the bedside during the night. It has become in the past forty years the most widely used remedy for whooping cough and spasmodic croup. When children complain of sore throat or cough use at once.

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Send for descriptive booklet
For Sale by Druggists.

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"Well, old settler," says Modoc, "welcome to our city. My name's Modoc Bill Robley. Accordin' to your trunk your name's L. I. B. Hall." The pilgrim nodded. "What's the L. I. B. stand for?"

"It's an abbreviation for Liberty," says the consumptive, very snappish. "What I crave is liberty—liberty to be let alone. In fact, my motto is 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"

"Which I'll not give you either—for thirty days, Mr. Liberty Hall. I can't afford it. If I give you liberty mos' likely you'll go hellin' around this camp an' blink out on me inside thirty days, which the same inconsiderate action'll cost me ten thousand easy-earned dollars. You've just got to stand by me, Liberty Hall."

"I'll not be called Liberty Hall. That's a place, not a man."

"Which you won't be called nothin' else from now on unless some o' the boys take a notion to call you Lib." Modoc Bill falls to parin' his fingernails. Bimeby he says, "I s'pose you know you're lookin' an' feelin' a mite peaked, Liberty."

"Not bein' teetotally looney, I realize that."

"Would you mind tellin' me what brings you to Coolgardie?"

"Not at all. Desert air is good for consumptives an' I've heard it's particularly good at about this height above sea level. One of my 'old pupils, who used to be employed here, wrote me the climate of Coolgardie would revive a dead man. The liar! The climate o' this hole is goin' to kill me off sixty days before my time."

"Sho, sho!" says Modoc Bill. "You just got some alkali dust in them lungs o' yours. Cough it up, old optimist, an' tomorrow you'll think more of our climate because I'm goin' to take you away from it."

"This is sure kind attention from a total stranger, Mr. Robley."

"Boy, you're in the hands of kind friends. As you come into Coolgardie did you happen to notice a smear o' timber on them high hills off to the east?" Liberty Hall nodded. "Well, tomorrow mornin' I'm goin' to lay you in a stretcher between two burros an' tote you up to that timber. There I'm goin' to house you in a tent openin' out on a view you'll never git tired lookin' at, an' night an' day you'll be breathin' air an' not alkali dust. You'll be gettin' a whiff o' yerba santa an' rest an' eat grub that's calculated to build you up. I aim to have a fresh Jersey cow transported into these parts to furnish you with sustenance; likewise I aim to import a real cook an' two trained nusses an' see can I snatch you back from the brink o' the grave long enough to win my bet."

"After that I suppose I can leg it alone an' take my chances, eh?"

"Your words distresses me sore, Liberty. Havin' brought you up that mountain I'm goin' to stick on the job an' bring you down, in one of two ways, if it takes a year to do it. Liberty, you'll either walk down or be toted down in a box." And the honest Modoc Bill extends his hand to shake on his promise. But Liberty Hall don't see that hand nohow, so Modoc says, "Well, Liberty, a-settin' here ain't helpin' you any," an' with that he picks Liberty Hall up and totes him over to the hotel.

Liberty Hall looks the hotel over sardonically. "Which you'll most certainly lose your ten thousand dollars if you house me in this rat-trap overnight."

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

Caused Club Foot

For 16 of his 17 years, Edward Bolian's foot was badly deformed as a result of Infantile Paralysis. His letter and photos show what was done for him at McLain Sanitarium in 5 months.

I wish to express my thanks for the great benefit that I received at your Sanitarium. I walked on the side of my foot for 16 years, and after 5 months' treatment, I am now walking flat on my foot and as good as anyone.

EDWARD BOLIAN,
Slidell, Louisiana.



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and young adults should know about McLain Sanitarium, a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," and "Book of References" sent free.

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Just a wee touch of "MAYBELLINE" and your eyebrows and lashes will appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. The remarkable improvement in your beauty and expression will astonish and delight you. "MAYBELLINE" is different from other preparations, that is why it is the largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. It will not spread and smear on the face or make the lashes stiff. Each dainty box contains brush and mirror. Two shades, Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes. Purchase a box of "MAYBELLINE", use it once and you will never be without it again. 75c at your dealer's or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad now as a reminder.

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Cosmopolitan Magazine,
119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

"I'll admit she ain't much of a hotel, but such as she is she's the best within a hundred miles, Liberty. Put up with it for twenty-four hours an' trust to me to snake you out tomorrow afternoon."

Modoc undressed him and tucked him into bed an' sent for the doctor. Liberty Hall slept off an' on an' when he wasn't sleepin' he was lookin' mean an' dispirited an' growlin' low, like a badger. Durin' the afternoon Modoc telegraphed outside to head a fresh Jersey cow toward Coolgardie; likewise a French chef an' two trained nurses. He's some busy buyin' tents, beds, beddin', a cook-stove an' utensils, high class grub an' all the comforts of home. Early next mornin' he has a string o' twenty jacks packin' his plunder up to this here little mesa, an' the followin' afternoon he lifts Liberty Hall into a stretcher hung between two jacks.

"Which I don't relish no such habeas corpus procedure," whines Liberty Hall. "Suppose these critters run away with me."

"Which they wouldn't get more'n ten feet before I'd have 'em both shot dead, Liberty. Don't worry, son. I won't take no chances with you."

"I ain't a-goin' to go up that mountain on no donkey I can't ride."

"You're a-goin' to do exactly what I tell you to do, Liberty Hall," Modoc comes back at him. "I can't afford to have you buttin' in an' spoilin' things now. Shet up, you whimperin' old woman. I'll lay another ten thousand that even in your prime you was as ornery as a porcupine, you little ongrateful, unmannerly pup."

Liberty Hall looks murder at Modoc an' says very meek-like, "Well, don't forget my medicine trunk."

"Which I almost did," says Modoc. The said medicine trunk is settin' on the ground hard by an' Modoc riddles it with six shots from his forty-five.

Liberty Hall shudders as the medicine starts runnin' out. "You onfeelin' dog," he gasps, "to do that to a dyin' man."

"That poison is killin' you—that an' fool doctors. There ain't nothing but climate, nursin', grub an' rest can cure you. Wake up, jacks. Onward, Christian soldiers! *Adios, Chuckwalla.*"

In thirty days me and Gold Hill Cassidy climbs up here and finds the patient not only livin', but as bright an' sassy as a lynx kitten, so there's nothing for me to do but pay over the bet to Modoc Bill, who forthwith orders me to send up scales so he can weigh Liberty Hall. "Which I think this mean little sidewinder is puttin' on flesh," says Modoc, "an' I'm that curious I crave to know for sure."

In about sixty days more Modoc returns to our midst, leavin' Liberty Hall to the care of the nurses and cook and one roustabout, all of which continues on the Robley payroll. Come fall, Liberty Hall has stacked on thirty pounds an' is up an' walkin' around, killin' his own meat in the woods hereabouts. But Modoc makes him stick it out all winter, an' by New Year Liberty Hall ain't coughin' no more. So, come the first of May, Modoc has an expert lung doctor come in from outside an' make soundings, after which the medico declares that while Liberty will henceforth wander over the earth on fifty percent of his original lung capacity, still he'll get by if he don't hurry, because the fifty percent he's got left is certified all healed up. The doctor suggests, however, that it might be



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You know more than he does about the care of hair. Most of the fairer sex know that a healthy scalp keeps its hair. Millions of women know that Wildroot Hair Tonic does more than lend a lustrous lure to the hair—it keeps the scalp healthy.

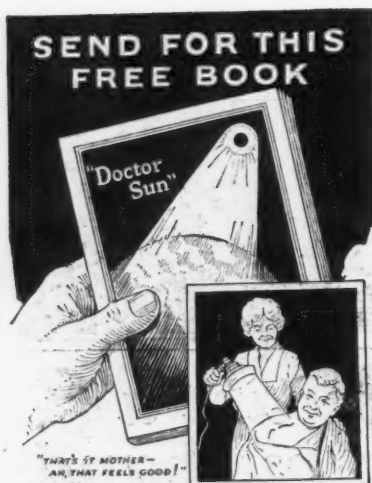
But your husband (or husband-to-be)—he may think that *after* he gets bald, he can then use some hair-restorer and get his looks back again. But *you* know that there is nothing that will cure baldness—just as you know that the proper care of hair

with Wildroot Hair Tonic will help prevent baldness.

It seems strange that intelligent men do not realize these simple facts. A woman realizes them because she studies them. And she knows that much of her charm either as a wife or as a wife-to-be depends upon the attractiveness of her coiffure.

You probably have Wildroot Hair Tonic in your own boudoir. If you haven't it, your druggist will gladly supply you. You will want to use it regularly to keep *your* hair lovely, and you will want your husband to use it to help him *avoid* bald-headedness. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

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This booklet reveals the wonderful curative properties of the sun's rays. It tells how the STEIN-O-LITE scientifically reproduces them for the relief of pain.

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Fill in coupon and we will gladly forward this interesting booklet "Dr. Sun" without obligation to you.



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If you ever have trouble with your car, See Page 137. Five new booklets of the motorist's Pocket Library are announced this month.

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When I can stop it

To let gray hair spoil your looks, by making you seem old, is so unnecessary when Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer will bring back the original color surely and safely. Very easily applied—your simply comb it through the hair. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky or stringy, nothing to wash or rub off—just beautiful, natural, becoming hair.

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Send today for the absolutely free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

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Please print your name and address
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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... Auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light Auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

just as well if Liberty Hall stays in our country another year or so, so naturally when Liberty agrees, it's up to Modoc to get the feller a job that'll make him self-supportin'.

"Which if there is anything you can do, Liberty, save an' exceptin' bein mean an' miserable," says Modoc when Liberty Hall drops down into Coolgardie for the first time since he's left it, "I'd like to hear about it. I'm that curious I crave to know."

"Which I'm a pianist by profession," says Liberty Hall.

"Which I never heard of one before, Liberty. Explain yourself."

"I play the piano."

"That explains many things, Liberty. All is forgiven now. I never knew a piano playin' professor in a dance hall that I'd trust farther than you could throw an old English sheep dog by the tail—which it seems to me that particular breed o' dog sports no caudal equipment a-tall! Well, I'll see what I can find in your line."

In about fifteen minutes he has a job for Liberty Hall pounding the ivory on the day shift in one of our local deadfalls. Both salary, job an' social environment is degradable, but—beggars must not be choosers.

"You got a mortgage on my soul," says Liberty to Modoc, "so I must take orders an' stick by this job in this hole of a minin' camp until I pay you off in full."

"Which you don't owe me a dollar," says Modoc Bill. "On the contrary, I've made more money off'n you than you'll ever be worth. I sized you up from hearin' you, not from seein' you. When I made that bet with Gold Hill Cassidy I knew you was too dog-goned ornery to die in a hurry—an' after I'd won my bet I concluded to blow some more money on you just to work out a theory. If you don't like your job you're free to leave us."

"You know very well I can't leave until I've saved a road stake."

"Then shet up, you pup, an' git to work an' earn it an' save it."

Well, son, I'm tellin' you, the first month on the job Liberty Hall ain't anything to conjure with as a Western entertainer. However, his boss is artistic enough to see that, with practise, this Liberty Hall mebbe develops into a wizard—particularly as the miserable little cuss works like a dog, practisin' day an' night.

Bimeby he begins lookin' happier an' 'lows as how he has his old touch back; to do him justice he makes that piano resound like thunder up in the Panamints. When he's got both hands just a-flyin' an' criss-crossin' each other he sort o' shakes back his mane and—bang! he gives her blazes! About this time, too, his tunes begin to have a popular appeal, an' when it's recognized that Liberty Hall ain't no common professor but a sort o' fallen star that lights in our midst owin' to the caprice o' fate, the boss raises his salary an' tells him his playing gives the place a tone!

Things was driftin' along this way, everybody happy, silver still far from demonetized, with Modoc Bill workin' a claim of his own now, makin' big money an' only dallyin' with faro on Saturday nights, an' Coolgardie squattin' down there in the valley, serene, indifferent to fate, as the poet says, when the mail brings definite tidings of no less a personage than Cornflower Cassie. Modoc gets a fat letter from her.

She's been the hit of the show in Moscow

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an' the Emperor of Rooshia has commanded her to sing before him. She's repeated her triumphs in London an' now she's signed a contract to appear in concert in the United States. She's got a bank roll of her own an' every time she sings in public she fattens it a couple of thousand dollars. She encloses Modoc her personal check for the money he'd give her, with six percent interest, an' informs him that, since her contract ends with her final concert in San Francisco, she'll be free to come to Coolgardie an' sing for him, free gratis an' for love an' old sakes' sake. Yes, sir, she'll sing for just him alone, and twice a day for a month if he wants her to. And any time he feels like it he can have all his Coolgardie friends in to hear her too. The only trouble is that the pianist who accompanies her on the tour is goin' back to New York, so she will have to depend on our local talent an' she hopes the piano will be well tuned.

You should have heard Modoc chuckle. "Which there'll be a new piano freighted in an' if that scrub, Liberty Hall, can't play her accompaniments the lady's sure hard to please, Chuckwalla. I'll have a nice new cabin built for her to stop in, too. That hotel wouldn't do for Cornflower Cassie."

So Modoc pays two thousand dollars for a piano and five hundred dollars to have it freighted in. Then he pays the fare and wages of a man to come an' tune it as it rests on the stage of the opy house; an' when that's done he calls in Liberty Hall, tells him he's about to present the camp with a piano an' bring some culture into Coolgardie, an' suggests that Liberty give the new instrument a tryout.

Does Liberty Hall make that piano talk? I should tell a man! He's almost cordial to everybody that night, an' with Modoc's permission he spends all his spare time practisin' on the new arrival. It pleased Modoc to hear Liberty Hall rampin an' pussy-footin' up an' down that keyboard. "Which I'm plumb ignorant, Chuckwalla," he says to me, "with no more art or culture than a wolverine, but I'm here to tell you that little squirt sure knows his job. I reckon he comes close to bein' as big an artist in his way as Cornflower Cassie is in hers. Mebbe she won't be surprised to see the home talent of Coolgardie, eh?"

She come into town one spring day, settin' up on the box with the stage-driver. I wouldn't have knowed her 'ceptin' for her eyes. She was seven years older now—not the bud Modoc Bill Robley had chased out of Ballarat, but the full-blown rose that could make folks cry when she sang. She's dressed beautifully but none too loudly an' she's all alone. Modoc, wearin' a soft silk shirt an' a black silk tie an' a black store suit, stands on the stoop o' the express office when the stage pulls up to permit the driver to throw out the box—an' Cornflower Cassie beams down on him.

"You dear, blessed Modoc Bill," she cries and holds out her arms toward him like a little girl. And then—well, Modoc clumb up on the wheel an' lifted her down an' there they stood, an' she's in his arms an' cryin'. "Oh, my dear," she says, an' I reckon she don't care who hears her, "I've only seen you once—and oh, how I've wanted to look into that honest, kind face of yours these seven years past."

"Same here, ma'am," mumbles Modoc.



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"It hasn't been an easy life, Modoc. The road has been rough and filled with chuck-holes, but the memory of you and what you said and done for me helped me to bear it."

"Same here, ma'am," says Modoc. "An now mebbe you'd wish to go to your house an' wash up before lunch . . . I do believe . . . yes, I reckon, if you don't mind . . . I'll kiss you."

"Don't you want to hear me sing before I do anything else? You do want to listen to your handiwork, don't you, dear?"

"Come," says Modoc Bill—an' then he remembers me. "Shake hands with my friend Chuckwalla Bill Redfield, Cassie," he says. "He ain't never been in a jail an' he's certainly been a friend o' mine when I needed one. He knows all about you an' I reckon he'd like to hear you sing, too."

Cornflower Cassie give me her hand an' with a smile includes me in the party. However, while I'm more or less shy on culture myself, I know better than to horn in on them two at a time like this, so I excuse myself an' say I'll manage to control myself. Them cornflower-blue eyes says, "Thank you, Chuckwalla," an' her an' Modoc, she on his arm, walks like two children up to the opory house. An' there, with just Modoc for an audience, the premier mezzo-soprano of the universe sits in at the piano and sings for him the song that will never go out of fashion—"Home, Sweet Home." I reckon Modoc never had much of a home ever, so he was sort of teched as I see when I peek through the crack o' the front door. Like Modoc, I'm that curious I crave to know what's going on. Well, all I see is a mighty lovely woman playin' an' singin' like an angel from Heaven an' a mighty plain man settin' in the front row with head bowed in his hands—so I knowed he was teched.

Then she sang for him "When other lips an' other hearts their tales of love shall tell," an' when that was done she beamed down on Modoc Bill an' sung "Ben Bolt." An' I'm here to tell you, son, that if Coolgardie wasn't in that opory house it was present at that private concert. You could hear her all over town an' everybody gathered in front to listen.

Well, she sings somethin' in a furrin' language next, an' in the midst of it who should come boundin' up but Liberty Hall an' him as excited as a runaway hoss. I grab him by the collar.

"Vamose, Liberty," says I. "This here concert's private."

"But the woman is a tremendous artist," says he, strugglin'. But he don't call her an artist. He says she's an ar-teest.

"Which the same is none of your business, Liberty. Get back there in the crowd to do your listenin'. Me, I'm Honorary Doorkeeper."

"But the accompanist!" yells Liberty. "He is terrible. He plays like a schoolgirl—no strength, no technique. I'm the only soul in this camp that knows what she's singing now—I'm the only man in America who can play her a decent accompaniment to that. Ah, let me in, Chuckwalla."

"The lady who does the singing is also doing her own accompaniment. The concert is private, I tell you. She's singing to Modoc Bill Robley an' whatever she does is good enough for him."

"What's she singing to that fellow for?" "Well, Liberty, it appears that they're old friends. Seems, when she starts some seven year back, Modoc sort o' takes an

interest in her an' backs her financially. Now she's come back from European triumphs to sing for him an' show him what a good job he's done."

Liberty Hall looks at me like he'd like to do me up. "Well, you're the closest an' best friend Modoc Bill ever had. I've heard him say so. Why don't he let you inside? Keepin' you outside ain't exactly my notion o' friendship."

"Nobody asked you to air your notions, you rat," says I. "My firm opinion of you is that, barrin' the fact that you're a genius at the piano, you're plumb crazy otherwise. Modoc an' his lady friend *did* invite me inside, but I'm not low enough to accept. Them two has been countin' the minutes for seven long years until they'd know this minute together."

Liberty Hall's face clouded. "Are they sweethearts?" he asks.

"Well, jedgin' by the way she fluttered into his arms when she got off the stage—jedgin' by the way she cried an' hugged him an' kissed him—I reckon mebbe Modoc *might* be induced to marry her."

"I must play for her before she leaves. She needs me. It is my chance. Promise me, Chuckwalla, you'll introduce me."

"Liberty," I says, "your insistence perves me. What d'ye suppose Modoc went an' got that new piano for an' put it in the op'ry house if it wasn't to have you play for her at the public concert?"

He sighed with relief. And just then Cornflower Cassie closed down the piano, stepped down from the stage an' slipped in alongside Modoc Bill. I dunno what was said but there was no harm lookin' an' I watched her holdin' Modoc's hand an' talkin' low to him—an' then I seen him shake his head an' motion with his hand, negative-like; whereupon Cornflower Cassie just naturally puts her arms around his neck an' draws his head down on her shoulder.

All this time I'm holdin' Liberty Hall by the collar, but I sigh now with relief an' let go—an' before I know it he's slid in under my arm an' through the swingin' doors. I'm about to shoot him until it occurs to me that Modoc will reprove him for buttin' in; hence I decide to let nature take her course. Nature took it.

Modoc an' Cornflower Cassie straightens up at the sound of Liberty Hall's glad footsteps an' Modoc faces about. "Liberty," he says, solemn-like, "what do you want?"

"I want to play for this glorious, this wonderful arteest," says Liberty.

"While the lady appreciates your compliment, Liberty, the fact is she's through for the day. Git out!"

"Please, Modoc, please, for just a minute. May I not be privileged to meet the lady?" By this time he's in front of them—remember, they're sittin' in the front row—an' he's bowin' mighty low. "I could not possibly defer payin' my homage to so wonderful an arteest."

Of course, you see the fix Modoc is in. His natural instincts is to fresco that op'ry house with Liberty Hall, but on the other hand he's afraid if he gets rough with this piano-ticklin' maniac, Liberty sulks an' refuses to play at the public concert. So he spars for time an' says, without naming the lady: "Permit me to present Mr. Liberty Hall, the world's champion over-hand piano-player."

Liberty uncoils himself from that low bow an', comin' out of the professional



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bend, he appears to jerk himself together mighty sudden-like. Then he gives a sort o' squeal—I think he said "Ah, my God!"—puts his hand to his forehead, gives his mane a shake an' stands starin' at Cornflower Cassie, his hands a-clutchin' in an' out, dramatic-like. "Marjorie! My wife!"

"Why, how do you do, Larry," says Cassie, in that fine, well-controlled, bell-like voice o' hern. "The last I heard of you the doctors had given you thirty days to live. I was fully convinced you had obeyed orders. What made you change your mind?"

"Marjorie! My darlin' wife!" Liberty's shriller than a tin whistle.

"Still dramatizin' yourself, I observe, Larry. The good Lord meant you for a cheap actor, not a pianist."

She might have said more if Modoc don't interrupt her. The boy is laughin' like a fool!

"Modoc, you rascal," Cassie reproves him. "why do you laugh?"

"Because I got a sense o' humor," says Modoc. "Seven years ago I dealt you an' me a hand in Ballarat. I thought I had the odd trick cinched—an' up jumps the joker! Cassie, the reason this pusillanimous piece o' cat's meat don't die is because I spend nigh on to seven thousand dollars to make him live!"

"Well, you *are* a philanthropist, aren't you?" says Cassie—an' God bless her sweet heart, she laughs too. But me, I'm ready to cry!

"My dear," says Modoc, "was you ever wedded to this here?"

"I was—and am," Cassie confesses. "At eighteen some girls do foolish things."

"Don't apologize. I won't hold it ag'in you, Cassie. Up to the present my wisdom ain't none too remarkable, either. How long did you manage to put up with Liberty—or Larry, as you call him?"

"Well, he couldn't or wouldn't support me after the first six months of our married life, so I had to leave him to make my own way. That was when I came to Ballarat. From Ballarat I went to New York. Larry had failed to provide for me but you can't secure a divorce on those grounds in New York. I had deserted Larry and I hoped he would secure a divorce from me. Three years ago he located me in New York. He wanted me to return to him. He was ill and destitute and he appealed to my pity. I wouldn't live with him but I gave him three thousand dollars of the money you loaned me—"

Liberty Hall lets out a yell like an old she-panther. "So you're the dog that steals my wife from me with your filthy dollars?" he shrills.

"What are you kickin' about, Liberty? You got some of it, didn't you?"

"That's neither here nor there, you—"

"Don't you cuss in front o' Cassie, you squirt. It ain't manly to choke your fifty percent wind off, but if you misbehave, boy, I'll squeeze you once for luck."

"Yes, Larry takes my three thousand dollars, Modoc," says Cornflower Cassie. "an he never says 'Thank you.' On the contrary he abuses me an' 'lows as how this money is the wages o' shame. However, he took it!"

"I had to," says Liberty Hall. "I was dyin'."

"Well, there ain't no law ag'in plain an' fancy dyin' so fur as I can see. Me, I'd have died first. However, that ain't why

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we're gathered here in convention assembled. Liberty, do you want to dwell with Cassie ag'in in blissful wedlock?"

"Which I sure do," says Liberty.

"You're a forgivin' little cuss. I suppose you're figurin' to play for her, an' between the two of you the audience just naturally pelts you with gold pieces."

"We might do worse," says Liberty Hall.

Modoc ignores him. "Cassie," he says to Mrs. Liberty Hall, "do you take this here Liberty Hall to be your lawful husband until death doth relieve you?"

"Which most emphatically I do not, Modoc, and you know it. Control that sense of humor, you old Samaritan."

"Well, that makes it a trifle bindin'," mourns Modoc. "Consequently, Liberty, under the circumstances you lose. As a gentleman you've just naturally got to make it easy for Cassie to get shet of you."

"So you can have her, eh? Modoc, you lose."

"Well, that wasn't why I suggested it. While I'm free to admit I'd admire for to be this lady's husband an' as such would do my best to make her happy an' comfortable, still I'm not interferin' in a family quarrel to attain that happy end. Me, I'm out of Cassie's life here an' now. You drop out after playin' for her at the public concert she's goin' to give Coolgardie. I won't have you pesterin' her an' tryin' to drag her down to your level, Liberty. Once I had to kill a man. I've hoped ever since I could manage to wobble to the grave without havin' to kill any more rats, but you hear me, Liberty Hall. You take program from me or die. That's final."

"You'll die, too."

"I'm willin' to—if it will make Cassie happy."

"I find this really humorous," says Liberty Hall.

"You pester Cassie a-tall or fight the case if she sues you for divorce, an' your fortune's quickly told. A tall, dark man will cross your path. After that you'll take a journey—not a long one—just over to Pansy Hedrick's cemetery."

"I'll think it over, Modoc."

"Thanks for them sane an' encouragin' words. Now, vamoose. You bargin' in on my private concert has surcharged the atmosphere with electricity an' there's a low barometric pressure over the Coolgardie Opory House. Scat!"

Which Liberty Hall scats! I help him down the front steps with the toe o' my boot. Modoc Bill an' Cornflower Cassie resume their conversation.

Well, in about fifteen minutes Liberty Hall comes up to the door an' allows as how he wants in to talk to Modoc Bill Robley. So I sticks my head in the crack between the two swingin' doors an' yells:

"Hey, Modoc! Liberty Hall is callin'. Shall I let him in?"

"Well," says Modoc, "if he's thunk it over an' is prepared to give me a definite answer, let him in, Chuckwalla."

Liberty allows as how that's the case an' I let him in, but bein' by nature suspicious I keep an eye on him through the crack between the doors. Liberty backs up ag'in the stage, about ten feet in front of Modoc an' Cornflower Cassie an' facin' the door.

"Modoc," he says, "awhile ago there was some talk o' killin', which I don't take serious on account o' me guessin' you ain't wearin' your weepin' with your Sunday suit while attendin' a concert."

"Go to the head o' the class, Liberty. I ain't wearin' no more hardware than a woodpecker."

"Well, I am," says Liberty Hall an' sorts out a forty-five, which he dallies with playfully.

"The argymy's all on your side, Liberty. Was you figurin' on doin' some shootin' this mild midsummer day? Because if you was I'd advise ag'in it. Am I to understand that you teetotally reject my ultimatum?"

"Your penetration is right remarkable," says Liberty. "You're a mind-reader."

"I also forecast the future an' relate the past. My common sense tells me you ain't got the courage to reject my ultimatum merely because you suspect I'm not wearin' my artillery. All rats is cautious. They never run across a room but always travel around the side. Before you dared come back here an' get lippy to me you made certain I was unarmed. You went to my cabin an' there you found my forty-five in the holster, hangin' by the shoulder harness to the bedpost. Thereupon you possesses yourself of it an' come rampin' back here bigger'n four of a kind, an' all het up with the idea you're goin' to kill me. Now, Liberty, I'm a-tellin' you. You might miss me or wound me, but you won't kill me, because the age of miracles finished a long time ago and I'm holdin' all the aces. I beg of you to keep your head on your shoulders before somebody shoots it off. I'm a-tellin' you, Liberty. If you try killin' me you're a dead man."

"You flatter yourself, Modoc," says Liberty Hall. "I'm goin' to kill you both an' then kill myself."

"Now, Liberty, listen to me! If you start squeezin' that old gun o' mine you're only goin' to do a half-way job. You'll kill yourself but that's all. However, secia's how you're dead set on takin' in a lot o' territory I won't argy with you any more. I'm only goin' to ask you one little favor an' then you start the fireworks."

"Name your favor. I suppose I owe you some consideration."

"I want to whisper in Cassie's ear an' tell her good-by—to be brave an' take the blow smilin'."

"I'll grant that small favor," Liberty says. "Hurry up!"

Modoc Bill leans over the weak, white, tremblin' girl an' puts his lips to her ear. Whatever he tells her it heartens her up a heap, for she sets up proudly an' looks at her shrimp of a husband.

"I'll give the commands, Larry," she says. "Ready! Aim!" Liberty Hall lifts his pistol over his head an' brings it down slowly on Modoc's breast.

"Fire!" says Cornflower Cassie—an' I fired! Yes, sir, right over the girl's head—twice! The roar o' my old forty-five rocks that opory house an' when the smoke lifts Modoc Bill is sittin' with Cornflower Cassie's face pressed to his breast. Son, he grabs her so quick she never even sees Liberty Hall start fallin'. But over her head he nods to me to come a-runnin', which I do.

"Nobody needs to know who Cassie is, Chuckwalla. An' nobody needs to know that Liberty Hall was her husband . . . No, no, sweetheart, you mustn't look . . . Quick, let's rehearse the story. This Liberty goes crazy all of a sudden an' insists on playin' while Cassie sings. She don't want to sing an' he 'lows he'll make

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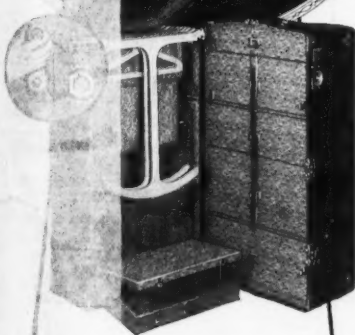
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her, so he goes an' steals my gun, comes
back an' starts a gun-play, whereupon you,
knowin' me to be unarmed an' helpless,
wafts him hence."

"That's our story! Let's stick to it."

"Good boy, Chuckwalla. Now help me
carry Cassie out. I think she's fainted."

"Well, son," Chuckwalla Bill concluded,
"the coroner's jury not only exonerates me
but calls me a public-spirited citizen.
However, there's one little mystery the
coroner asks Modoc to clear up an' that's
the mystery of Liberty's empty gun!"

"Which that's easily explained, your
honor," says Modoc. "I'd been robbed of a
right smart lot o' sleep lately by a
squawlin' tomcat, an' the night before this
justifiable homicide I plumb empty my
forty-five at that cat in self-defense. Bein'
powerful sleepy an' lazy I don't reload
that night. I'm fixin' to clean an' oil my
gun in the mornin'. Come mornin' the
lady in the case arrives an' I'm that excited
I clear forget I've ever wore a gun. When
Liberty appropriates my weepion he sees
empty shells in the cylinder if he investi-
gates at all, but them little pits in the
head, made by the firin' pin, wouldn't
mean nothin' to a professor o' music."

"Which you took a long chance in
tellin' him to commence firin'," says the
coroner. "How do you know he don't re-
load your gun?"

"Me, I'm a gamblin' fool," says Modoc.
"When the odds is even an' I stand to win
a big bet I ain't never averse to crowdin'
my hand. They got to see me. I'm that
curious I crave to know! An' besides an'
moreover, your honor," says Modoc, "even
if his gun is loaded I got an ace copped.
I happen to be aware that Chuckwalla is
actin' as lookout on my game. I happen to
know Chuckwalla's fully dressed, an' I
happen to know that any time that hombre
shoots at anything he hits it."

"Which the case is dismissed," says the
coroner. Rising from his throne, he bows
low to Cornflower Cassie. "Madam," says
he, "may I ask when you aim to spread a
layer o' musical culture over Coolgardie?"

"Mr. Robley will arrange the date, sir."
"Which there ain't going to be no con-
cert," says Modoc Bill, "owin' to the fact
that this here Fido Achates o' mine ain't
shootin' quite as good lately as he was.
First he plumb eliminates the best ac-
companyist in California; then he tries
wing shootin' as the diseased is saggin',
an' on account o' not allowin' for windage
he clean misses the target an' rips a row o'
teeth out o' the finest piano in California."

"Which he's as destructive as a mon-
key," says the coroner, "an' if I'd known
that two minutes ago I'd have asked the
jury to hold him for wilful murder."

Chuckwalla Bill lay back in his blankets
and from his silence I knew the tale had
been told. However, I could not forbear
one more question. So I asked:

"What became of Modoc Bill and Corn-
flower Cassie?"

"They was married an' lived happy ever
afterward. Good night!"

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100 Years to a Day

HOW wonderful it would be if our bodies were like the "one-hoss shay"—if we kept on going until we just collapsed from old age! What joy to live a life free from pain and illness, filled with pleasant activities and followed by a natural passing away—just the simple stopping of a worn-out heart!

Heart disease is another matter. Today more people die from heart disease than from tuberculosis or cancer or pneumonia. And many of them die needlessly. Heart disease is so little understood and so greatly feared!

There has been a hush whenever the dread words were mentioned. Those who had it were afraid to exercise, afraid to work, afraid of this—afraid of that.

But it need not be so. Heart disease is not the tragically incurable and unpreventable affliction it was thought to be.

Nature, in most cases, makes the heart strong enough to serve faithfully for a long life—there are few bad machines turned out of her work shop.

Day and night, year in and year out, this most wonderful machine in the world does its work. It has no rest, from the day you are born to the day you die.

Steadily, steadfastly, second by second and minute by minute, this marvelous muscle contracts and expands—contracts and expands—pumping the blood all through your body. More than 30 million times a year this action is repeated.

Treat your heart fairly—protect it from the things that may injure it and you have little to fear. Heart disease has grown to such alarming figures as the greatest life destroyer in the United States, simply because people have not dealt intelligently with it.

Many damaged hearts can be made to do their work through proper rest and care. The heart has amazing recuperative powers and often will mend itself if given a chance. But even though you have some serious organic heart trouble, there is no reason why you should despair. Some of the busiest, most useful people in the world are heart sufferers.

If you have heart disease do not lose hope. A noted heart specialist said: "The cases in which people drop dead from heart disease are comparatively few. If those with impaired hearts will follow the instructions of their physicians they can live practically normal lives—and will most likely die of something else."

Find out how to live so you will not over-tax your heart. Learn the kind of occupations that are safe for you. Let your doctor tell you what you may do and what you must not do.

A lot of people are suffering from imaginary heart disease. Don't try to decide for yourself. There is scarcely a sensation associated with heart disease which may not be caused by some other disorder. The most important thing is to live hygienically, to keep yourself strong and well, so that disease germs will have little

chance to attack your body. When you are ill put yourself at once in your doctor's care and obey his orders.

Have your heart carefully examined after every attack of serious illness.

Aim for "A hundred years to a day."



"Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, * * * * *

* * It went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst!"

We are grateful to Mrs. Howard Pyle and Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to reprint Howard Pyle's historic picture of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' wonderful "One-Hoss Shay."

It has been estimated that 2% of the population of the United States, or more than 2,000,000, have organic heart disease.

Statistics show that one industrial worker in every fifty has a serious heart defect. And one out of every 13, so suffering, dies.

The annual death toll of heart disease in the United States is 150,000.

Prior to 1912 tuberculosis caused more deaths in the United States than any other disease. Since then, heart disease leads. The reason is that the death rate for tuberculosis has dropped, while the death rate for heart disease has remained almost stationary.

In the communities where people have learned how to fight tuberculosis, it becomes less of a menace each year.

As fast as people understand what can be done to prevent and relieve heart disease, there will be not only a decrease in the number of deaths, but also a splendid increase in the number of lives completely transformed—from dependence and anxiety to usefulness and happiness.

HALEY FISKE, President.

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